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THE

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II.

BY

LORD MACAULAY.

VOLUME V.

EDITED BY HIS SISTER, LADY TREVELYAN.

WITH A MEMOIR BY REV. H. H. MILMAN.
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLS. I., II., III., AND IV.,

A

SKETCH OF LORD MACAULAY'S LIFE AND WRITINGS,
BY S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE,

AND A

COMPLETE INDEX TO THE ENTIRE WORK.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

In 1857 Mr. S. Austin Allibone prepared for the second volume of his Dictionary of Authors, a very full sketch of Lord Macaulay's literary career, illustrated by copious critical commentaries, favorable and unfavorable, on his writings. As the proof-sheets of this sketch were (not by the agency of the author) for nearly a year before his death in his lordship's possession, and as he corresponded with Mr. Allibone on the subject, the accuracy of the statements therein contained, may be considered fully indorsed.

To this original sketch, Mr. Allibone has, within the last few days, prepared, expressly for our edition of the fifth volume of the History of England, a comprehensive Supplement, containing a detailed account of the profound impression produced by Lord Macaulay's sudden and lamented decease and of the solemn and impressive funeral services in Westminster Abbey. The famous articles of the London Times, the London Athenæum, the Manchester Guardian, and the Edinburgh Review, with the papers in the Revue

CONTEMPORAINE, ILLUSTRATED NEWS, &c., and the remarks of M. GUIZOT, EDWARD EVERETT, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and others, are here reproduced, whilst the SUPPLEMENT concludes with a Bibliographical Catlogue Raisonné of MACAULAYANA to the latest date.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

I HAVE thought it right to publish that portion of the continuation of the "History of England" which was fairly transcribed and revised by Lord Macaulay. It is given to the world precisely as it was left; no connecting link has been added; no reference verified; no authority sought for or examined. It would indeed have been possible, with the help I might have obtained from his friends, to have supplied much that is wanting; but I preferred, and I believe the public will prefer, that the last thoughts of the great mind passed away from among us should be preserved sacred from any touch but his own. Besides the revised manuscript, a few pages containing the first rough sketch of the last two months of William's reign are all that is left. From this I have with some difficulty deciphered the account of the death of William. No attempt has been made to join it on to the preceding part, or to supply the corrections which would have been given by the improving hand of the author. But, imperfect as it must be, I believe it will be received with pleasure and interest as a fit conclusion to the life of his great hero.

I will only add my grateful thanks for the kind advice and assistance given me by his most dear and valued friends, Dean Milman and Mr. Ellis.

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A MEMOIR

OF

LORD MACAULAY.*

THE biography of Lord Macaulay belongs rather to the history of Literature than to that of Natural Philosophy: he takes his proper place among the statesmen, orators, poets, essayists, historians of England, not among her men of science. With a mind so active and wide-ranging, he could not but take deep interest in the progress and in the marvellous discoveries of modern science; but he was content to accept those results on the authority of others, and to dwell on their political and social consequences, rather than himself to follow out their slow and laborious processes, for which, indefatigable as he was, he had no time, probably no inclination. Yet the annals of the Royal Society, which has ever been proud to enroll among its members statesmen and men of letters of the highest eminence, cannot pass over in silence a name so illustrious as that of Lord Macaulay.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born October 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the seat of his paternal uncle, Thomas Babington. His father, Zachary Macaulay, resided at Clapham, one of those earnest and

* This Memoir was written at the request of the President (Sir B. Brodie) and some members of the Council, for the Annual Journal of the Royal Society. Should a more full and copious biography of Lord Macaulay, at any future time, be thought advisable, this brief sketch will at once cede its place. In the mean time, it may be acceptable to the readers of Lord Macaulay's works, who will be naturally desirous to know something of his public and his private life.

zealous men who, with Mr. Wilberforce, led the way in the strong religious reaction which followed the French Revolution, and whom posterity will honor as among the earliest and most steady adversaries of the African Slave Trade, the advocates of the Emancipation of the Negroes in our Colonies. The perpetual agitation of such questions, involving the most sacred principles of human liberty, could not be without its effect on the precocious mind of the young Macaulay. Perhaps to his birth and training in that school he owed in some degree his command of biblical illustration, which, however, his strong sense and sober judgment always kept within the limits of serious and respectful reverence. Family traditions, happily only traditions, of his early promise, of his childish attempts at composition in prose and verse, were not likely to be lost among a strong religious party, bound together by common sympathies, and maintaining an active correspondence throughout the country. The fame of young Macaulay reached the ears of Hannah More, and, after receiving a visit from him, the High Priestess of the brotherhood, in an agreeable letter, still extant, uttered an oracle predictive of his future greatness. After a few years of instruction at a small school in Clapham, at the age of twelve he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Preston, first at Shelford, afterwards near Buntingford, in the neighborhood of Cambridge. Mr. Preston seems to have been a man of attainments and judgment. He must have taught the Latin and Greek authors extremely well, for under his instruction Macaulay became a sound and good scholar. He did more, he fostered that love for the great classical writers, without which all study is barren and without durable impression. He respected too that great maxim, that no one is so well taught as by himself. Having given or strengthened the impulse, he left the young scholar to his own insatiable avidity for learning, and for books of all kinds. The schoolboy sent an anonymous defence of novel reading to the serious journal of his father's friends, the "Christian Observer" which was inserted. This passion for novel read

ing adhered to him to the last; he swept the whole range, not only of English but of foreign fiction, not without great profit to the future historian. The higher tastes which he then imbibed were equally indelible; his admiration of the unrivalled writers of Greece and Rome grew deeper to the close of his life. Homer and Thucydides, and Tacitus, remained among his constant and familiar studies, and no doubt, without controlling him to servile imitation, exercised a powerful influence on his mode of composition and on his style. Among his father's friends holding the same religious opinions, was Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Master of Queen's College, a man with a singular union of profound mathematical acquirements, strong evangelical views, and a peculiar broad humor. During his visits to Milner at Cambridge, Macaulay acquired that strong attachment to the University, which, like his other attachments, seemed to become more strong and fervent with the progress of years.

In his nineteenth year he began his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. His career at Cambridge was not quite so brilliant as the sanguine expectations of his friends had foretold. He had a repugnance for mathematics, or rather he was under the jealous and absorbing spell of more congenial studies. That repugnance in after-life was a subject of much regret; he fully recognized the importance, almost the necessity, of such studies for perfect education. Even his scholarship, probably far more extensive, wanted that exquisite polish and nicety acquired only at our great public schools, from which came his chief rivals. He carried away, however, the Craven Scholarship, two prizes for English verse, and finally, the object of his highest ambition, a Fellowship of Trinity College. On this success he dwelt to the close of his life with pride. It gratified two of his strongest feelings, — attachment to Cambridge, and the desire of some independent provision which should enable him to enter on his professional career. On the inestimable advantages of such fellowships to young men of high promise and ability but of scanty means, he always insisted with great earnestness, and depre-

cated any change in the academical system which should diminish the number of such foundations, held, as he would recount with his unfailing memory, by so many of our first public men.

The Law was the profession he chose; he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, February, 1826; he took chambers, he read, he joined the Northern Circuit. But literature was too strong for law. His legal studies were no doubt of infinite value; they were in truth indispensable for his historical writings, and were hereafter to bear fruit in a sphere which his wildest imagination could not anticipate. He had received, indeed, from the discerning judgment of Lord Lyndhurst, a Commissionership of Bankrupts, 1827. No doubt his Cambridge fame and general promise recommended him for that office. But it was to letters that he was to owe his first opening to public life. In letters he had begun with modest contributions to a magazine, "Knight's Quarterly," of no great circulation, but which was mainly supported by some of his Cambridge friends: in this appeared some of his finest ballads. On a sudden he broke out with an article on Milton in the "Edinburgh Review," which perhaps excited greater attention than any article which had ever appeared, not immediately connected with the politics of the day. Taking the field in the same pages with the brilliant copiousness of Jeffrey, the vigorous and [illegible] versatility of Brougham, the inimitable wit and droll [illegible] and shrewd sense of Sydney Smith, to say nothing of the [illegible] in the "Quarterly Journal," the young reviewer had [illegible] his own path. In comprehensiveness of [illegible] in the originality and boldness of his views, in [illegible] the whole history and the life of the eventful [illegible] of Milton, in variety and felicity of illustration, in [illegible] and vivacity of style, he seemed to make an [illegible] in review-writing. Up to this time, [illegible] exceptions, the articles in reviews had [illegible] to notices, more or less excursive, of new books, and to discussions of the political or polemic questions

of the day. The article now aspired to be a full dissertation on the history of any great period, on the life of any great man of any time, on the writings, on the influence, on the merits of authors of the highest fame. From a review it became an historical, biographical, philosophical essay.

This paper was followed by others of equal, some perhaps of superior excellence, each opening a new view into the vast range of the author's reading, showing his boldness and independence of judgment, the wonderful stores of his memory, his prodigality, sometimes perhaps uncontrolled, of allusion, illustration, similitude. A young Whig, of high and blameless character, popular with his friends, with the reputation of oratorical power in the debating rooms at Cambridge (he delivered one speech in London, we believe, at an Anti-Slavery Meeting, which made some noise), and the acknowledged author of such articles in one of the two popular journals of the day, could not but command the attention, and awaken the hopes of his party. If ever there was a nobleman a patron of letters from a deep and genuine and discriminating love of letters, it was Lord Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne offered a seat in Parliament to the author of the admirable articles in the "Edinburgh Review." On the acceptance of this offer there could be no hesitation; his political opinions were in the strictest unison with Lord Lansdowne's. Few public men have been so calmly, deliberately true to their first political opinions as Macaulay. Unquestionably, change of political opinions, on full, unselfish conviction, according to change of circumstances, may be the noblest act of moral courage, especially in the face of obloquy and misrepresentation. The best men may become wiser as they grow older. But to this trial Macaulay was never subjected, he was never called upon to this effort of self-sacrifice. He was a liberal in the highest and widest sense; some may think that he carried these views too far, some not far enough. But during life he was unswerving, without vacillation. The line which he drew between constitutional liberty and democracy in his early speeches on

Reform and on the Charter, was precisely the same with that which he drew late in life, in a remarkable letter on the prospects and probable destiny of the United States of America.

Four years after he had been called to the bar, in 1830, Macaulay was returned to Parliament for Calne. His public life had now commenced. That public life it may be convenient briefly to survey in its several phases, as statesman, orator, poet, essayist, historian. Such was his remarkable variety and versatility. Very few men, indeed, have achieved great things in such different kinds of excellence.

In Parliament he had too much wisdom, too much self-respect, too much respect for his auditory (an auditory just in the main but severe, sometimes capricious in its justice, and jealous above all even of merit, if obtrusive, importunate, or too self-confident), to thrust himself forward at once into the foremost ranks. Till the Reform Bill he was content to try his arms on rare occasions; he would not waste his power on desultory skirmishes and on trivial subjects. Upon that momentous question, the Reform of 1832, he first put forth his strength. But of his speeches hereafter. The reputation acquired during these debates secured him a seat in Parliament, independent even on generous and unexacting friendship; he was returned, December, 1832, for the wealthy and populous borough of Leeds, enfranchised by the Reform Bill. In the year 1834, a great, and no doubt unexpected change took place in his prospects, it might seem in his destination. In 1832 he had accepted the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. In his official capacity (in 1834) he made a speech on the renewal of the Indian Charter, a speech which may be read with no unfavorable comparison with Burke's most splendid orations. In breadth and comprehensiveness of view it may compete, in fulness and accuracy surpass, in richness of diction rival the renowned orator; of course, as the occasion was so different, it had nothing of the passion, the terrible picturesqueness, the vituperation; but it had calm statesmanship, and philosophical, or rather, perhaps,

historical thought. This speech of itself might seem to designate him to the Government as a member of the New Council which was to legislate for India. The offer was made. The vast field of India was of itself likely to seize on his imagination; he might aspire to be the legislator, as Heber the religious missionary, of that wonderful realm. He had many friends, the family of Grant especially (the present Lord Glenelg was the President of the Board of Control), closely connected with India; how much he had read or thought on the subject, his papers on Clive and Hastings (written later) may, nevertheless, bear testimony. Still, no doubt, prudential motives, and those of no ungenerous prudence, influenced his determination. By a few years of economy, careful but not illiberal, he might make a provision for his future life (he was a man with no expensive or prodigal habits) which might place him above dependence either on the servitude of office, or the servitude of literary labor. There was another incentive — his family had never been affluent. He might add to the comforts and assist in the advancement of those to whom he was attached by the strongest domestic affections, a duty which he discharged with unsparing generosity. In India he took his seat as Member of the Council and as President of the Law Commission. It has been supposed, and indeed asserted, that this legislative mission was barren and without result; now, however, it is bearing its mature fruits. After much, perhaps inevitable, delay, and repeated revisions, the Indian Criminal Code, in the formation of which he took a leading part, and which he had enriched with most valuable explanatory notes, will, with some alterations, and those not substantial, from January next have the force of law throughou British India. Macaulay's share in this great work, especially his notes, is declared by those who have a right to judge on such subjects, to have placed his reputation as a jurist on a solid foundation. It is the first, and therefore the most important, of a series of operations upon the judicial system of India, which will have a great effect upon the

state of society in that country; and will not be without influence upon the jurisprudence of England.

Soon after his return to England in 1838, in January 1840, he was elected by acclamation, representative of the city of Edinburgh; that seat he filled undisturbed till July 1847. He had already been named on the Privy Council, and had accepted the office of Secretary at War. He was Secretary at War, with a seat in the cabinet, about two years, from 1839 to 1841. On the return of his friends to power, he became, July 12, 1846, Paymaster of the Forces.

But throughout this period of his life the great inward struggle was going on within his mind between the ambition of public usefulness, of parliamentary and official distinction, and the love of letters, which will rarely brook a rival on the throne, the still higher ambition, as he thought, of adding some great work to the treasures of English thought and English literature. In the office at Whitehall or the Horse Guards, on the benches of the House of Commons, amid the applauses or admiring silence of the House, his heart was in his library, and among his books. He yearned for a place not so much among the great parliamentary leaders and the famous statesmen of the land, the Chathams, Burkes, Foxs, as among the immortal writers in verse and prose, the Miltons, Clarendons, Addisons, Gibbons. The auditory which he coveted was that vast expanding world throughout which the English language is spoken; the fame, that which will only die with the death of English letters. Throughout the whole time of his absence from England, on his voyage to India and on his return, in India, as far as leisure would allow, and during his parliamentary and official career, he was still with his indefatigable industry heaping up stores of knowledge, stores which could not overload his capacious and retentive memory, — memory, whose grasp and self-command seemed to expand with its accumulating treasures, — memory which disdained nothing as beneath it, and was never perplexed or burdened by its incalculable possessions. As a curious instance of his range

and activity of reading, among the books which he took with him to India, were the many huge volumes of St. Chrysostom's works. Their still almost pure and harmonious Greek, and their importance in the history of religious opinion (always a subject of deep interest), carried him through a task which has been achieved by few professional theologians. As an illustration of his powers of memory, he has said, and he was a most unboastful man, that if Milton's great poem were lost, he thought that he could accurately commit to writing at least all the first books of Paradise Lost.

This lifelong inward strife, which perhaps might have remained unreconciled till towards the close of his days, came to a sudden and unexpected issue. At the election in 1847, Macaulay was the rejected candidate for the city of Edinburgh. Nor can it be denied, though those who admire Macaulay will not admire him the less, that he was accessory to his own failure. The event turned on a religious question, in which Edinburgh, true to its old Scotch prejudices, adhered to the less liberal view. Macaulay could not be persuaded to humor, to temporize, even to conciliate. He took the loftiest tone, boldly, indignantly rebuked the voters for their narrow, in his estimation, discreditable bigotry. He felt, there can be no doubt, this blow at the time bitterly. He was perhaps not suited for, he had never before been tried in the rough and coarse work of the popular canvass and the hustings; he was distressed at the desertion or the lukewarmness of friends; he was ashamed, as he openly declared, of the disgrace which Edinburgh inflicted on herself. In a striking poem, recently published, in which are some of the finest stanzas in the language, he gave full vent to his feelings of indignation and sorrow. But at the same time, and in the same poem, he finds and expresses his lofty sense of consolation. The great debate was ended; he was released; he was emancipated from public, from parliamentary life. He might retire with dignity and honor to the undisturbed, undistracted cultivation of letters; henceforth his study was his scene of action; literary fame was to

be the undivided mistress of his affections, his earthly exceeding great reward. Edinburgh made a few years afterwards noble amends by returning Macaulay (at the election in 1852) without solicitation, without expense, even without the usual flattery of a personal canvass; he had but to appear, to accept, and return thanks for his ovation. He sat for Edinburgh from July 1852 to 1856. But he sat without the trammels, without the least desire of office: he spoke rarely, but never without effect. In 1856, failing health compelled him to resign that honorable post. Some other honors, but honors which belonged to a man of letters, awaited him and courted his acceptance. He was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1848; Trustee of the British Museum, February 1847 (an office which he highly esteemed, and to which he attended with much assiduity, and with great public advantage); Fellow of the Royal Society, November 1849; Foreign Member of the French Academy, May 1857, and of the Prussian Order of Merit (1857); High Steward of Cambridge (1857). In the same year he was raised to the peerage, a tribute to his high and blameless character and transcendent literary distinction, and an act of royal favor, quite unexpected, but highly approved by all whose approbation was of real value.

So far our imperfect sketch has exhibited Lord Macaulay as a public man, as a jurist, and a statesman; some words must follow as to his rank as an orator. It is remarkable how rarely in this country the famous and commanding public speaker, either in parliament or even at the bar, and the great writer, have met in the same person. Bolingbroke, Burke, and Macaulay (the unrivalled comedies of Sheridan, the State Papers and exquisite political satires of Canning are hardly in point) stand perhaps alone. If all the writings of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Erskine, Peel, had been suppressed, the world would have suffered no great loss. Macaulay had no thought of resting his fame on his parliamentary speeches; he would willingly have left them to the rarely visited cemetery of the parliamentary history. He

was placed under compulsion by the act of a piratical book seller, who printed many of them (insinuating that he did so by authority) bristling with blunders, bad English, loose argument, errors and mistakes about events and persons, everything most abhorrent to Macaulay's taste and judgment. He was under the necessity of publishing a more trustworthy edition. We confess some gratitude for this bad act of the unprincipled Curll of our days, for some of these speeches appear to us oratorical compositions of the highest order. By all accounts Macaulay's delivery was far too rapid to be impressive; it wanted also variety and flexibility of intonation. Even the most practised reporters panted after him in vain; how much more the slower intellects of country gentlemen and the mass of the House! This, however, only heightens our astonishment that speeches so full, so profoundly meditated, yet with so much freedom, with no appearance of being got by heart, with such prodigality of illustration and allusion, should be poured forth with such unhesitating flow, with such bewildering quickness of utterance. To read them with delight and profit, we read them rather slowly; we can hardly conceive that they were spoken less deliberately. It may be questioned, and has been questioned, whether Macaulay was, or could have become, a masterly debater. This accomplishment, except in rare examples, is acquired only by long use and practice. When Macaulay entered the House, the first places were filled by men of established influence and much parliamentary training. Even if he had felt called upon to make himself more prominent, it may be doubted whether he could have sufficiently curbed his impetuous energy, or checked his torrent of words. He would have found it difficult to assume the stately, prudent, reserved, compressed reply; he might have torn his adversaries' arguments to shreds, but he would not have been content without a host of other arguments, and so would have destroyed the effect of his own confutation. Still it is remarkable that on two occasions a speech of Macaulay's actually turned the vote of the House,

and carried the question (a very rare event) in his own way, — the debate on the Copyright Act, and the question of Judges holding seats in the House of Commons. Though he took his seat, Lord Macaulay never spoke in the House of Peers; he went down, we believe, more than once, with the intention of speaking, but some unexpected turn in the debate deprived him of his opportunity; his friends, who knew the feeble state of his health at that time, were almost rejoiced at their disappointment in not hearing him in that which would have been so congenial a field for his studied and matured eloquence.

As a poet the fame of Macaulay rests, with the exception of the stanzas above alluded to, and one or two small pieces, on his Ballads, his "Lays of Rome," his "Armada," his "Cavalier," and "Cromwellian," and his "Ivry," and "Moncontour." In other departments of poetry he might have been endangered by his affluence and prodigality; his prize poems, and some of his early writings betray the danger. But the essence of the ballad, of popular poetry (for which in all its forms, from the Prince of ballad-writers, Homer, to the common street ballad, which he caught up instantaneously, and could repeat by the score, he had an absolute passion), is simplicity — simplicity not inconsistent with the utmost picturesqueness, with the richest word-painting. Its whole excellence is in rapidity of movement, short, sudden transition, sharp, emphatic touches of tenderness, or of the pathetic, in, above all, life, unreposing, unflagging, vigorous, stirring life; with words enough but not an idle word, words which strike home to the heart, and rivet themselves on the memory; a cadence which enthralls and will not die away from the ear. The popularity of Macaulay's ballads is the best proof of their excellence; they have become the burden of a host of imitators. Popularity may be a bad test of some of the higher kinds of poetry. Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, to be fully appreciated, may require a thoughtful, refined, enlightened constituency; ballad poetry may be safely left to universal suffrage.

Even in his famous Essays Macaulay had not satisfied his own ambition, nor reached that place after which he aspired in English letters. He seemed disposed to leave them buried in the voluminous journal in which they had appeared. Here, however, it was the honest admiration of the public, not the base desire of a bookseller for gain, which suggested and indeed compelled their separate publication. America set the example: the first collection was made to gratify the laudable curiosity of those who are spreading our language and our literature over a continent to which our island is but a speck in the ocean. However flattering this homage, American editions are not to be implicitly depended upon, and are confined to their own use. It became necessary to answer the demand in England, and edition after edition has followed in rapid unexhausted succession. On these essays (not perhaps fitly so called, at least very unlike the short essays on religious, moral, social subjects, such as Bacon's, Cowley's, Addison's, Johnson's, Goldsmith's,) we cannot of course speak at length. They are rather philosophical, or historical disquisitions, and are remarkable in the first place for their vast range and variety. Some grapple with the most profound questions,—the Baconian philosophy, the law of population against Mr. Sadler, and what is called the Utilitarian philosophy. This essay Macaulay himself, with noble moderation and self-respect, refused to include in his own selection, not because he was disposed to retract one argument, or to recede from the severity of his judgment on the opinions which he undertook to refute, but because he had not done justice to the high character of his adversary, the late Mr. Mill. Some belong to literary criticism, in which he delighted to mingle singularly acute and original observations on the biographies of distinguished authors, their place in society; and the articles on Dryden, the Comic Dramatists of Charles II., Temple, Addison, Johnson, Byron, are the most full, instructive, and amusing views of the literary life of their respective ages, as well as of their specific works. The greater num-

ber, however, and doubtless the most valuable of the essays, are those which belong to history; a few to the history of Europe, — Machiavelli, Ranke's Lives of the Popes, Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, Barère. In these two last, his judgments on the acts and on the men of the French Revolution are very striking. But the chief and the most important are those on English History. This was manifestly the subject which he had thought on most profoundly, investigated with the greatest industry, and studied down to what we may call the very dregs and lees of our political and social and religious life. There is hardly an important period, at least in our later history, which has not passed under his review. With the justly honored exception of Hallam's "Constitutional History," Macaulay usually dismisses his author with a few words of respect or contempt, and draws almost altogether on his own resources. So Burleigh gives us the reign of Elizabeth; Bacon that of James I.; Milton and Hampden, of Charles I. and the Republic; Temple (with Mackintosh's History), Charles II. and the Revolution; Horace Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, the Georges; Clive and Hastings, the rise of our Indian Empire. The variety of topics is almost as nothing to the variety of information on every topic; he seemed to have read everything, and to recollect all that he had read.

As to the style of these essays, of Macaulay's style in general, a few observations. It was eminently his own, but his own not by strange words, or strange collocation of words, by phrases of perpetual occurrence, or the straining after original and striking terms of expression. Its characteristics were vigor and animation, copiousness, clearness, above all, sound English, now a rare excellence. The vigor and life were unabating; perhaps in that conscious strength which cost no exertion he did not always gauge and measure the force of his own words. Those who studied the progress of his writing might perhaps see that the full stream, though it never stagnated, might at first overflow its banks; in later days it ran with a more direct undivided torrent. His copi-

ousness had nothing tumid, diffuse, Asiatic; no ornament for the sake of ornament. As to its clearness, one may read a sentence of Macaulay twice, to judge of its full force, never to comprehend its meaning. His English was pure, both in idiom and in words, pure to fastidiousness; not that he discarded, or did not make free use of the plainest and most homely terms (he had a sovereign contempt for what is called the dignity of history, which would keep itself above the vulgar tongue), but every word must be genuine English, nothing that approached real vulgarity; nothing that had not the stamp of popular use, or the authority of sound English writers, nothing unfamiliar to the common ear.

The Essays, however, were but preparatory, subsidiary to the great history, which was the final aim, and the palmary ambition of Macaulay. On the function, on the proper rank, on the real province and use of history, he had meditated long and profoundly. His ideal of the perfect historian, such as he aspired to be, may be found in an Essay, somewhat too excursive, in the "Edinburgh Review," republished in the recent volumes. A perfect history, according to Macaulay, would combine the unity and order of the great classical historians, with the diversity and immense range of modern affairs. This was but one condition; the history would not be content with recording the wars and treaties, the revolutions and great constitutional changes, the lives of kings, statesmen, generals; it would embrace the manners, usages, social habits, letters, arts, the whole life of the nation. It would cease to be haughtily aristocratic; it would show the progress of the people in all its ranks and orders. There can be no doubt that, as to the actual life of certain periods, Shakspeare and Scott are more true and trustworthy historians than Hume or even Clarendon. Why should not romance surrender up the province which it had usurped? Why should not all this, which is after all the instructive, not to say amusing part of the annals of mankind, be set in a framework of historic truth, instead of a framework of fiction? If we would really know our ancestors, if we would really know mankind, and

look to history for this knowledge, how can history, secluding itself in a kind of stately majesty, affect to disdain this most important part of her office? Nothing can be more clumsy than the devices to which the historian sometimes has recourse. It may be excusable in historic dissertations (the form which Hallam's works assumed), to have the book half text, half notes, — broken, fragmentary, without continuity. Hume and Robertson took refuge in appendices, in which they sum up, with unsatisfactory brevity, what they wanted skill to inweave into their narrative. Henry's history may be read as containing what Hume left out. If there is in notes much beyond citation of authorities, perhaps comparison of authorities (we may pardon in Gibbon something more), this can only show that the historian has an unworthy conception of his high art, or that he wants the real power and skill of an historian. But to this lofty view of the historian's functions who is equal? It required all Macaulay's indefatigable research. For the historian, the true historian, must not confine himself to the chronicles and annals, the public records, the state papers, the political correspondence of statesmen and ambassadors; he must search into, he must make himself familiar with the lowest, the most ephemeral, the most contemptible of the writings of the day. There is no trash which he must not digest; nothing so dull and wearisome that he must not wade through. Nor are books all; much is to be learned from observation; and Macaulay delighted in rambling over England, to visit the scenes of historic events, the residences of remarkable men: the siege of Derry was described from Derry and its neighborhood; the exquisitely true and vivid epithets with which he paints the old Italian towns in his Roman ballads owe their life and reality to his travels in Italy. Finally, to order, dispose, work into a flowing and uninterrupted narrative, the whole of this matter demanded nothing less than his prodigious memory, ever at the command of his imagination; to arrange it without confusion, to distribute it according to the laws of historic perspective, to make it, in short, a history

as difficult to lay down as the most stirring and engrossing romance.

Alas! that all this matchless power and skill should end in a torso, — yet a torso if, as we fairly may, we take the revolution and the reign of William III. as a whole, nearly complete in its stature, and in all its limbs! It is deeply to be lamented that Macaulay allowed himself to be called off by generous and grateful friendship to write the lives in the Encyclopædia. All of these, even that of Pitt (as far as it goes, a perfect biography), we would willingly sacrifice if we could fill up the few chasms in his history. And what would we not give for his Queen Anne! William III., to whom he first did justice, and not more than justice, when looked upon from a European, not from an English point of view, was a labor of love: but what would have been the more congenial age of Anne, in which he knew every one, the Queen and her Court, Harley, St. John, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, as if he had lived with them on the most intimate terms? That in the main Macaulay possessed the still higher qualities of an historian, truth and impartiality, we hesitate not to avow our opinion; of this posterity will judge, we quietly and confidently await its award. He spoke out too freely too strongly, not to encounter some prejudices, some no doubt very honest political or religious feelings. He did not, perhaps, always nicely measure the strength of his own language; and he so abhorred meanness and dishonesty, that they appeared doubly mean and dishonest in men of great fame and high pretensions. As to Marlborough, we are content to place Mr. Hallam's even more condemnatory verdict by the side of Macaulay's; and Macaulay had not reached the brighter part of Marlborough's career; in the last volume that great man is already shaking off the slough of his baser life. Penn's double and conflicting character (assuredly no rare occurrence in history) must be viewed on all sides. In Pennsylvania, the wise, Christian legislator, worthy of all praise, he was, in England, a vain busy man, proud of his influence with the king, who found it his interest

to flatter him, and unable to keep himself out of the miserable intrigues of that miserable court.

A few sentences on Macaulay's conversational powers, on his private life still fewer. There is a common impression that in society he was engrossing and overpowering. Every one has heard the witty saying of his old friend (no two men could appreciate each other more highly or more justly) about "flashes of silence." But in the quiet intercourse with the single friend, no great talker was more free, easy and genial, than Macaulay. There was the most equable interchange of thought; he listened with as much courtesy, as he spoke with gentle and pleasant persuasiveness. In a larger circle, such as he delighted to meet and assemble around him to the close of his life, a few chosen intimates, some accomplished ladies, foreigners of the highest distinction, who were eager to make his acquaintance, his manners were frank and open. In conversation in such a circle, a commanding voice, high animal spirits, unrivalled quickness of apprehension, a flow of language as rapid as inexhaustible, gave him perhaps a larger share, but a share which few were not delighted to yield up to him. His thoughts were like lightning, and clothed themselves at once in words. While other men were thinking what they should say, and how they should say it, Macaulay had said it all, and a great deal more. And the stores which his memory had at instantaneous command! A wide range of Greek and Latin history and literature, English, French, Italian, Spanish; of German he had not so full a stock, but he knew the best works of the best authors; Dutch he learned for the purpose of his History. With these came anecdote, touches of character, drollery, fun, excellent stories excellently told. The hearer often longed for Macaulay's memory to carry off what he heard in a single morning, in an after-dinner colloquy, or in a few hours in a country-house.

Lord Macaulay was never married; his strong domestic affections were chiefly centred in his sister, happily married to his friend Sir Charles Trevelyan, and her family. Her

children were to him as his own, and cherished with almost parental tenderness. As a friend, he was singularly steadfast; he was impatient of anything disparaging of one for whom he entertained sincere esteem. In the war of political life, he made, we believe, no lasting enemy; he secured the unswerving attachment of his political friends, to whom he had been unswervingly true. No act inconsistent with the highest honor and integrity was ever whispered against him. In all his writings, however his opinions, so strongly uttered, may have given offence to men of different sentiments, no sentence has been impeached as jarring against the loftiest principles of honor, justice, pure morality, rational religion.

In early life he was robust and active; and though his friends at a later period could not but perceive the progress of some mysterious malady (he was long harassed by a distressing cough), yet he rallied so frequently, and seemed to have so much buoyancy of constitution, that they hoped he might have life to achieve his great work. He himself felt inward monitions; his ambition receded from the hope of reaching the close of the first Brunswicks; before his last illness he had reduced his plan to the reign of Queen Anne.

His end, though not without warning to those who watched him with friendship and affection, was sudden and singularly quiet. On December 28, 1859, he fell asleep and woke not again.

He was buried, January 9, 1860, in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, his favorite haunt; and he was known to have expressed a modest hope that he might be thought worthy to repose there with the illustrious dead. He lies at the foot of Addison's statue, near to Johnson, and among many other of our most famous statesmen and men of letters.

H. H. MILMAN

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Baron Macaulay, of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, born in the year 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, is a son of the late eminent philanthropist, Zachary Macaulay, who died in 1838, and a grandson of the Rev. John Macaulay, a Presbyterian minister in the Scottish Highlands, descended from the Macaulays of the island of Lewis, the most northern and largest of the Outer Hebrides. The subject of our notice was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary facility in the acquisition of knowledge, and the tenacity of memory which enabled him to recall it at will: in 1819, he gained the Chancellor's Medal for a poem (published at the time) entitled Pompeii; in 1821, he gained the same Chancellor's Medal for a poem (published at the time) entitled Evening; and in the same year he was, as a reward for his classical proficiency elected to the Craven Scholarship. In 1822, Mr. Macaulay graduated B. A., and was elected a Fellow of Trinity; and, in 1825, he graduated M. A. On leaving college, the successful student turned his attention to law and politics, and displayed the same zeal in these new fields of research as

that which had already given him a memorable name with his fellow-gownsmen. Nor was his application unrewarded with a like measure of success: called to the Bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in February, 1826, he was, about two years later, appointed by the Whig Government a Commissioner of Bankruptcy; in 1830, he became a member of Parliament in the Whig interest, representing the borough of Calne, (acting also as Secretary to the Board of Control for India,) and contributed greatly by his eloquence to the triumph of the Reform Question; in December, 1832, he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament as member for Leeds, and retained his seat until 1834; in 1834, he was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and remained abroad for two years and a half, principally employed in the preparation of a Penal Code of Laws for India, published in 1838, but not yet put into execution; in 1839, he became Secretary of War; in 1840, was elected member of Parliament for the city of Edinburgh; in September, 1841, he lost these offices, in consequence of the accession of Sir Robert Peel; in 1846, on the return of the Whigs to office, he was appointed Paymaster-General of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet; in 1847, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, in consequence of the offence which his course on the Maynooth Grant Question had given to his Edinburgh constituents; in 1849, he was elected Lord-Rector of the University of Glasgow, and gained great credit by his Inaugural Address; in the same year he became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1850, he was appointed to the honorary office of Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy; in 1853, he received the Prussian Order of Merit; in July, 1852, he was, without any effort on his part, reëlected by the voters of Edinburgh one of their representatives in Parliament; and in January, 1856, he resigned his seat, and bade a last adieu to the troubles of political life.

"The experience of the last two years," he remarks, in his farewell address to his constituents, "has convinced me that I cannot

reasonably expect to be ever again capable of performing, even in an imperfect manner, those duties which the public has a right to expect from every member of the House of Commons."

In September, 1857,* Mr. Macaulay was raised to the peerage, and chose, as his new title, that of Baron Macaulay, of Rothley, in the county of Leicester. Having thus given a rapid summary of Mr. Macaulay's political career, we are prepared to consider him in capacities in which he has gained at least equal distinction, — viz: as a POET, ESSAYIST, ORATOR, and HISTORIAN.

MACAULAY AS A POET.

We have already noticed two of the most meritorious of Mr. Macaulay's poetical compositions, — viz: Pompeii and Evening, both of which gained the high distinction of the Chancellor's Medal, — the former in 1819, the latter in 1821. Many of the author's early poems, written about and a little subsequent to this period, were contributed to Knight's Quarterly Magazine, the pages of which were enriched with many other gems from youthful authors, some of whom like Mr. Macaulay, though not to the same degree, have since attained merited celebrity in the Republic of Letters. Of the first-fruits of our author's poetical genius perhaps the most admired are The Battle of Ivry, the Cavalier's March to London, The Spanish Armada, and A Song of the Huguenots. In 1842, 8vo, Mr. Macaulay gave to the world his Lays of Ancient Rome, consisting of the spirit-stirring narrations of Horatius Cocles, The Battle of the Lake Regillus, the Death of Virginia, and the Prophecy of Capys. Of this work an exquisite edition was published in 1847, fp. 4to, 21*s.* boards; bound by Hayday, 42*s.*; with numerous Illustrations, partly original, and partly selected from ancient monuments and the compositions of Raphael, Giulio Romano, and Mantegna, and drawn on wood, by George Scharf,

* After this sketch was written: we have permitted the title, Mr. Macaulay, to remain unaltered.

Jr., and engraved with the greatest accuracy by Samuel Williams.

The original designs are about thirty in number. For these the most picturesque portions of the text have been selected for illustration, — Mr. Scharf's object having been to embody, to the best of his ability, the vivid pictures of the poet's imagination. The illustrations selected by Mr. Scharf from the antique, and from the Italian masters, consist of Compositions, Coins, and other Monuments, which serve to illustrate and explain the text.

There were also editions of the Lays of Ancient Rome, published in 1848, 8vo; 1853, p. 8vo; 1856, fp. 8vo; 1857, fp. 4to, (Scharf's Illust.;) with Ivry and The Armada, 1857, 16mo.

"Mr. Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome' differed initially from Mr. Lockhart's Spanish translations in this: — that the latter worked from the native materials, which he refined and improved, — the former simply from the general scope and spirit of ancient legends. Taking it for granted, according to the very probable theory of Niebuhr, that the semi-fabulous traditions of all infant nations must have existed primarily in a metrical form, he retransferred some of the portions of early Roman history back into the shape which might be supposed to have been their original one ere historicised by Livy, — and this with consummate imaginative and artistic ability. He is entirely of the Homer, the Chaucer, and Scott school, his poetry being thoroughly that of action; and sentiment is seldom more than interjectionally introduced, — the utmost fidelity being thus shown to the essential characteristics of that species of composition which he has so triumphantly illustrated.

"The four subjects selected by Mr. Macaulay are those of 'Horatius Cocles,' 'The Battle of the Lake Regillus,' 'Virginia,' and 'The Prophecy of Capys;' and he has clothed them in a drapery of homely grandeur, yet at the same time with a picturesqueness of effect, which carries us back to Homer in his wars of Troy and in his wanderings of Ulysses. Mr. Macaulay has evidently sedulously endeavored to preserve a thorough distinctive nationality, not only in the materials, natural and historical, but in the very spirit of his different legends; and he has wonderfully succeeded in this

delicate, difficult, and laborious task. In vividness of outline, in graphic breadth, and in rapidity of narrative, he approaches the author of 'The Lay' and 'Marmion,' — like the mighty minstrel, unreservedly throwing himself into and identifying himself with his subject. Probably the finest — at least the most poetical — of the four legends is 'The Prophecy of Capys,' which breathes the very spirit of antique simplicity, and is encrusted with such a thick-falling shower of local allusions as to stamp it with the air of truth. 'The Battle of the Bridge' is, beyond the others, full of heroic action and energy; and 'Virginia' is touching, from the very simplicity of its majestic sentiment, — so childlike and yet so noble.

"Mr. Macaulay is another of the few poets who have written too little by far. The fragment of 'The Armada' is like a Torso of Hercules, — redolent of graphic power; and 'The Battle of Ivry,' although scarcely equal to it, is also remarkable for its masculine conception and disdain of petty ornament.

"The following placid descriptive sketch from 'The Battle of the Lake Regillus' contrasts finely with the ancient stirring associations of the scene:

'Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen; —

[quotation ending with]

What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.'"

Moir's Sketches of the Poet. Lit. of the Past Half-Century, 1851, 297–298.

"The Roman character is highly poetical, — bold, brave, and independent; devoid of art or subtlety, full of faith and hope; devoted to the cause of duty as comprised in the two great points of reverence for the gods and love of country. Shakspeare saw its fitness for the drama; and these 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are, in their way and degree, a further illustration of the truth. Mr. Macaulay might have taken — and, we trust, will yet take — wider ground; but what he has done he has done nobly, and like an antique Roman. . . . It is a great merit of these poems that they are free from ambition and exaggeration. Nothing seems overdone; no tawdry piece of finery disfigures the simplicity of the plan that has been chosen. They seem to have been framed with great artistical skill, with much self-denial and abstinence from any thing incongruous, and with a very successful imitation of the

effects intended to be represented. Yet every here and there images of beauty and expressions of feeling are thrown out that are wholly independent of Rome or the Romans, and that appeal to the widest sensibilities of the human heart. In point of homeliness of thought and language there is often a boldness which none but a man conscious of great powers of writing would have ventured to show." — PROF. WILSON: *Blackw. Mag.*, Dec. 1842, 808, 823; and in his *Essays, Crit. and Imag.*, Edin. and Lond. 1857, iii. 396, 418.

See also Wilson's Essays, iv. 419, n.

"His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires." — J. WILSON CROKER: *Lond. Quar. Rev.*, lxxxiv. 549.

"That he was imbued with the very soul of poetry is sufficiently evinced by his 'Battle of the Lake Regillus' and his moving 'Legends of Rome.'" — SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON: *Hist. of Europe*, 1815–52, chap. v.

"Mr. Macaulay has also written Lays of Ancient Rome, and some ballads, in the same style, upon modern subjects, which are full of animation and energy, and have the true trumpet-ring which stirs the soul, and kindles the blood." — GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

"The sparkle and glow of his verse always take strong hold upon the sensibility and fancy; and of all writers he is the last who could be accused of tediousness." — *Griswold's Poets and Poetry of Eng. in the Nineteenth Cent.*, 4th ed., Phila., 1854, 345.

"He comprehends the manner of the ancient ballads as thoroughly as he admires their spirit. Their garrulous minuteness, their homely pathos, their close dealings with the plainest realities on the one hand, and, on the other, with the wildest imaginings of credulity, are all represented in his Lays. . . . We cannot leave these Roman lays without begging for a re-issue of Mr. Macaulay's earlier French and English ballads. Wherefore, too, should he not add to the number of the latter, — so well read as he is in history, so well skilled in the art of popular song? why should he not do something more for his own country and his own countrymen?" — *Lond. Athen.*, 1842, 942–945, *q. v.*

See also Prescott's Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico, 23d ed., Bost., 1855., ii. 340, n.; Scrymgeour's Poetry and Poets of Britain, Edin., 1850, 490; Lond. Quar. Rev., lxxi. 453; Westm. Rev., xxxix. 105, and for Jan. 1855; Brit. and For. Rev., xv. 479; Eclec. Rev., 4th ser., xiii. 303; Blackw. Mag., lii. 802, and vol. lxxix., art "Modern Light Literature: Poetry;" Fraser's Mag., xxvii. 59; South. Quar. Rev., iv. 76; Democrat. Rev., xxvi. 209; N. Y. Eclec. Mus. i. 204.

Lord Brougham is so well pleased with the fruits gathered by Mr. Macaulay in his classical excursions that he would fain have him renew his researches:

"The learned and ingenious work of Mr. Macaulay, 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' well deserves to be consulted by the reader of the early Roman history. Mr. M. might render much service by undertaking a Roman history, still a great desideratum." — *Polit. Philos.*, Pt. 2, Lon., 1843, 100, n.

We trust that Mr. Macaulay will remember the hint when he shall have finished the History of England on which he is at present engaged.

MACAULAY AS AN ESSAYIST.

A number of papers of unusual excellence, published by Mr. Macaulay in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, preceded the celebrated essay on Milton, which was first enjoyed by the fastidious readers of the Edinburgh Review. This brilliant yet profound disquisition appeared in the number for August, 1825, and at once excited the interest and admiration of the public in no ordinary degree. It was eagerly devoured by readers of all shades of political opinion and all grades of mental culture, — from Sir James Mackintosh, who declared it to be worthy of the Edinburgh's best days, to the ambitious school-boy, who immediately adopted it for his next annual recitation; from the uncompromising Tory, who praised every thing but its republican logic, to the exulting Whig, who found in it for a second time the death-warrant

of the first Charles. The paper on Milton was succeeded in the Review by articles from the same able pen, many of them of equal, and some of superior, merit to that famous production. The last essay — that on the Earl of Chatham — appeared in the number for October, 1844, — nearly twenty years from the date of the first of the series. A collective edition of these reviews — all that had then appeared — was published at Philadelphia, by Messrs. Carey & Hart, in 5 vols. 12mo, and also in 1 vol. 8vo. They were eagerly purchased, and within five years sixty thousand volumes had left the publishers' shelves. As these volumes were imported into England in large quantities, the author felt it a duty to authorize the owners of the Review to issue an impression for the protection of their own rights; and accordingly, in 1843, an edition of the Essays, revised by the author, was issued in three volumes. Though published in an expensive form, the demand in Great Britain was so great that within the last few months (we write in 1857) the eighth edition has been put to press, 3 vols. 8vo. 36*s*. Pocket edition, 3 vols. fp. 8vo. 21*s*. A number of the articles have also been issued separately. The London edition contains the following articles: (we quote from the issue of 1854, 3 vols. fp. 8vo.) Vol. I.: I. Milton, (August, 1825.) II. Machiavelli, (March, 1827.) III. Hallam's Constitutional History, (September, 1828.) IV. Southey's Colloquies on Society, (January, 1830.) V. Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems, (April, 1830.) VI. Southey's edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, (December, 1830.) VII. Civil Disabilities of the Jews, (January, 1831.) VIII. Moore's Life of Lord Byron, (June, 1831.) IX. Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, (September, 1831.) X. Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, (December, 1831.) XI. Burleigh and his Times, (April, 1832.) XII. War of the Succession in Spain, (January, 1833.) XIII. Horace Walpole, (October, 1833.) Vol. II.: XIV. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, (January, 1834.) XV. Sir James Mackintosh, (July, 1835.) XVI. Lord Bacon, (July, 1837.) XVII. Sir William

Temple, (October, 1838.) XVIII. Gladstone on Church and State, (April, 1839.) XIX. Lord Clive, (January, 1840.) XX. Von Ranke, (October, 1840.) Vol. III. XXI. Leigh Hunt, (January, 1841.) XXII. Lord Holland, (July, 1841.) XXIII. Warren Hastings, (October, 1841.) XXIV. Frederick the Great, (April, 1842.) XXV. Madame D'Arblay, (January, 1843.) XXVI. Life and Writings of Addison, (July, 1843.) XXVII. The Earl of Chatham, (October, 1844.) The Philadelphia edition (we quote from that of 1849, r. 8vo) contains all the preceding, and the following additional papers: I. On Dryden, (E. R., 1828.) II. History, (E. R., 1828.) III. Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau, (E. R., 1832.) IV. Cowley and Milton. V. On Mitford's History of Greece. VI. On the Athenian Orators. VII. Barère's Memoirs, (E. R., April, 1844.) VIII. Mill's Essay on Government, (E. R., March, 1829.) IX. Bentham's Defence of Mill, (June, 1829.) X. Utilitarian Theory of Government, (E. R., October, 1829.) XI. Charles Churchill. The last named paper was written by John Forster, and republished by him in his Historical and Biographical Essays, 1858, two volumes. The volume from which this list is taken contains also The Lays of Ancient Rome. An edition of the Essays was published in New York, 1854, 5 vols. 12mo; and in Boston, 1854, 1 vol. 8vo. We have referred to the admiration expressed by Sir James Mackintosh of the paper on Milton. this eminent critic did not scruple, at a later day, to eulogize the author in the most flattering terms:

"The admirable writer whose language has occasioned this illustration, who at an early age has mastered every species of composition, will doubtless hold fast to simplicity, which survives all the fashions of deviation from it, and which a man of a genius so fertile has few temptations to forsake." — *Prelim. Dissert. Encyc. Brit.*, Note W.

Sir Archibald Alison, after a review of the literary characteristics of Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, continues:

"Much as these very eminent men differ from each other, Mr. Macaulay is, perhaps, still more clearly distinguished from either. Both his turn of mind and style of writing are peculiar, and exhibit a combination rarely if ever before witnessed in English or even in modern literature. Unlike Lord Jeffrey, he is deeply learned in ancient and modern lore; his mind is richly stored with the poetry and history both of classical and Continental literature. Unlike Mackintosh, he is eminently dramatic and pictorial; he alternately speaks poetry to the soul and pictures to the eye. Unlike Sydney Smith, he has omitted subjects of party contention and passing interest, and grappled with the great questions, the immortal names, which will forever attract the interest and command the attention of man. Milton, Bacon, Machiavelli, first awakened his discriminating and critical taste; Clive, Warren Hastings, Frederick the Great, called forth his dramatic and historic powers. He has treated of the Reformation and the Catholic reaction in his review of Ranke; of the splendid despotism of the Popedom in that of Hildebrand; of the French Revolution in that of Barère. There is no danger of his essays being forgotten, like many of those of Addison; nor of pompous uniformity of style being complained of, as in most of those of Johnson. His learning is prodigious; and perhaps the chief defects of his composition arise from the exuberant riches of the stores from which they are drawn. When warmed in his subject, he is thoroughly in earnest, and his language, in consequence, goes direct to the heart. In many of his writings — and especially the first volume of his history, and his essay on the Reformation — there are reflections, equally just and original, which never were surpassed in the philosophy of history. That he is imbued with the soul of poetry need be told to none who have read his Battle of the Lake Regillus; that he is a great biographer will be disputed by none who are acquainted with the splendid biographies of Clive and Hastings, by much the finest productions of the kind in the English language.

"Macaulay's style, like other original things, has already produced a school of imitators. Its influence may distinctly be traced both in the periodical and daily literature of the day. Its great characteristic is the shortness of the sentences, — which often equals that of Tacitus himself, — and the rapidity with which new and distinct ideas or facts succeed each other in his richly-stored pages. He is the Pope of English prose: he often gives two sen

tuments or facts in a single line. No preceding writer in prose, in any modern language with which we are acquainted, has carried this art of abbreviation, or rather cramming of ideas, to such a length; and to its felicitous use much of the celebrity which he has acquired is to be ascribed. There is no doubt that it is a most powerful engine for the stirring of the mind, and, when not repeated too often or carried too far, has a surprising effect. Its introduction forms an era in our historical composition. It reminds us of Sallust and Tacitus." — *Essays*, 1850, iii. 635–637; originally published in Blackw. Mag., April, 1849.

See also Alison's Hist. of Europe, 1815–1852, chap. v.; his Essays, 1850, ii. 420, iii. 118.

"[Lord John Russell] praised Macaulay's late articles in the 'Edinburgh,' and agreed with me in lamenting that his great powers should not be concentrated upon *one* great work, instead of being scattered thus in Sibyls' leaves, — inspired indeed, but still only leaves. I did not express the thought quite in this way; but such was my meaning" — *Moore's Diary*, June, 1839; *Memoirs, &c.*, Lond., 1856, vii. 258.

"Rogers directed my attention to the passage in his last Edinburgh article, where he describes Warren Hastings's trial and the remarkable assemblage of persons and circumstances which it brought together. Agreed perfectly with R. as to the over-gorgeousness of this part of the article. But the whole produces great effect, and is everywhere the subject of conversation."—*Ibid.* Dec., 1841; *Memoirs, &c.*, 304–305. See also vol. vi., Pref., xv.

"His critical essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge, with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantry and sarcasm to flavor, and in some degree disguise, a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism." — J. WILSON CROKER: *Lond. Quar. Rev.*, lxxxiv. 549.

"These essays are remarkable for their brilliant rhetorical power, their splendid tone of coloring, and their affluence of illustration. With a wide range of reading, and the most docile and retentive memory, he pours over his theme all the treasures of a richly-stored mind, and sheds light upon it from all quarters. He excels in the delineation of historical characters, and in the art of carrying his reader into a distant period and reproducing the past with the distinctness of the present. He is also an admirable literary critic, though sometimes his praise and censure might be

distributed with somewhat more of discrimination and qualification. And the obvious criticism which his writings call forth is founded upon their exuberance of power, and their too uniform splendor of style. The mind would sometimes be refreshed if passages of a calmer, soberer tone were here and there interspersed, on which the highly-wrought powers of attention might repose themselves. Nor does he always resist the temptation to produce effect by a slight touch of caricature."— GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

See also Poe's Literati; Lewes's Biog. Hist. of Philos., 2d ed., 1857 — The Life of Bacon; Henry Reed's Lects. on Eng. Lit., Phila., 1855, 58; Allan Cunningham's Biog. and Crit. Hist. of the Lit. of the Last Fifty Years, 1833; Men of the Time, Lond., 1853; Lyall's Agonistes, or Philos. Strictures, Lond., 1856, 55, 74, 118, 140; Blackw. Mag., xvii. 468, xxii. 406, xxvii. 679, (Noctes Ambros., April, 1830,) xxx. 411, (Noctes Ambros., Aug. 1831;) Fraser's Mag., i. 584; Maginn's Fraserian Papers, N. York, 1857, 112–120; Tuckerman's Characteristics of Lit., 2d series; Amer. Whig Rev., ix. 499, (by Rev. H. N. Hudson;) Princ. Rev., xii. 431; Chris. Rev., v. 450; South. Lit. Mess., xiv. 476; Knick., xxxiii. 508; New Englander, vii. 288, (by Rev. Leonard Bacon;) N. York Eclec. Mag., vii. 394, xiii. 35, (by Geo. Gilfillan;) N. Amer. Rev., lxi. 481, (by E. P. Whipple.) To the last-named gentleman — Mr. Whipple of Boston — we are indebted for one of the ablest criticisms on Mr. Macaulay's characteristics as an essayist which have been given to the world. The article to which we refer, and of which Mr. Macaulay himself expressed great admiration, was originally published in the Boston Miscellany for February, 1843, and has been reprinted in the 1st vol. of Whipple's Essays and Reviews, (Boston, 1852, 2 vols. 12mo.) We must make room for a brief extract:

"If Macaulay thus obtains popularity in quarters where it is generally denied to thinkers and monopolized by the last new novel, he is not the less calculated to win golden opinions from readers of judgment and reflection. Behind the external show and glittering vesture of his thoughts — beneath all his pomp of

diction, aptness of illustration, splendor of imagery, and epigrammatic point and glare — a careful eye can easily discern the movement of a powerful and cultivated intellect, as it successfully appears in the well-trained logician, the discriminating critic, the comprehensive thinker, the practical and far-sighted statesman, and the student of universal knowledge. Perhaps the extent of Macaulay's range over the field of literature and science, and the boldness of his generalizations, are the most striking qualities he displays. The amount of his knowledge surprises even bookworms, memory-mongers, and other literary cormorants. It comprises all literatures, and all departments of learning and literature. It touches Scarron on one side and Plato on the other. He seems master of every subject of human interest, and of many more subjects which only he can make interesting. He can battle theologians with weapons drawn from antique armories unknown to themselves; sting pedants with his wit, and then overthrow them with a profusion of trivial and recondite learning; oppose statesmen on the practical and theoretical questions of political science; browbeat political economists on their own vantage-ground; be apparently victorious in matters of pure reason in an argument with reasoning-machines; follow historians, step by step, in their most minute researches, and adduce facts and principles which they have overlooked; silence metaphysicians by a glib condensation of all theories of the mind, and convict them of ignorance out of Plato, Aristotle, Locke, or any other philosopher they may happen to deify; and perform the whole with a French lightness and ease of expression which never before was used to convey so much vigor and reach of thought and so large and heavy a load of information."— Pp. 15, 16.

MACAULAY AS AN ORATOR.

In 1853, Mr. J. S. Redfield, of New York, published a collection of Mr. Macaulay's Speeches, in 2 vols. 12mo. In 1853, Mr. H. Vizetelly, of London, published Macaulay's Speeches, [nearly one hundred,] Parliamentary and Miscellaneous, in 2 vols. 8vo. These unauthorized issues led to an edition of his Speeches, published by Longman, corrected by the author, 1854, 8vo, and Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1831–32. corrected by himself, 1854, 16mo. Mr. Macaulay had not been long in Parliament before he secured

a reputation which he ever afterward maintained, — that of one of the most eloquent and instructive speakers who had ever sat in the English Commons. Sir James Mackintosh writes, as early as March 8, 1831, (Macaulay had taken his seat but a few months before,) "Macaulay and Stanley made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament." See Mackintosh's Life: Letter to Miss Allen.

"It is hard to say," remarks Sir Archibald Alison, "whether his poetry, his speeches in Parliament, or his more brilliant essays, are the most charming: each has raised him to a very great eminence, and would be sufficient to constitute the reputation of any ordinary man. That he was qualified to have taken a very high place in oratory is proved by many of his speeches in the House of Commons, — particularly those on the Reform Bill." — *Hist. of England*, 1815–1852, chap. v.

"That these Speeches should be equally popular with the Essays or the History of the same great writer was hardly to be expected; that they *deserve* to be so we have no manner of doubt in the world. . . . For ourselves, we have been equally delighted with the manner and the matter of these speeches. They are wonderful, not merely as compositions, but as specimens of true deliberative eloquence; and equally admirable for the just, and often deep, practical political philosophy with which they are everywhere imbued. . . . If we examine these speeches of Mr. Macaulay, not simply by some abstract canons of ideal perfection in oratorical style, (which scarcely any man has exemplified,) but by a due deference to the variable limits imposed by the variable structure of different minds, — limits within which the conditions of that style may be adequately complied with, — we must again profess our surprise at the degree in which many of these speeches fulfil those conditions. We have no scruple in saying that they will in that respect sustain comparison with any speeches with which the whole range of British oratory has supplied us. . . . Burke often managed to empty the House: Mr. Macaulay, if it be known that he is likely to speak, never fails to fill it. If the benches be empty when he begins, no sooner is it known that he is speaking than numbers flock in and hang on his accents with breathless attention. Certainly, he does not want the testimonies to signal eloquence enumerated by Cicero: — 'Coronam multiplicem, judicium erectum, crebras assensiones, multas admirationes.'" — *Edin. Rev.*,

c. 490–534, Oct. 1854: *Review of the edition of Speeches corrected by himself*, Lond., 1854, 8vo.

"The popular voice places Mr. Macaulay in the very first rank of contemporary speakers. Those who are prepared to admit a distinction between the most distinguished and successful of untrained speakers and the confessed orators include him, without hesitation, in the latter class. If they form their judgment merely from reading his speeches as reported in the papers, certainly they have ample ground for presuming that he must be a man of no ordinary eloquence; for he scarcely ever rises but to pour a flood of light upon the subject under discussion, which he handles with a masterly skill that brings out all the available points and sets them off with such a grace of illustration, such a depth and readiness of historical knowledge, as are equalled by no other living orator. . . . When it gets whispered about that Mr. Macaulay is likely to speak on a particular question, the intelligence acts like a talisman on the members. Those who may not take sufficient interest in the current business to be present in the house may be seen hovering in its precincts, in the lobbies, in the library, or at Bellamy's, lest they should be out of the way at the right moment and so lose a great intellectual treat; and it is no sooner known that the cause of all this interest has actually begun to speak than the house becomes, as if by magic, as much crowded as when the leader for the time-being is on his legs."—*Fraser's Magazine*, xxxiii. 77; *Contemporary Orators: The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.*

See also Blackw. Mag., xxix. 140, 662; xxx. 396, 410, (Noctes Ambros., Aug. 1831.)

MACAULAY AS A HISTORIAN.

Many thousands, doubtless, of the admirers of the impassioned poet, the brilliant essayist, and the eloquent orator, had long shared in the regret of Lord John Russell and Tom Moore (*ubi supra*) that Macaulay's "great powers should not be concentrated upon one great work, instead of being scattered in Sibyls' leaves."

Great, therefore, was the satisfaction at the announcement recorded by Moore in his Diary, December 1841, two years

and a half subsequent to the entry from which we have just quoted:

"Macaulay, another of the guests, and I, stayed for some time. He is a most wonderful man; and I rejoice to learn that the world may expect from him a History of England, taken up, I believe, where Hume leaves off." — *Moore's Memoirs, &c.*, Lond., 1856, vii. 304.

Never, perhaps, was a work more anxiously, more impatiently, expected by the public than Macaulay's History of England, from the first announcement of its intended preparation to the day (Dec. 17, 1855) which witnessed the publication of the third and fourth volumes. Mr. Macaulay, however, was too conscientious a historian, and too sensible of the value of his extended literary reputation, to permit himself to be hurried to the press. Truncated Whitelocks, and second-hand authorities, were not permitted to mislead; the ease of the lounger's sofa possessed no charms, and the forbidding piles of the State-Paper Office no terrors, to one whom criticism was a luxury and labor a necessity. At length, in 1849, appeared the first and second volumes of "The History of England, from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." The success of these volumes was great and immediate:—

"We pay Mr. Macaulay no compliment, but only record his good fortune, when we say that these two volumes are the most popular historical work that ever issued from the English press. Within six months this book has run through five editions, — involving an issue of above 18,000 copies; and, on the other side of the Atlantic, our enterprising and economical brothers of America have, we hear, reproduced it in forms which appear infinite in number and infinitesimal in price. For the best rewards of authorship he, therefore, has not been doomed, like many illustrious predecessors, to await the slow verdict of his own, or the tardy justice of a succeeding generation. Fame has absolutely trodden on his heels. As widely as our language has travelled — super et Garamantas et Indos — these volumes have already spread the reputation and opinions of their author." — *Edin. Rev.*, xc. 249. July, 1849.

The 8th edition was published in 1852, 2 vols. 8vo; and, by January, 1856, the sale of vols. i. and ii. had reached nearly 40,000 copies. In the United States, the sale of vols. i. and ii. in five years, (1849–54,) amounted to no less than 125,000 copies; and this number may now (1857) be considerably increased. A new edition of vols. i.–iv., to be published in 7 vols. p. 8vo, has been recently (1857) announced. Mr. Macaulay's volumes had hardly got fairly before the world when they were attacked with much asperity by the Rt. Hon. J. Wilson Croker, in the London Quarterly Review for March 1849, 549–630. It is said that Mr. Croker's critical perceptions were sharpened in this case by Mr. Macaulay's strictures (Edin. Rev., Sept. 1831) on his edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, and that he revenged on the historian the offence of the essayist; but on this subject we have no right to express an opinion. In justice to Mr. Macaulay, we could say no less than we have done on this theme; in justice to Mr. Croker, we can say no more. We give some brief extracts from Mr. Croker's critique:

"It may seem too epigrammatic — but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true — to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English History as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion is not to be doubted, nor can any one, during the first reading, escape the *entrainement* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execution; but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. . . . Mr. Macaulay's historical narration is poisoned with a rancour more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page — we speak literally, hardly a page — that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in colour; and the whole of the brilliant

and at first captivating narrative is perceived, on examination, to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and — we are under the painful necessity of adding — bad faith. . . . Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against every thing in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognize the shibboleth of Toryism. . . . We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is, in fact, little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with Mr. Macaulay. . . . Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect, — the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. . . . Our second complaint is one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent, defects of Mr. Macaulay's book, — his style, — not merely the choice and order of words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. . . . We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities, — no trivial points in the execution of a historical work, — though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. . . . But, we are sorry to say, we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence — in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit — seems to us to pervade the whole work, from Alpha to Omega, from Procopius to Mackintosh. . . . We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call any thing bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of Tory. . . . We are ready to admit, a hundred times over, Mr. Macaulay's literary powers, — brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be,

devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excites, with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it; but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historical shelf, nor ever, assuredly, — if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, — be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England."

But this reviewer was himself reviewed in the Edinburgh Quarterly for July, 1849, in the concluding portion of an eulogistic notice of Mr. Macaulay's History:—

"Such is this great national work, — as our countrymen have already pronounced it to be. The loud, clear voice of impartial Fame has sounded her award; and it will stand, without appeal, as long as Englishmen regard their past history and love the Constitution of which he tells. From one quarter only — and that a quarter of which we expected, and which perhaps wished for itself, better things — has the melancholy wailing of disappointed jealousy been heard. The public naturally looked with interest for the notice of Mr. Macaulay's History in the Quarterly Review. The notice had not long appeared, when it was observed, with equal wit and truth, that the writer of it, in attempting murder, had committed suicide. We have doubted whether we should add a word in illustration of a judgment in which the public has shown, through almost all its representatives, that it cordially agrees. . . . That a journal of deserved name and reputation should announce of these volumes propositions so openly contradictory as that on the one hand their author has produced no new facts and discovered no new materials, and that on the other he has made the facts of English history 'as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition,' betrays, it is true, some rankling wound behind. . . . It was a great mistake to assail this work on the score of accuracy. Its author was the last man likely to be caught tripping on that head." — *Edin. Rev.*, xc. 281, 282, 290

Sir Archibald Alison, whilst not hesitating to condemn the historian when he thought condemnation deserved, yet rebukes the too common fault of petty criticism, — exaggeration of the importance of trifling slips of the pen:—

"We shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not-uncommon practice of reviewers on such

occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. . . . We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information."

Sir Archibald then proceeds to a temperate discussion of several of the points involved in Mr. Macaulay's history, concluding with—

"It is this partial and one-sided exposition of the truth, accompanied by a general exaggerated style of composition, more than positive inaccuracy, that we complain of in Mr. Macaulay. It is this statement of the facts on both sides which, amidst all our admiration of his genius, we often desiderate in his entrancing pages; and nothing but the adoption of it, and taking his seat on the *Bench instead of the Bar of History*, is required to render his noble work as weighty as it is able, and as influential in forming the opinion of future ages as it unquestionably will be successful in interesting the present." — *Blackwood's Mag.*, April, 1849; and in his *Essays*, Edin. and Lond. 1850, iii. 628–674.

See also his History of Europe, 1815–1852, chap. v. For other reviews and notices of the first and second volumes of Macaulay's History of England, see Tuckerman's Characteristics of Literature, First Series, Phila., 1849, 171–192; Edin. Rev., lxxxix. 462; N. Brit. Rev., x. 197; Eclec. Rev., 4th ser., xxv. 1; Fraser's Mag., xxxix. 1; Lond. Gent. Mag., 1849, Pt. 1, 338; N. Amer. Rev., lxviii. 511, (by Francis Bowen;) Mass. Quar. Rev., ii. 326; Princeton Rev., xxii. 101; South. Quar. Rev., xv. 374; Brownson's Quar. Rev., 2d ser., iii. 274; Bost. Chris. Exam., xlvi. 253, (by G. E. Ellis;) Democrat. Rev., xxiv. 205; N. York Church Rev., ii. 1, by J. Williams; N. York Eclec. Mag., xvi. 405, 500; Bost. Liv. Age, xx. 298, (from the Lond. Spectator,) 408, (from the Lond. Examiner.) Particular portions of Mr. Macaulay's History have been criticised by different critics: Wm. Hepworth Dixon and Samuel M. Janney have defended the character of William Penn; Hugh

Miller and others have espoused the cause of the Scotch; Dr. Lingard (see Lond. Quar. Rev., lxxxix. 289, n.) that of the Roman Catholic Church; and Churchill Babington (see Edin. Rev., xc. 287, n.) contends for a higher status for the clergy of the seventeenth century than Mr. Macaulay will allow them. Other criticisms upon various points discussed in the history have appeared in the columns of the Athenæum, the Times, and other journals of the day.

From the date of the publication of the first and second volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History, the public were anxiously awaiting, month after month, year after year, the appearance of the continuation of this fascinating production; but the tedious term of Jacob's servitude elapsed before the eager expectants were gratified. Dec. 17, 1855, will long be remembered in the annals of Paternoster Row. The publishers had promised the third and fourth volumes of the History on that day; and, as the first edition of the first and second volumes had consisted of five thousand copies only, it was presumed that twenty-five thousand would be amply sufficient to meet the public demand. But this enormous pile of books — weighing no less than fifty-six tons — was exhausted the first day, and eleven thousand disappointed applicants remained unsatisfied, to envy the happy possessors and to insist upon a new impression being immediately put to press. The delighted publishers apologized for the disappointment, and asked for another month's time to fill the unsupplied orders. But this demand, extraordinary as it was, was greatly surpassed in America. One publishing-house in New York sold seventy-three thousand volumes in ten days, (three different styles and prices,) and twenty-five thousand more were immediately issued in Philadelphia. Ten thousand copies were stereotyped, printed, and in the hands of the publishers within fifty working-hours, (more than one hundred compositors being employed on the enterprise; *) and editions were

* Reference is here made to the octavo, double-column pamphlet edition The Boston 12mo edition, of which this is the fifth volume, was stereotyped, printed, and bound, and in the market, within three days from the reception of the copy.

published in Boston, and probably in other cities of the United States. We presume that the aggregate sale in England and America within the first four weeks from the date of publication considerably exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand copies. On the continent of Europe, editions of the History were published in Dutch (issued by H. C. S. Ery, at the Hague, fourth Part published September, 1856,) and in Hungarian, translated by M. Auton Szengery. As regards the division of time in the four volumes of the History, volume one closes with an account of the occurrences of the autumn of 1685; in the concluding chapter of volume two, we find William and Mary seated on the English throne; volume three comprises the history of events in 1689, '90, and '91; and volume four terminates with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. It is stated that for volumes one and two, Messrs. Longman agreed to allow the author six hundred pounds per annum for the privilege of publication for ten years, the copyright remaining the property of Mr. Macaulay, and that the copyright of volumes three and four was purchased by the same house for sixteen thousand pounds. We do not vouch for the correctness of these figures, but presume that they represent the truth.

Whether Mr. Macaulay will be able to carry his history down to so recent a point as he originally designed — "the memory of men yet living" — is now a matter of some doubt in the public mind; but it is to be remembered that by far the greater part of the historian's task is now accomplished: the history of England from the Peace of Ryswick to the close of the American War presents but few points which require extended examination and minute investigation. We trust that Mr. Macaulay will live to carry his narration down to 1789, the starting-point of Sir Archibald Alison's History We shall then have an uninterrupted narrative, in the histories of Hume, Macaulay, and Alison, extending over a period of one thousand nine hundred and seven years, viz: B. C. 55—A. D. 1852.

We must not conclude without some brief citations of opinions on the merits of volumes three and four of Mr. Macau-

lay's History. A lively interest was felt before the appearance of these volumes to see in what manner the historian would treat the great events which brought about the Revolution of 1688, and the measures of almost equal importance which immediately followed the settlement which secured the English throne to William and Mary and their Protestant successors. Whatever may be thought of the political *animus* of the author, there can be but one question as regards his admirable facility in condensation, his power of graphic portraiture, and the lofty eloquence of his rhetoric. We have heard Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, himself long skilled in state-paper research, express his astonishment at the marvellous manner in which Mr. Macaulay has condensed volumes of matter in the comparatively few passages of which his last two volumes are composed. But to our quotations:

"We conclude, as we commenced, in unfeigned admiration of the power, wisdom, and success of this great national work; of the comprehensive philosophy of its plan, and the rare felicity of its execution. The height at which it aims is ambitious; but Mr. Macaulay has reached it, and will hand down his name to future times indissolubly linked with that free constitution, the history of which he has done so much to illustrate. Let those who wish to study the genius of British liberty learn by the light of these volumes, imbibe their spirit, and be roused by their noble fervour to thoughts and deeds worthy of freemen. As long as she is animated by such patriotism and imbued with such principles, we may augur the best for the future of our country, and for the dynasty established by William, under which she has risen to such freedom and such greatness." — *Edin. Rev.*, Jan. 1857.

"Mr. Macaulay's peculiar qualifications for the great task he has undertaken are well known. Probably no man of our days enjoys so wonderful a memory, or possesses such extensive and varied knowledge. In science we do not suppose he is much of a proficient, but over the field of literature his reign is universal. History, especially that of England, has always been his favorite study, and he has devoted to the volumes already published many years of indefatigable toil. Every page bears testimony to a degree of conscientious and minute research which no historian has ever

surpassed, and which only Grote, Gibbon, and Hallam, in this country, have ever approached." — *North British Rev.*, May, 1856.

"With the rest of the world we come with our homage to Mr. Macaulay. Steady, strong, and uniform, the stream of his thought continues to flow; and, without effort, or with no outward sign of it, he keeps his place as the first living writer of English prose. There is no occasion for us to quote from Mr. Macaulay, to criticise or to praise him. Our readers long ago have made their own quotations, selected their favorite passages, have read again and again every page of his history; and the universal approbation of the world has at once dispensed with the necessity of panegyric, and made censure impossible, except to those who are ambitious of a foolish singularity. On whatever side we look at this book, whether the style of it or the matter of it, it is alike astonishing. The style is faultlessly luminous; every word is in its right place; every sentence is exquisitely balanced; the current never flags. Homer, according to the Roman poet, may be sometimes languid; Mr. Macaulay is always bright, sparkling, attractive." — *Westminster Rev.*, April, 1856.

Some of Mr. Macaulay's reviewers are far less enthusiastic than the three just quoted: —

"Everybody reads — everybody admires — but nobody believes in — Mr. Macaulay. This, which is perhaps the most brilliant of all histories, seems about the least reliable of any. We have not encountered a single courageous individual, among the multitude of its admirers, bold enough to avouch for it; yet no one reads less eagerly because it is difficult to find any one who has genuine faith in what he reads." — *Blackw. Mag.*, Aug. 1856; and see the number for Sept. 1856.

We quote another comment: —

"*The Principle upon which Mr. Macaulay wrote his History.*

"MR. URBAN: — In reading Macaulay's Essays the other day, I came across a passage in which the author lays down the principles on which, in his opinion, history ought to be written. It may, perhaps, have some interest for your readers, as being, in some sort, a defence to the charges which many reviewers have not scrupled to bring against the historian of James and William, of giving a false coloring to events. Speaking of Machiavelli's History, he says: —

"'The history does not appear to be the fruit of much industry or research. It is unquestionably inaccurate. But it is elegant, lively, and picturesque, beyond any other in the Italian language. The reader, we believe, carries away from it a more vivid and a more faithful impression of the national character and manners than from more correct accounts. The truth is, that the book belongs rather to ancient than to modern literature. It is in the style, not of Davila and Clarendon, but of Herodotus and Tacitus. The classical histories may almost be called romances founded in fact. The relation is, no doubt, in all its principal points, strictly true. But the numerous little incidents which heighten the interest, the words, the gestures, the looks, are evidently furnished by the imagination of the author. The fashion of later times is different. A more exact narrative is given by the writer. It may be doubted whether more exact notions may be conveyed to the reader. The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature; and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever.' — *Essay on Machiavelli*, March, 1827; *Essays*, vol. i. p. 110.

"I remain, sir, yours obediently,

"F. J. V."

— *Lond. Gent. Mag.*, June, 1857, 708.

Certainly no one can question our fairness as regards a faithful exhibition of both sides of opinions on this popular writer.

See also Oxford and Cambridge Mag., March, 1856, 173; Lond. Athenæum, 1855, 1489–1524; Index to Lond. Notes and Queries, vols. i.–xii., First Series; and Index to vol. xiii. Other notices of Mr. Macaulay and his literary productions will be found in Gilfillan's Galleries of Literary Portraits, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; Henry Reed's Lects. on Eng Lit., 107; Fraser's Mag., xl. 171; Lond. Gent. Mag., March, 1838, 322; South. Lit. Mess., xiv. 476; New Englander, vii. 288, (by L. Bacon;) N. York Eclec. Mag., i. 1, vii. 394, xiii. 35, (by G. Gilfillan,) xvii. 134; Bost. Liv. Age, xxi.

206, xlii. 382. We should not omit to mention that Mr. Macaulay has lately contributed to the eighth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, now (1857) passing through the press, Lives of Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Oliver Goldsmith, of Bishop Atterbury, and of John Bunyan. These have been reprinted in America. Messrs. Appleton, of New York, also published, in 1857, Biographical and Historical Sketches by T. B. Macaulay, consisting of the four biographical articles just noticed, and eighty-three selections from the History of England.

With a memory so retentive, stores of information so multifarious, and a vocabulary more copious than is generally given to the sons of men, it may well be supposed that the essayist, orator, poet, and historian possesses substantial claims to distinction as a brilliant, instructive, and interesting conversationist. Such, indeed, is the fact. Tom Moore again and again expresses his astonishment at Macaulay's wonderful powers, *e. g.* : —

"Dined at Lansdowne House. . . . Sat between Macaulay and Rogers. Of Macaulay's range of knowledge anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory." — *Diary, Aug. 2d*, 1840 : *Memoirs, &c.*, vii. 280.

"Went to Bowood to dinner. . . . Macaulay wonderful: never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvellous a memory. To attempt to record his conversation, one must be as wonderfully gifted with memory as himself." — *Diary, Oct. 21st*, 1846 : *Memoirs, &c.*, vii. 283.

"Macaulay, another of the guests, and I stayed for some time He is a most wonderful man." — *Diary, Dec. 15th and 16th* : *Memoirs, &c.*, vii. 304.

"Breakfasted this morning with Milnes, to meet the American Minister, Hallam, Macaulay, &c. &c. Macaulay opened for us quite a new character of his marvellous memory, which astonished us as much as it amused me; and that was his acquaintance with the old Irish slang ballads, such as 'The Night before Larry was Stretched,' &c. &c., many of which he repeated as glibly as *I* could in my boyhood. He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but *forget*.'" — *Diary, March 18th*, 1842 : *Memoirs, &c.*, vii. 314, 315.

But perhaps no one of these interviews delighted Moore so greatly as the one next to be noticed, the account of which will remind the reader of the literary dinner at Foote's, when Dr. Johnson electrified the eulogizing translator of Demosthenes with the blunt declaration, "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." But to Moore's narrative: —

"Went (Lord John and I together in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation Campbell quoted a line, 'Ye diners-out, from whom we guard our spoons,' and, looking over at me, said, significantly, '*You* ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty. Upon which he said, 'It is a poem that appeared in The Times, which every one attributes to *you*;' but I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, 'That is *mine*.' On which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib, still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day." — *June* 26, 1831: *Memoirs, &c.*, vi. 213, 214.

We have ourselves listened with great interest to Mr. Washington Irving's graphic description of the historical arguments (not "wit-combats") between Hallam and Macaulay. Mr. Irving assured us that Macaulay could quote with as much facility from the volume and page of the authorities which he referred to as if they were immediately under his eye.

Among the many honors conferred upon our author, not

the least was his election, together with Mr. Prescott, November 30, 1852, to membership of the Royal Irish Academy. These gentlemen were elected to fill the vacancies in the department of polite scholarship (which numbers only fifteen) caused by the death of Moore and Wordsworth.

"Macaulay," observed the secretary on that occasion, "the historian, the critic, the poet, the philosopher, — however individuals may find fault with his history, dissent from his criticism, censure his poems, or dispute his philosophy, — must still be regarded as one of the foremost literary men in the world."

The late Sydney Smith also bears testimony to Macaulay's wide range of knowledge and conversational fluency, and — far higher commendation — to his patriotism and political honesty.

"I always prophesied his greatness, from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great: he is like a book in breeches.

"Yes; I agree he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might have said before (though *I* never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country; and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests."

Such was the account prepared in 1857, of the literary and political career of one of the most illustrious Englishmen of modern times. Compiled by an industrious use of the materials indicated, and without any assistance from its subject, it was gratifying to the author — and it is but proper that, as a certificate of accuracy, the fact should be known to the reader — that Lord Macaulay to whom (without the agency of the biographer) the sketch was submitted, indicated no errors; and, let it be added in justice to the departed, he complained of no criticisms. "Every body," he

remarked to us in a letter written about a year before his death, — "Every body has a right to blame me for what I have written; nor shall I ever complain of the freedom with which that right is exercised."

It was in accordance with this spirit, that notwithstanding the very decided — not hostile, and, we trust, not captious — manner in which the present writer had in several instances in his Dictionary of Authors ventured to oppose some of the critical canons of the great Essayist, his lordship took a warm interest in the success of the work just indicated, and expressed that interest in terms to which a bare reference, honorable as it is to his heart, will not, it is hoped, be thought unbecoming in our pen. To have submitted to his eye the completed results of many years of anxious and conscientious toil; — to have "bound up the sheaves" ere the Lord of the harvest had called to his rest him who had so well borne "the burden and heat of the day;" — perchance to have been gladdened by the continued approval of the elder and the better workman; — this would have been reward, indeed! — but it was not "thus written!"

In the last days of 1859, — a year "much to be remembered" for its illustrious dead, — the sad intelligence that MACAULAY was no more, bowed the hearts of thousands in every part of the world where English letters had carried the name of their greatest living master! The profound impression produced by this melancholy event will be best exhibited by a selection from the many notices called forth by the occasion: nor can we do a better service to the memory of the dead or the respect of the living than by the presentation proposed.

His lordship had been confined to his house by an attack of disease of the heart (from which he suffered extremely in 1852) for about ten days before Christmas, 1859, — on which day he had sufficiently recovered to preside at a family dinner-party at his own table. Whilst his friends were looking hopefully for his speedy restoration to health and usefulness, he suddenly died, whilst sleeping in his arm-chair in

his library. But the particulars we shall presently cite in the words of our countryman, Edward Everett, whose graphic portraiture of his friend it would be injustice to our readers to omit.

NOTICES OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL, AND LITERARY AND PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD MACAULAY.

Under the date of the 31st of December, 1860, the "London Times," in one of those critical and biographical articles for which it is peculiarly distinguished, remarks: —

"No death which we could chronicle will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man. It is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us for ever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly, and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most — the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew, and thought and felt. The death of such a man is more than a common loss — is more than the loss of a man equally great in other departments of literature.

"Macaulay is cut off in his 60th year, and in the midst of his work. Who is to finish what he has begun? Who is to make good wherein he has failed? The deep regret for such a loss will be universally felt wherever the English language is spoken, will be mingled with surprise at its suddenness. Only on Monday last Lord Macaulay had entertained his family at a Christmas party. It is true that for some years he had suffered from an affection of

the heart, and three weeks ago he had a return of threatening symptoms. But he appeared to rally again; the symptoms, although serious, were not alarming; and at the Christmas party on Monday last he was only so far unlike himself as to be rather silent. If Sydney Smith had been there, he would not have had to complain, as he once did, that he longed for some 'brilliant flashes of silence;' and yet, in spite of Lord Macaulay's quietness, his friends in parting with him that night little thought that in less than eight-and-forty hours he would be no more for this world. On Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, he died in a fainting fit, without the least pain.

"In 1830, Mr. Macaulay had made such a reputation for himself that he became M. P. for the borough of Calne — a seat then, as now, in the nomination of Lord Lansdowne. We have therefore to account for those eight years between 1822, when he took his Bachelor's degree, and 1830, when he entered the House of Commons, and to show how he fought his way upward. For the first four of these years a good deal of his time was spent between London and Cambridge, where he had his Fellowship. He took his Master's degree in 1825, and he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, in 1826. But far more important to his future prospects was the fact that in this period he began to write. He wrote poetry, he wrote essays, he wrote imaginary conversations, he wrote critiques, — he wrote in every form. These appeared as contributions to 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' of which it will readily be understood they formed the principal attraction. It was in these days he produced his ballads of the Spanish Armada, the Battle of the League, and Ivry; and we believe that some of his other contributions have been republished in America, although certainly not all. Macaulay was chary of publishing his periodical writings; and it is only by digging into the British Museum that we can find out what he was in the beginning. One chance, indeed, he has given us of ascertaining what he was when fresh from College. He had earned such a reputation by the contributions of which we have spoken, that he was engaged to write an article on Milton for the 'Edinburgh Review.' This appeared in August, 1825, and Jeffrey's opinion of it was so high that he immediately secured the services of the young Essayist for future numbers. It is scarcely necessary to say that this famous paper on Milton was afterwards republished by Macaulay in his collected essays, and we have all, therefore, an opportunity of taking his measure as a

young man. In republishing it he made a few alterations, but every competent judge will indorse his own statement, — that 'the criticism on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from College, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament.' As he advanced, however, he improved, as will be seen in the essay on Machiavelli, which immediately follows that on Milton, but is separated from it by an interval of eighteen months. It will never be so popular as the Milton article, which is very dazzling, but it is in every way a better work, and one can see in it the Macaulay of later days, — his subtlety of thought, his tolerant temper, his high view of morality, his ideal of composition; and we may say the same of the articles on Hallam and Southey, which are next in order, and belong to the period before he entered Parliament. An article on History which he contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' in May, 1828, has not been republished, and in itself perhaps it is not of much value, having very much the appearance of a college exercise touched up. But as the production of one who afterward became one of the greatest of historians, and who, if he has not actually invented a new style of history, has given us the most perfect specimen of the new style; it is well worthy of perusal, and will, no doubt, be published with other works which Lord Macaulay has been perhaps too anxious to consign to oblivion. Among these will be found some political squibs which are really very good, and with regard to two of them we quote the following from Moore's Diary, though the date is June, 1831. He is relating a conversation at the breakfast table of Rogers, and says: — 'In the course of conversation Campbell quoted a line —

'Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me said significantly, 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is a poem that appeared in the 'Times' which every body attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence and said, to our general surprise, 'that is mine, on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so much amused me when it ap-

peared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine, also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess.' His talents were so great, his writings were so effective, and his influence so strong, that the Whigs obtained for him (this, we suppose, must have been in the Coalition Ministry) an appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, and in 1830 he entered Parliament as member for Calne.

"For the future Mr. Macaulay is to be as much a politician as a writer. He made an impression in the House of Commons almost from the first. To one who was uttering some disparagement of the young man, Mr. Sheil is reported to have screeched out, 'Nonsense, Sir! don't attempt to run down Macaulay. He's the cleverest man in Christendom. Didn't he make four speeches on the Reform Bill, and get £10,000 a year? Think of that, and be dumb.' Immense things were expected of him when he appeared in the House; he was to be another Burke, and, indeed, he took a part in the debates in favor of Reform and the Grey Ministry second only to the more spontaneous efforts of Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. Croker, who had also a reputation as a reviewer, was frequently in these days set up to destroy the young debater, but he failed, as, other things being equal, the man of detail must always fail against the man of broad views and sweeping generalizations. Besides his performances on the floor of the House of Commons, Mr. Macaulay did duty in these days for his friends the Abolitionists, whose hearts he rejoiced in highly impassioned speeches at the Freemasons' Tavern. In Parliament his style was more argumentative and sober, and he did good service to his friends. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes, 'Macaulay is a marvellous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a House of less than fifty. The Speaker, who is a severe judge says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard.' Admirable speaker as he was, however, one may venture to doubt about Mr. Macaulay's qualifications as a debater. With all his stores of information, and with all his flow of language, he could never trust himself to speak without the most elaborate preparation; his presence as an orator was not overpowering; and his voice was not particularly good. His head was set stiff upon his shoulders.

and his feet were always planted immovable on the ground. One hand was fixed behind him across his back, and in this rigid attitude, with only a slight movement of his right hand, he poured forth his sentences. His speeches were what he said those of Sir James Mackintosh were — spoken essays; only that Macaulay's essays, unlike those of Sir James, were written in a highly rhetorical style It is, perhaps, the most rhetorical prose that ever was written; at all events, the prose that combines in the most perfect way whatever is excellent in the written with whatever is valuable in the spoken style. Macaulay certainly did wonders with it, and if he was not very formidable in extemporary debate, he managed at all times to fascinate both sides of the House, to win golden opinions from all sorts of men.

"One benefit our author derived from his Indian experience: he was able to write of Indian affairs with a fulness of knowledge and a vividness of apprehension which are unsurpassed in his treatment of any other subject. His essays on Clive and Warren Hastings are, on the whole, the best he has written. Nothing can be more masterly than his views, nothing more picturesque than his narration, nothing more just than his admiration of the men, combined with condemnation of their acts. The essays will always be the most popular of his works, and we may read them a dozen times without ever tiring of them. The English is his best, — his most finished style, and we must give him the praise of having in his style added to the clearness of the English language. He has taught us to avoid involved sentences; he has given us the most brilliant examples of directness; and by a chary use of pronouns, especially the personal pronouns, he has given at once lucidity and emphasis to all he has to say.

"Lord Macaulay's rejection at Edinburgh probably hastened the undertaking of what was his chief ambition, — a true History of England. He produced two volumes of this history in 1848, two more made their appearance in 1855, and the public were in expectation of a further instalment, to be issued very shortly, when now they hear of the historian's decease. The excitement which the first two volumes created, appearing as they did in all the hubbub of the French Revolution, presenting to us a picture in remarkable contrast to that of the Parisian rabble, and calming down our own populace with the story of a nobler revolution, must be vividly in the recollection of our readers. Of the value of that history we have spoken so recently (the 'Times,' January 16

1857) that we need not now trouble them with a detailed criticism. Despite of any amount of criticism, the work is a very great work, and, just as Hume is read notwithstanding our censures, Macaulay will be read, whatever his deviations from strict accuracy. The only fact about which it is necessary now to call attention is, that the author in commencing his work proposed to carry it down to a period 'within the memory of persons still living,' and that he has not been permitted to fulfil his task. He frequently turned his attention to other works, as witness his admirable biography of the younger Pitt in a recent volume of the 'Encyclopædia,' and the work had so grown on his hand that probably he himself long since gave up the hope of being able to bring down his narrative to recent times. As it is, it is a magnificent fragment, which, even if the author had produced but a single volume, would have been of enormous value as a specimen of the high ideal at which he aimed."

In connection with this article from the "Times," a sketch of Macaulay's life and literary character from the "London Athenæum," (January 7th, 1860,) will interest the reader: —

"Earth will on Monday close over all that was perishable of Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay, of Temple Rothley. The dust is laid at the foot of Addison's statue in the venerable Abbey; the spirit is abroad in the world, and will not be laid so long as the language in which it breathed is spoken of men. As an historian Macaulay has few rivals; as an essayist he has no rival. There is no rashness in predicting for the sketches of Clive and Hastings a safe literary immortality.

"Macaulay, born in 1800, at Temple Rothley, in Leicestershire, was the son of Zachary Macaulay, a Scottish Presbyterian of stern principles and life. His grandfather was a pastor in the kirk. His mother was a schoolmistress at Bristol. Her maiden name was Mills: she was the daughter of a Quaker; and being trained under the care of the Misses More, (Hannah More and her sisters,) was an accomplished and instructed woman for her class. Thus, by distant streams, the blood of professors in two of the most severe and chastened sects in Europe, — Covenanter and Quaker, — met in the veins of the wonderful boy. His father's sister being married to Thomas Babington, a merchant, he received those names at the font.

"From his birth it is said that he exhibited signs of superiority

and genius, and more especially of that power of memory which startled every one by its quickness, flexibility, and range. While he was yet a boy, he was in incessant request to 'tell books' to his playmates. At that early date he would repeat and declaim the longest 'Arabian Night' as fluently as Scheherazade herself. A little later he would recite one of Scott's novels — story, characters, scenery — almost as well as though the book were in his hand. But these were stolen and profane pleasures, not encouraged, indeed barely tolerated, in the strict conventual house. The household books were the Bible, 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' — and a few Cameronian divines. An eager and dramatic appetite found food for fancy in the allegories of Scripture, and even in the dry sectarian literature of Scottish controversy. Many a strong passage of description or vituperation in his writings, salted as they are with Biblical words, shows how familiar he had been with Scripture phraseology in early youth. He himself used to tell a funny story of a nursery scene. For every one who came to his father's house he had a Biblical nickname: Moses, Holofernes, Melchisedek, and the like. One visitor he called 'The Beast.' Kind mamma, prudent papa, frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this offensive name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time the 'Beast' made a morning call, the boy ran to the window which hung over the street — to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. 'Look here, mother,' cries the child, 'you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!' Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach; and, behold, its number was 666!*

"This faculty for histrionic narrative and personation grew upon him as he grew in years, and at the proper time took its place among his literary qualifications. From school he went to Cambridge, where he earned reputation by his verses and his oratory, and by his youthful contributions to Charles Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. Among his rivals and contemporaries were the Rev. J. Moultrie, Mackworth Praed, Prof. Malden, and others now known to fame. He graduated B. A. in 1822, M. A. in 1826 He had already entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and been called to the bar.

"His real entry into literature was through the gates of the *Edinburgh Review*, in his hand that paper on Milton, which has so often puzzled the critics, and of which he was himself in later life ashamed. It was followed, during twenty years, by many other

* Revelation 13: 18.

papers, some written from books and some from life, of which the best were unquestionably those on Hastings and Clive, original efforts of his genius working on new material, the gathering of his own eye and ear in the country which they so splendidly describe.

"On his political career we need not dwell. The outlines of his course are in every newspaper and every biographical dictionary. An article from his pen on the Ballot caught the eye of Lord Lansdowne, who at once sought out the young barrister, brought him into Parliament as member for Calne, when the Government made him Secretary to the Board of Control for India, and secured his talents for the service of the Whigs. This appointment was the best party-move in our generation. He went to India for fortune, and came back to England for fame. For a few years he hesitated between letters and politics, serving as a burgess for Edinburgh as well as writing articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. A quarrel with his supporters on the question of endowing Maynooth broke his connection with the House of Commons, and restored him to literature. Once afterward he became a member of the House, yet little more than a nominal member. He spoke only once or twice, and then on points of no large public moment.

"For twelve years past his time had been given up almost solely to his 'History of England.' Four volumes have been published. Of late years, though he is known to have worked closely upon the continuation, he has frequently turned aside for other literary tasks, such as the memoirs of Oliver Goldsmith and William Pitt for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. As yet, it is uncertain to what extent the materials left will be found available for publication. If, as we hope, the narrative is perfect down to the death of William the Third, the book, though a mere fragment of the 'History of England,' will, as a life and times of William, possess a certain unity and completeness within itself.

"The verdict of mankind on the merits of his very considerable contribution to the 'History of England' is not likely to be unanimous. The taste of contemporaries is never decisive. Lord Macaulay's ambition was to stand in the same rank with Hume. If a publisher's balance-sheet proved any thing, his rank would be far higher than that of Hume. The Messrs. Longmans have paid to him the revenue of a prince. We have heard, on the best authority, of one single check from publishers to historiar for twenty thousand pounds!

"As a table-talker Lord Macaulay had a reputation most peculiar. He was not witty, like Jerrold, nor humorous, like Smith, nor poetical, like Moore, nor dreamy, like Coleridge. He was narrative. He was the troubadour of dining-rooms, who charmed the company with noble speech while they cracked the nuts and passed the wine. In his conversation, often as it took the form of monologue, there was no indication of arrogance on his part, or of desire to monopolize the attention of everybody. The stream welled forth out of the fulness of his mind and prodigious memory. A quick and fertile intellect got excited by the applause of auditors and by the vivacity of its own eloquence. When he launched into any subject, there was no hope of arresting his voyage, nor any wish to do so. He would begin with the remotest beginnings of the topic, — just as he begins his history of the reign of James the Second with the Phœnicians, — would gather strength and substance as he went on, would pick up illustration here and there from men and from books, leaving no corner for objection to fasten on, no opportunity for reply. There seemed no reason why the discourse should ever cease, no more than for the Thames to run dry, or the time to pause. The talk had something of Milton's organ-roll, and was only to be closed by Milton's organ-stop. It was not vivacious, so much as flowing, suggestive, and sonorously poetical. It was like his essays and his lays; as a lady described it to her friend, it was all *print*. Thus, though his reputation for conversational opulence was great, few of his sayings are abroad, or will survive the personal recollections of his friends.

"In private life Lord Macaulay was amiable and friendly. His kindness to men of letters, even to those who had no claim on him, and in many instances very little claim on literature, was above price. His gifts of money in beneficence were on a scale far beyond that of his fortune. It is the more necessary to dwell on this fact, as he himself never told of his good deeds, and common rumor ascribed to him, most falsely, a cold and unkindly heart." — Pp. 18–19. See also January 14th, p. 54.

Some interesting particulars respecting Mr. Macaulay's personal qualities not familiar to the public, are noticed in a genial manner in the "Manchester Guardian," in an article from its London correspondent: —

"It was very characteristic of the Macaulay family that the tidings of Lord Macaulay's death should have reached the public

ear so slowly and circuitously. All courting of publicity, all craving for public expression of admiration, all trading upon fame and name, was peculiarly alien from the character of the deceased nobleman, as well as from those of his surviving brother, Charles Zachary Macaulay, Secretary of the Board of Audit, and his sister, Lady Trevelyan. The brothers and sister were linked by strong affection, not unmingled with pride on either side. They were proud of their brother's unparalleled popularity as a writer; he was proud of his brother Charles's rising repute as a most valuable and conscientious public servant; of Lady Trevelyan's intelligence and usefulness as the helpmate of Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose labors in the public service Lord Macaulay keenly sympathized with, and approvingly watched and cheered.

"Macaulay's conversation, more than that of any man I have ever met, impressed me with the notion of a memory of peerless accuracy, the stores of which were used with an unfailing and disciplined energy of mind, manifested especially in the force and finish of the speaker's language. All Macaulay's conversation would admit of being put in print, just as it was spoken. There was nothing unfinished, slipshod, hesitatingly, or half expressed. The sentences were flung before you with an irrepressible buoyancy and forcefulness of utterance, complete, clear cut, well rounded, and well linked to each other. And yet there was nothing Johnsonian, nothing pompous, sesquipedalian, or pedantic in the phraseology. And as the manner so was the matter — pleasant, interesting, amusing, but never prosy, boring, or over ambitious for the company or the time.

"Never were pleasanter, more unrestrained, or more genial breakfasts than those of Lord Macaulay, at his rooms, in the Albany — while he was still a liver in chambers, before he removed to Holly Lodge, at Campden Hill, which he has not occupied for three years — if my memory be exact. Macaulay *monologized*, only because he had so much ready to flow forth on most subjects, that it took a long time to pump off even his surface water. But, in company with people who had something to say and could say it, Macaulay did not habitually take up more than his fair share of the conversation. Sydney Smith used to complain of Macaulay, because he was a rival, and a worse monopolist, and could not bear to see the attention of the table distracted from his own rampant and Rabelaisian fun. He, by his allusion to 'Macaulay's brilliant flashes of silence,' gave color to the imp itation of bur-

densome loquacity, often urged against the deceased historian. But I believe no one who saw much of Macaulay in society will be found to indorse that charge.

"Among the most honorable characteristics of Lord Macaulay — of which I am glad to see such general recognition — should be mentioned, his rare freedom from all taint of self-serving or jobbery. Great as were his opportunities of serving relatives, connections, or dependents, he systematically abstained from all exercises of his influence on their behalf; and this, though a warm friend, an attached kinsman, and a most affectionate brother. When he was last in office, his brother — who was at the Bar, but who was at once well fitted and inclined for the public service — was without any public employment. Lord John Russell, when he subsequently appointed this brother to the treasurership of the Mauritius, informed him that he never even knew Lord Macaulay had a brother available for public employment. Indeed, Lord Macaulay may be thought by many to have carried this abnegation of influence to an excess; for this brother has in all his subsequent employments proved himself one of the most efficient and popular of civil servants. I may also mention — what in Lord Macaulay's lifetime the public never learned from him or by his wish — that Lord Macaulay was unwearied and most liberal in his charities, especially to all needy literary brethren. The amount distributed by him in this way would, I am satisfied, astonish the public; but it will never be known. Careful as he was in business matters, in his charities at least his right hand never knew what his left was doing.

"Though when Lord Macaulay begun his history he hoped to bring it down to the limits of living memory, he had long ago abandoned this hope. Latterly the utmost range he gave himself was down to the accession of the House of Hanover, and this he had hoped to accomplish in five, if not four more volumes. I do not think he would ever have so compressed his material. The reign of Queen Anne — with its statesmen, poets, and essayists — would have been ground too tempting to his well-stored memory, and his strong love of the writers of that age, for any sharp or narrow limitation. He must have overflowed into comment, portraiture, and criticism. Two volumes of the unfinished history are, I believe, so far advanced to completeness, as that we may look to see them before long. And with these two, I fear, concluding the reign of William, and ushering us over the threshold of that of Anne, we must rest content."

The "London Punch" referred to Macaulay's death in the following lines: —

MACAULAY,

28TH DECEMBER, 1859.

"O! dying year did'st wreak thy latest scoff
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And parting, did'st with palsied hand strike off
The ablest name our Golden Book could show?
Vain spite! self-branded, thou shalt pass away,
Bearing his life whose fame was England's pride;
But through the ages England's tongues shall say:
That year! An ill one. Then Macaulay died."

The arrangements for the funeral were thus detailed in the "London Globe" of January 2, 1861: —

"ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL OF LORD MACAULAY.

"Lord Macaulay will be buried this week in Westminster Abbey. The sexton of the Dean and Chapter is busy opening a grave for our great historian — not with kings and knights of the Garter — not even with Stephenson and Telford — but in the Poet's Corner, or the south transept of the Abbey. He will lie at the foot of Addison's statue, and close to the grave of Isaac Barrow, one of the great Trinity of Cambridge men, Macaulay's own College. The historian will not lie far off Camden — almost the father of English history — nor yet far from what remains of May, the historian of the Long Parliament, and near to the remains of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, and Gifford, the Tory editor of the 'Quarterly Review.' He will lie facing the statue of the poet of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' at whose funeral the noble historian helped (with wise selection) to bear the pall. The day of the funeral is, we believe, as yet unfixed."

In Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the funeral, were assembled the most notable literary men of the country. A vivid picture of this distinguished company is given in the "Manchester Guardian," (Jan. 9, 1860,) in these words: —

"There could not have been one thousand persons present in the Abbey to-day; and yet, small as that number seems, how few of our most conspicuous names in the senate, in law, in literature,

the arts, the sciences, were wanting! Standing on the altar steps, and looking on the south transept — diagonally divided by the barrier that separated the spectators from the grave, and so available for but half its narrow space — while waiting for the funeral procession to approach by the sidedoor on the south side of the nave, one could not but be struck with the affluence of distinguished men present on this occasion.

"Take that group of lawyers — one of many such — it comprises the thoughtful head of Page Wood, in conversation with the Master of the Rolls; Charles Austin, the greatest Parliamentary counsel of our time; Lord Cranworth, and Mr. Justice Willes. Within arm's length is the full-blown face of Mr. Edwin James, surmounted by a black velvet skull-cap — for the day is raw and the Abbey is chilling — and around him a half dozen of Queen's Counsel and Sergeants less known to fame, but all famous too.

"And there is Baron Van de Weyer, in eager talk with Mr. Panizzi, the burly librarian of the British Museum; Dr. Hawtrey, Lord Broughton, Lord Monteagle, and Lord Belper; Professor Owen, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Charles Manby, secretary of the Civil Engineers' Society; and at their elbows that worn-massive, almost grim, face, seamed with lines of thought, and bronzed by an Indian sun, belongs to Sir John Lawrence, who is in earnest talk with Lord Stanley. And there is a group of members of Parliament — Mr. Massey, Mr. Hardcastle, Mr. Baines, Mr. John Locke, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Tite, Mr. Thomson Hankey, and others too numerous to mention. Mr. Monckton Milnes and Mr. Cardwell are not in the transept; they have followed the funeral procession, and will accompany the coffin to its resting-place. There is the refined and studious face of George Grote — conspicuous by his stature; and near him the Rev. Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, round-faced and sagacious looking, and Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the Edinburgh Review. These two stalwart sons of Anak overtopping the crowd by the head and broad shoulders are Mr. Higgins (the 'Jocob Omnium' of *The Times*) and Mr. Thackeray, conspicuous for his snow-white hair and kindly-sad face. I do not see Mr. Dickens, but he must be in the crowd. Charles Knight is here; his first visit, he tells his companions, to the Abbey for such a ceremonial since Canning's funeral; and here are the great publishers, Longman and Murray, and their brethren, Bentley, and Parker, and Chambers — mixed with the Academicians Dyce, and Ward and Cooke

I see Baron Marochetti scanning critically those strange vagaries of monumental sculpture, and thinking, perhaps, how different a use he would have made of the opportunities. And there are foreigners too — not a few — of all ranks and races — from such celebrities as Gen. Klapka and Ferdinand Freiligrath, to an unknown negro gentleman, who looks on reverently and alone, to the disgust, perhaps, of those Americans who edge away from his neighborhood. And, gathered near the altar rails, I see a group of the permanent civil servants of the Crown — the short round figure of Mr. Herman Merivale, Under-Secretary of the Colonies, and the white head and stooping shoulders of Mr. Waddington, Assistant Home Secretary, conspicuous among them. As a link between the civil service and literature, I may select Mr. Tom Taylor, whom I see in close conversation with the late and the present masters of Harrow — Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Montague Butler.

"But I have not time to dwell any longer on the many familiar faces and figures in the crowd. The organ is pealing the music of that sublime chant, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' and, from the altar rails, where I stand, my eye takes in the whole sweep of the nave, through the door of the carved choir-screen. The procession has entered now. In front the old bedesmen, in their black gowns, totter along, in two ranks, followed by the chanting choir, and behind, the ministering clergy of the Abbey, and over their heads, in the moaty winter light, nods the plumed canopy borne before the coffin, flanked by the craped batons of the marshals. I know that the coffin is behind, though I can but see the skirts of the pall, borne by the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Argyle, Lord John Russell, Lord Shelburne, Lord Stanhope, Sir David Dundas, and the venerable Dean of St. Paul's; that down-bent and feeble old man little thought ever to follow to the grave his friend and literary associate, so young, and apparently vigorous."

But the most complete and satisfactory account of the funeral and the imposing ceremonies connected therewith, is to be found in the "London Times" of the 10th of January. We quote the article entire: —

"The last earthly honors were yesterday paid to the remains of the great man who has just gone from among us. Escorted by

the noblest and highest in the land, the body of Macaulay was left to mingle its dust with those of the great of past days who slumber in peace beneath Westminster Abbey. To the long roll of poets, statesmen, and historians there interred, another lofty name is added, and that most sacred portion of our great cemetery derives another claim upon the veneration of posterity as now containing also the remains of the first and last Lord Macaulay, the essayist, poet, historian, and statesman.

"The funeral cortége started in the morning from the late residence of the deceased, at Holly-lodge, Campden-hill, Kensington. This beautiful little villa adjoins the house occupied by the Duke of Argyll, between whom and the late peer there was a most close and intimate friendship. In the retirement of this half-country residence Lord Macaulay had lived for some time, passing the greater part of his day in the library of the British Museum, and the greater part of each evening and night in arranging the immense mass of materials which, from all sources, he had gathered for his history. The procession was fixed to leave Holly-lodge at 11 o'clock, but before that hour the route along which it was to pass was marked by a dense line of spectators. All the houses of the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood of Holly-lodge were of course closed, while nearly all the houses along the route from Kensington, Knights-bridge, and through Grosvenor-place toward the Abbey, were either half or entirely shut up.

"A few minutes before 11 the coffin was placed in the hearse, which was drawn by six horses and preceded by the usual pile of funereal plumes. It is customary in these state funerals to bear before the hearse, on a velvet cushion, an imitation, more or less exact, of the coronet to which the rank of the deceased entitled him. This unmeaning piece of pageantry, however, which, in spite of its having been the butt of satirists almost for centuries, still holds its ground, was not attempted in the funeral of yesterday. Following the hearse were three mourning coaches and four, the first carriage containing the chief mourners — the Rev. John Macaulay, Mr. Charles Macaulay, Mr. Henry Macaulay, and Mr. Geo. Otto Trevelyan. The second carriage contained Mr. Edward Cropper, Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, Q. C.; Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, and Mr. Henry Thurston Holland. The third carriage was occupied by his Lordship's private domestics, who had all been with him many years.

"At Hyde Park corner a considerable number of the carriages

of the nobility, &c., were stationed. As the funeral cortége turned down Grosvenor-place these joined the procession, and followed in its wake in a line of immense length.

"The funeral was expected to arrive at the Abbey at one o'clock, the public being admitted by ticket an hour previous.

"A small though distinguished attendance of literary men were among those who claimed admittance to the Abbey. Beyond these the majority of the congregation was composed of clergymen, ladies, and even children. We need scarcely say that neither the ladies nor the children were in mourning, so that handsome bonnets and bright ribbons rather marred the effect of an otherwise solemn and impressive ceremony. Before half-past twelve all those to whom tickets had been granted were in their places, leaving ample room in that part of the old cathedral for more than double the number who were admitted.

"Precisely at one o'clock the hearse arrived at the western entrance of the old Abbey, beneath the great door of which the corpse was borne — an honor only granted to peers of the realm. Inside the porch the procession arranged itself as follows:

Bailiff of Westminster,
The Almsmen of the Abbey,
Sixteen boys of the Choir,
The Sub-Dean,
Canons Repton, Jennings and Cureton.
The Dean (Rev. T. Trench).

"Those who had the honor of assisting as pall-bearers were — The Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, the Dean of St. Paul's, Sir David Dundas, the Earl of Carlisle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Henry Holland, Sir G. C. Lewis, Earl Stanhope. Lord Shelburne, who was to have attended in the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was prevented by illness from assisting.

"Close behind the coffin, in order, followed the mourners we have already mentioned. On the right of the choir, in the stalls at the eastern extremity, some female relations of the great historian were seated, in deep mourning.

"As the melancholy procession advanced up the nave, Dr. Croft's anthem, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' was sung with a solemn measured cadence, that had an inexpressibly touching effect, as the lament pealed forth through the Abbey, till its

moaning echoes were almost lost in the distance. Arrived at the choir, the body was deposited inside the screen; the mourners and pall-bearers remained aside in the stalls, while the 39th Psalm, 'I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue, was slowly chanted to Purcell's beautiful music. After the lesson, 'Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept,' was sung Sphor's magnificent hymn, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

"During this most solemn cadence, the mourners and pall-bearers again resumed their station round the corpse — the funeral procession was again formed, and proceeded with slow steps to where the grave was dug in Poet's corner. Arrived here, the pall, which had up till then completely hidden the coffin, so as only to allow a glimpse of the coronet and arms to be seen on the foot, was removed, and the coffin for a moment deposited by the side of the grave. Then as the mourners grouped themselves around it, it was again lifted over the narrow aperture and slowly sunk into its last resting-place. As is customary at all funerals, there was a moment's pause after the body had disappeared from view forever, and then arose Croft's touching anthem, 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live,' the notes and words of which echoed along the lofty aisles like the wail of mourners.

"Purcell's 'Thou knowest, Lord,' having also been slowly sung, then was said the prayer commencing 'Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed,' amid solemn silence. It was only broken by the sharp, quick rattle of the gravel as it fell upon the coffin. Then was sung Croft's anthem, 'I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, 'From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors."' At the termination of all was sung Handel's magnificent hymn, 'His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore;' and this concluded the ceremony. All who had been assisting at the funeral then quitted the grave, and returned to the western entrance, the 'Dead March in Saul' being played as the mourners slowly retired. Those who had been present, but not taking part in the ceremony, were then allowed to pass the barricade and inspect the grave.

"As in most of our old cathedrals, there are no vaults beneath

Westminster Abbey, so that the grave is dug down at once into the gravel beneath the stones. The grave of Macaulay seemed about ten feet deep, and almost as broad as it is long; so much so that the coffin appeared to rest in a deep square chamber of gravel. At one side, on the left, was what seemed to be part of the side of another coffin, which, if it was a coffin at all, must have been that which contains the remains of no less a genius than Sheridan. In the uncertain light, however, which penetrated to the bottom of Macaulay's last resting-place, it was hard to judge distinctly. In a few minutes after the ceremony was over, most of those who had assisted at it had quitted the Abbey. Shortly after, preparations were made for filling in the grave and replacing the pavement of Poet's corner as it was before it was destined to make room for its latest tenant. In a few days more, the slabs which mark the resting-place of other great men will be replaced; the monument of Addison restored, and leave perhaps only the freshly gilt letters to show where lie the great historian — the last but not the least of those who slumber in Poet's corner, 'whose bodies are buried in peace, but whose names live for evermore.'

"Westminster Abbey was yesterday the witness of a solemnity which has an interest not only for Englishmen, but for every community among which our language is spoken. The most powerful, popular, and versatile writer of our time was borne to the grave with all the honors which it is in the power of friends and admirers to bestow. Genius and rank and official dignity met to pay the last sorrowful tribute to one whose name has added new lustre to the country he so proudly loved. In the old Abbey, which has for centuries been associated with all that is great and noble in our history, among the remains of men widely diverse in genius and character, but whose various greatness his large mind enabled him to appreciate, Lord Macaulay now sleeps.

"No more fitting honor could have been paid to the illustrious dead than to lay his bones among those whose history he had recounted, and whose characters he has so happily sketched. No honor can we conceive more in accordance with what we know of his own feelings. Addison, at the foot of whose monument Lord Macaulay lies, moralized in his time on the Abbey in that eloquent and touching language which is known wherever the English language is read. It was with a peculiar fitness that he was in his turn laid in the spot which he had helped to consecrate with his genius. So with Macaulay. In his writings he repeatedly alludes

to the great burial-place of Englishmen, in terms which show how much his feelings and fancy were moved by this kind of national canonization. Yesterday, those whose praise he valued assembled to pay to him that tribute which he looked upon as the last and highest crown of fame.

"The funeral of yesterday was, perhaps, a more touching ceremony than if the decease had taken place during the session of Parliament and a public interment had been proposed and resolved on by the Legislature. It is more consistent with those habits of reserve which are natural to Englishmen that public funerals should take place only on rare occasions, such as the death of a sovereign, or of some very eminent citizen, like Pitt, or Nelson, or Wellington. Lord Macaulay was, indeed, a public man, that is, he had held high office in the State, and had taken his seat in the Cabinet; but it is as a man of letters that he will be chiefly remembered; and this being the case, the spontaneous honors paid by those of kindred pursuits are more fitting than any formal attendance of the two Houses, or any insertion of the funeral expenditure in the 'Estimates.'

"Lord Macaulay's pall was, however, borne by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons, who may be looked upon as representing the two assemblies over which they preside. Otherwise the funeral was in all respects a private one, attended by a number of men of eminence who admired the genius and held the principles of the deceased. And gratifying is it that honor can be so quietly and yet so grandly paid in this country. The funeral procession was plain, almost to meagreness, — a hearse, three or four mourning coaches, and then the empty carriages of those who wished to show respect after the singular fashion which usage has consecrated. None of the pomp of sorrow which we are accustomed to associate with the interments of great men was to be observed yesterday. Lord Macaulay was borne to his resting-place like a private citizen, and like private citizens his friends and admirers received his remains, to be laid in the earth amid their heartfelt sorrow."

A poetical extract from the "London Punch" has been already given. In this connection, another from the same source will be appropriate. It is entitled,

MACAULAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JANUARY 9, 1860.

Among the men whose words and deeds,
  He best has taught our time to prize;
  Macaulay's honored coffin lies,
Mid hush of jarring cliques and creeds.

A shadow falls upon his grave
  When morning lights the eastern pane
  And one, when sunset splendors rain
Through the west window of the nave:

That by *his* recent marble thrown,
  Who sang of Nelson and the North,
  And "England's mariners" rang forth
In music like a trumpet-tone.

This, by his earlier statue flung,
  Who in the lettered reign of Anne
  Stands out; serenest type of man,
Best wielder of the English tongue —

Addison, Campbell — such the guards
  At our Macaulay's head and feet:
  And what companionship more meet —
Of Essayists and Lyric Bards.

For him whose almost boyish breath
  The battle-ballad's clarion blew,
  And thence heroic war-notes drew,
To breathe a soul through ribs of death,

When the Armada's march he sang,
  Along the guarded English steep,
  While leaping watch-fires lit the deep,
And village bells defiance rang?

For him whose later essays taught
To narrative fresh arts of grace:
Gave to old truths a novel face,
And new to crystal clearness wrought?

If with the genial English life
That in Sir Roger charms the mind,
Drawing us closer to our kind,
His brilliant pages were not rife,

Yet let us own the Art that threw
Concentrated light on giant men:
Made Clive and Hastings breathe again.
And Laud and Strafford strive anew.

Fitly his resting-place is given
With these great dead he loved so well.
Stand on his grave, and you may tell
The chief stars of our English heaven.

From Chaucer's glad May-morning beam,
To Spenser's planet rays that warm
Cold Allegory with a charm
Of life, seld given to Fancy's dream —

And Camden's steady light, that falls
In each dim nook of England's past,
Now on some worn inscription cast,
Now on gray tower or minster walls —

And Johnson's, Beaumont's, changing stars
One moment glad as Hesper's glow
With light of mirth: — to tragic woe,
Shifting, the next, like blood-red Mars —

And all the galaxy that fused
Their lesser splendors into one,
When William ceased, and Anne begun,
And state-craft writer-craft abused.

Who knew and treasured of all these
What was worth treasuring, more than he
Who to their silent company
Has last gone down from, life and ease?

Yet love and skill of letters give
But half his claim to take his state
In our Valhalla, with the great,
Whose names in lettered memories live —

With our historic worthies, too,
He shared state-life: their measure gauged
With rule, where strife of party raged,
Perchance not always just or true;

Yet, granting error, and an eye
Too prone to wink excuse for friends,
Too sharp for flaw in means or ends
Of those whose camps o'erthwart him lie,

Who shall deny his pen has cast
New life in all wherewith it deals;
That light from his bright pages steals,
Between the clouds that wreathe the past? —

Who shall gainsay his right to sleep
With those whom England honors most.
Whom, while they live, we loudest boast,
Whom, when they die, we truliest weep?

Of "the illustrious dead" in Westminster Abbey, Macaulay's companions in the tomb, the "London Post" remarks: —

"Baron Macaulay now lies close at the foot of Westmacott's statue of Addison, whom he once so happily described as the unsullied statesman, the accomplished scholar, the master of pure English eloquence, the consummate painter of life and manners, and the 'great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform; and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disas-

trous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.' The remains of Addison, however, are at some distance from the spot on which the monument stands — they are in the chapel of Henry VII.; and it was not until three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that any tablet was raised to his memory in the Abbey. Macaulay said of the statue which now keeps watch over the newly closed grave:—

"'It represents Addison as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor in Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilda and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand.'

"Thickly strewn near the grave of Macaulay are the relics of men whose names are still held in reverence, and whose works adorn the literature of our country. As a poet, not less than a brilliant essayist, Macaulay has earned a place among the great men of the past and present, and in death the author of the Lays of Ancient Rome, and the ballad on the Spanish Armada, will face Thomas Campbell, who won a poet's fame by the Pleasures of Hope. A few feet from the grave of the ennobled poet of the nineteenth century stands the fine old piece of Gothic sculpture which marks the resting-place of Chaucer — father of English poetry.

"Just opposite to the tomb of Chaucer, 'the day starre' of English poetry, is the monument of 'Fairie Spenser,' the sunrise of our poetry, who died, as Ben Jonson tells, 'for lack of bread, refusing the twenty pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, as he was sorry he had no time to spend them.' Fairly obliterated by the hand of Time, the tomb of Spenser bears the inscription, 'Here lies the body of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he has left behind him.' Beaumont, the dramatist, sleeps here too, but no memorial or inscription marks his resting-place; it is, however, immediately behind Chaucer's tomb. A marble, much defaced, erected by the Countess of Dorset, bears in very illegible characters an inscription written by Ben Jonson for the tomb of Drayton. Still nearer Macaulay's grave there is the small pavement stone, with the inscription, 'O rare Ben Jonson,' which Aubrey tells us was done at the charge of Jack Young, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it. At the recent relaying of the pavement of

the Abbey, the original stone was removed and destroyed. A few feet distant is the monument of Cowley, raised by George, Duke of Buckingham. A monument raised by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden 'Glorious John,' who was followed to his resting-place by mourners in twenty mourning-coaches, each drawn by six horses, and at whose requiem an ode of Horace was sung, with an accompaniment of trumpets and hautboys.

"The only titled poet that sleeps in this part of the Abbey is the Earl of Roscommon, the famous master of the horse to the Duchess of York at the Restoration. Another companion of Macaulay is Nicholas Rowe. There are also Matthew Prior and John Gay, and he whose tomb bore the inscription, in imitation of that of Jonson, 'O rare Sir William Davenant;' and Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Camden, the father of English history; May, the historian of the Long Parliament; Gifford, the editor of the 'Tory Quarterly Review;' Dr. Parr, and numerous others. At the opposite or north end of the transept, there towers above other memorable graves the stately monument of Chatham, of whom Macaulay wrote, and the words are now not less applicable to himself: 'Among the eminent men whose bones lie near him, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.'"

Upon the authority of the "London Illustrated News," it appears that —

"The will of Mr. Macaulay was proved in the principal registry of the Court of Probate on the 12th of January, by Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, of the Middle Temple, barrister, Recorder of Leeds, one of the executors, power being reserved to Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, K. C. B., and Lady Hannah More Trevelyan, wife of Sir Charles and sister of Lord Macaulay, the other executors. The personalty was sworn under £80,000. He has left the following legacies: — to his brothers, the Rev. John Macaulay and Charles Zachary Macaulay, each £5000; to his sister, Frances Macaulay, £2000; to his nephews, Henry and Joseph, sons of his brother Henry William Macaulay, each £1000; to his niece, Margaret Jane, daughter of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, £10,000; to his nephew, George Otho Trevelyan and niece, Alice Harriet Trevelyan, the son and daughter of Sir Charles, £5000 each; and to his executor, Thomas Flower Ellis, £1000, and that he may make a

selection from his library of one hundred volumes of printed books; the rest of his library, with his furniture and the residue of his personal estate, together with his real estate, he leaves to his sister, Lady Hannah More Trevelyan. The will bears date the 28th of October, 1858. Witnesses: G. H. Ellis, 7 Spring Gardens; J. C. Worman, his clerk. It was clearly drawn up, and contained in a sheet and a half of paper. The probate was obtained by Messrs. Lyon & Co., solicitors."

It was well known that Macaulay left much literary matter; of this, the "London Morning Post" said: —

"We understand that Lord Macaulay has left behind him the materials for another volume, the publication of which may, for private and family reasons, be some time delayed. But whatever delay may unavoidably occur in the publication of the narrative of William III. and Queen Anne's times, we sincerely trust that at no very distant period our country may be instructed and enriched by a faithful account of the part which the historian played, of the friendships which he formed, of the judgments which he passed on the men and measures of the times in which he lived himself. If we might judge from those specimens of his correspondence which it has been our fortune to peruse, a collection of Lord Macaulay's letters extending over the last thirty years would be a history of England in the age of Canning and Grey, of Peel and Palmerston, quite as fascinating, quite as brilliant, but infinitely more instructive, than Horace Walpole's chronicle of the age of Chatham and Lord North."

The questions who is to be Macaulay's biographer, and who will edit his correspondence, are thus answered in the "Manchester Review": —

"A Whig is needed, and one of high station will be expected to perform the duty, which, nevertheless, for obvious reasons, will not be discharged at once. Lord John Russell is the biographer of Charles James Fox, and did not hesitate to edit the 'Memoirs of Thomas Moore' (a cheap edition of which, by the way, is in course of being issued by its original publishers, the Messrs. Longman), and Thomas Moore was much more humbly born than Thomas Babington Macaulay. But Lord John has, and probably long will have, severe official duties on his hands. The member of the Whig aristocracy with whom Lord Macaulay had lived for

several years before his death in closer intimacy than with any other was his next-door neighbor, the Duke of Argyll. The Duke of Argyll is a Whig and a Scotchman, like his late friend the great historian. He is young, literary, aspiring, and the duties of the Privy Seal are neither onerous nor engrossing. His grace would be a likely biographer of Lord Macaulay, or at least a likely editor of a 'Macaulay Correspondence.'"

A fine analysis of Macaulay's life and writings appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" of January 1860, and we transfer it in full: —

"The melancholy event which suddenly terminates the labors of the most illustrious man of letters whom England had in this age produced, claims in so peculiar a manner from ourselves the expression of that sorrow and regret which are shared by the whole nation, that we hesitate not to depart on this occasion from the usage of our journal, and to record in these lines our sense of so irreparable a loss.

"Others will relate, as long as literary history excites the sympathy and the curiosity of future ages, the varied and inexhaustible gifts which marked out Thomas Babington Macaulay from all his contemporaries. The astonishing activity of his mind had ranged from early youth through every path of literary research; the capacity and precision of his memory retained and arranged for instant use every page, every thought, every incident, and every name which had at any time attracted his attention. All he read, all he knew,— and what had he not read? what did he not know? — was reflected by some spectral process on his memory, where it remained, subject to no change but that of mortality. Accordingly, the studies of his earlier years, the sublime language of the Hebrew Scriptures, the tragic grandeur of the Athenian stage, the eloquence and wisdom of the orators and historians of antiquity, and even the discourses of the Christian Fathers, formed the basis of his mental culture, and were no less present to his mind than every other part of the vast structure of modern literature and history he raised upon it. But while the universal range of his acquirements had rendered him familiar with all that was beautiful and elevated in the literature of other ages and other lands, the focus of his genius centred in the history, the language, and the literary life of England. Profoundly versed in the story of her growth, and imbued with the spirit of her freedom; admira-

bly skilled in the use of his mother tongue, of which it may be said, as Wordsworth said of Milton, that in his hands 'the thing became a trumpet;' incredibly familiar with the writings and the life of every man, who has left a trace in the letters of this country, till he seemed to have the power of recalling the dead by the vivacity of his own impressions of them. Lord Macaulay was essentially English in his habits of thought and in his tastes. The strongest of all his feelings were the love and pride excited in him by his native land; for he knew her and admired her, not only as the England of this age, but from the dawn of her annals to the fulness of her strength.

"In other men gifted with these extraordinary powers of memory, it has been remarked that the mind is over-burdened with its own stores, and that powers of vigorous thought are not unfrequently wanting to animate and control the mass of acquired knowledge. The intellect of Lord Macaulay was more perfectly constituted. He combined so vivid an imagination with so solid a judgment, that if he had not been a great historian he might have passed down to posterity as a great poet; and while the amount of his intellectual wealth would have overwhelmed a mind of less original power, with him it remained subordinate to the genius of the master. No man was more remarkable for the nice discrimination of his critical powers, or for the ingenious combinations by which he threw a new and vivid light on the course of events, the play of human character, and the principles he lived to advocate and defend. It was this rare union which gave so wonderful a charm to his style; every sentence was instinct with life; every word touched by his pen left its mark; and the same spell which captivated the most accomplished of his contemporaries, and overruled the hostility of his antagonists, gave him an unequalled popularity wherever the language of England is understood or admired.

"We speak of Lord Macaulay mainly as a man of letters, because without doubt that is his chief glory, and his most imperishable character; for, although we have seen and admired the part he sometimes filled in political debate, and his speeches in the House of Commons were not unworthy of himself, he early discerned that he was the heir of a loftier fame than political services can earn, or political distinctions confer. When called by the just favor of the Crown to the august ranks of the British peerage, and to that Senate which, alas! he was never able to address,

the nation felt that his coronet rested upon his matchless literary eminence, and not upon mere party connection. No peerage conferred by a Minister was ever more cordially sanctioned by the nation, for it was felt that the lustre thrown by his genius upon the peerage surpassed the distinction conferred by the peerage upon himself. No doubt Lord Macaulay was strongly attached to his political friends, and deeply imbued with those immortal principles which have assigned to the Whig party so glorious a share in the annals and government of this country. But he raised those principles to a higher power. He gave them a broader and more universal character. He traced them along the mighty streams of history, and he expanded them till they reached the noblest destinies of man. Enshrined in the memorable Essays which first appeared in the pages of this journal, and embodied in the great History which, though still incomplete, includes the most remarkable epoch, and the most formidable crisis of British constitutional freedom, these truths will be remembered in the language he gave them when Parliamentary orators and the contentions of statesmen are forgotten. Above all things his public career was singularly high-minded and pure; he was actuated by no selfish motives; he disdained every vulgar reward, and, bound by principle to the Whig party, he never made the slightest sacrifice of his own judgment and independence to the demands of popular prejudice or to the dictation of authority.

"The brilliant efforts of accomplished rhetoric, the graphic scenes traced by a vivid imagination, the energetic defence of political principles would, however, fail to secure to Lord Macaulay that place which he deserves in the memory of his countrymen if his prodigious intellectual powers had not been allied to a still nobler temperament. It has been said by some, who must indeed have known him imperfectly, and judged him very unwisely, that he lacked the warmer qualities of the heart. Is it credible that without the highest qualities of the heart a man could live the enthusiastic admirer of all that was generous, disinterested, genial, and good — could die without one single action to be recorded of him which does not do honor to his name? No one, indeed, who has lived in, or heard of, the society of London in our time could be ignorant of the animation and brilliancy of his conversation, of the fascinating influence which drew the hearers round his chair — of the varied and abundant stores of past knowledge and sudden inspiration by which he was wont to

illuminate his path through life with a preternatural radiance. But it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the unobtrusive tenor of his private life to know with what sympathy and munificence he was ever ready to assist with his counsel and fortune those who were struggling in the humbler walks of literary toil; and if we were at liberty to follow him into the narrower circle which bounded his domestic ties, it would be seen that no man ever lived of a more tender and affectionate nature. Many are they who at this hour feel, as we do, that they lost one of the kindest as well as the greatest of their friends; and although the applause and veneration of the world does, in one sense, perpetuate the existence of so illustrious a writer, we cannot forget that the virtues and the graces we loved in his life and conversation have vanished forever.

"Though singularly inaccessible to the ordinary temptations of vanity or ambition, one wish of personal distinction we know him to have entertained, and that wish has been fitly fulfilled. He more than once expressed his earnest desire that his mortal remains might rest in that sepulture of England which inspired one of the most exquisite contemplative essays in the language of Addison, and which has oftentimes been described as one of the last bourns of human renown by Macaulay. Between the men who made these names immortal there are now but a few feet of stone: both of them are gathered in the same spot of the silent company of their compeers. In that assemblage of poets, orators, statesmen, and patriots, there rests no nobler Englishman than he whom we have so recently laid there; and though other occasions will arise for a more ample consideration of his genius and his writings, we drop this tribute of profound sorrow upon his grave."

The notification of Macaulay's death in the House of Lords was given by the Earl Granville, at the close of a speech on the 24th day of January, in the following words:—

"It is one of the melancholy incidents of each meeting of Parliament that we miss faces we have known; either the faces of political friends or of respected opponents, and this year has been no exception to the rule. It is very difficult not to allude to the fact that of the four perhaps most eminent modern historians of Europe and America, whose deaths we have seen within a year, one of them should have been a member of your lordships' House It singularly illustrates the elasticity of our constitution, and while

I know he felt proud to belong to this House, I believe few among us do not feel pride that his name should be upon the roll of peers. I know that in accepting a peerage it was his intention to take part in our debates, and it was only that malady which prematurely cut him off which prevented his adding much distinction to our discussions. All know his writings; many know his private conversation, and I believe you will agree with me there were no greater characteristics of that noble lord than his pride in the past history and his faith in the future destiny of this country."

A fine poetic picture of Macaulay in the House of Commons, is drawn by Sir Edward G. E. Bulwer Lytton, in his Parliamentary Poem of Saint Stephens. It appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" of March, 1860, from which we quote it: —

"Not thus Macaulay; in that gorgeous mind
Color and warmth the genial light combined;
Learning but glowed into his large discourse,
To heat its mass and vivify its force.

"The effects he studied by the words were made,
More than the art with which the words were said.
Perhaps so great an orator was ne'er
So little of an actor; half the care
Giv'n to the speaking which he gave the speech
Had raised his height beyond all living reach;
Ev'n as it was, a master's power he proved
In the three tests — he taught, he charm'd, he moved.
Few compass one; whate'er their faults may be,
Great orators alone achieve the three.

"Best in his youth, when strength grew doubly strong,
As the swift passion whirl'd its blaze along;
In riper years his blow less sharply fell,
Looser the muscle, though as round its swell;
The dithyramb sobered to didactic flow,
And words as full of light, had less of glow.
Take then his best; and first the speaker view,
The broad bold front paled to the scholar's hue,
An eye abstracted in its still, clear blue.
Firm on the floor he sets his solid stand,

Rare is his gesture, scarcely moves a hand;
Full and deep-mouth'd, as from a cave profound,
Comes his strong utterance with one burst of sound,
Save where it splits into a strange wild key,
Like hissing winds that struggle to be free;
And at the close, the emotions, too represt
By the curb'd action, o'erfatigue the breast,
And the voice breaks upon the captive ear,
And, by its failure, proves the rage sincere.
His style not essay, if you once admit
Speech as sense spoken, essay as sense writ; *

* "However carefully prepared, Lord Macaulay's parliamentary speeches were composed as orations, not as essays. Indeed, many years ago, before he went to India, he observed to the author of the lines which render so inadequate a tribute to his honored name, that he himself never committed to writing words intended to be spoken — upon the principle that, in the process of writing, the turn of diction, and even the mode of argument, might lose the vivacity essential to effective oration, and, in fact, fall into *essay*. His wonderful powers of memory enabled him to compose, correct, and retain, word by word, the whole of a speech, however long, without the aid of the pen. The author does not know whether Lord Macaulay continued, at a later period, to hold a theory on oratorical composition contradicted by the practical success with which orators still more skilful, such as Lord Brougham and Mr. Canning, contrived to make the parts of their speeches which had been written with great care, not only dovetail into other parts delivered extempore, but appear bursts of sudden inspiration.

It was certainly, however, the brilliant art with which his speeches were composed upon *oratorical* principles, both as to arrangement of argument and liveliness of phraseology, that gave them that prodigious effect which they (at least the earlier ones) produced upon a mixed audience, and entitles this eminent personage to the fame of a very considerable orator. I may be pardoned for insisting upon this, since, in the various obituary notices of Lord Macaulay, there has appeared to me a disposition to depreciate his success as an orator, while doing the amplest justice to his merits as a writer. He was certainly not a debater, nor did he ever attempt to be so; out in the higher art of sustained, elaborate oration, no man in our age has made a more vivid effect upon an audience. His whole turn of mind and of style was indeed eminently oratorical; and it might be much more correctly said of him, that his essays were orations, than that his orations were essays. His chief merits in written compositions, are those of a man who has a large and miscellaneous audience constantly in his thought. The orator must never *bore;* he must never be obscure; he must never seem hesitating in his assertions; he must not be minutely refining, nor metaphysically subtle, in his philosophical deductions; — all the knowledge he thinks fit to press into his service he must seek to render clear to the commonest understanding; all his imagination must be employed not

Not essay — rather, argued declamation,
Prepared, 'tis true, but always as oration;
A royal eloquence, that paid, in state,
A ceremonious visit to debate.
As unlike Burke as mind could be to mind,
He took one view — the broadest sense could find —
Never forsook it from the first to last,
And on that venture all his treasure cast.
Just as each scene throughout a drama's plan
Unfolds the purpose which the first began,
His speaking dramatized one strong plain thought,
To fuller light by each link'd sentence brought,
A home-truth deck'd — where, led but by the star,
Burke, sailing on, discovered truths afar.
He triumph'd thus where learning fails the most,
Perplex'd no college, but harangued a host —
Minds the most commonplace rejoiced to view
How much of knowledge went to things they knew.
From ground most near their own trite household walls,
His Lamp's kind Genius raised its magic halls.

"Thus much in proof of his least-granted claim,
What rests is read! — who reads will guard his fame.
If in his writing far more than his speech
His zeal mislead us where his lore should teach,
Few can take part in England's stormy life,
Nor bound their scope to what may serve their strife:
Nay, even the calmest schoolman rears his torch
So that its shadow dims the adverse porch;

in creating new worlds of thought, but in bringing thoughts the most generally admitted as sound into brilliant light. The rapid style of short sentences, in bold links of sense, a quick succession of pictures, in strong outline and vivid color — these students in general would probably admit to be the elements of oratorical composition, according to classic precepts and models; and in these will be found the most striking beauties of Lord Macaulay as a writer. Were this the place or the moment it might not be difficult to show that the marked prevalence of these dazzling and effective qualities almost necessitates the sacrifice of other merits which are foreign to the oratorical school of composition, but which have their proper place in critical essay and judicial history. But this inquiry is scarcely for our generation. The conquests of so great a genius must receive the sanction of time, before the national jealousy will permit a close survey of their boundaries."

Measured by those himself admits as tall,
Or lifts on stilts if others deem them small,
The favor'd priesthood of that famous sect,
Which, leading many, keep themselves select —
And in their porphyry chamber, I admit,
Have rear'd their own blood-royalty of wit;—
Compared, in short, with Whigs, his chosen race,
Where amongst *them* shall we assign his place?
In that rare gift — few gifts more rare in men —
The twofold eloquence of voice and pen,
Brougham as a speaker has more strength and sweep,
Burke as a writer is more grave and deep;
But Brougham, as writer, less his strength has proved;
And Burke, as speaker, less his audience moved.
Nor Burke nor Brougham to Whigs we wholly cede,
For Brougham has stray'd from, Burke renounced their creed;
But this bright partisan was all their own,
His pomp of laurel in their soil was grown;
To guard their strongholds he directs his toils,
And to their tombs he dedicates his spoils.
This given to party — what to England, say,
Left to endure when parties fade away? —
To her young sons the model of a life,
Mild in its calm, majestic in its strife;
To her rich language blocks of purest ore,
To her grand blazon one proud quartering more!

From the year 1854, until the time of his death, Mr. Macaulay filled the office of President of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. At a meeting of this Society, in addressing the large audience present, Dr. Schmitz said: —

"The matchless powers of Lord Macaulay, as an orator, essayist, historian, and poet, belong to the whole world, and are appreciated as widely as true civilization extends; but what endeared him to Edinburgh, and more especially to the members of the Philosophical Institution is the intimate connection which has subsisted between him and the citizens of Edinburgh, whom he twice represented in Parliament, and between him and our institution, of which he was elected president, after the death of Professor John Wilson, in 1854. He has since been unanimously reëlected five

times to the same office, and during the period of his connection with us he always evinced the deepest interest in our success and prosperity, ever readily and kindly aiding us with most judicious counsel, and contributing in a most generous manner towards the resources of our usefulness. In 1855, he, quite unsolicited, presented the institution with the most valuable donation of books it has ever received, comprising standard editions of English classics, and a complete set of 'Howell's State Trials,' itself a work of thirty-seven volumes. Two or three years ago he told our secretary that, if his health should continue to improve, it was his intention to visit the institution; that it was the first literary society he intended to address, and that he had even selected the subject on which he meant to lecture, adding, 'I wish to take my place among you as a lecturer.' It would be vain for us to hope to find within the boundaries of the United Kingdom a man to shed over our institution a lustre equal to that derived from him over whom the grave is just closing; in the mean-time, it behooves us to mourn over his loss, and at the same time to find consolation in the reflection that for nearly six years our institution has enjoyed the high, the inestimable privilege, of having for its president a man of such transcendent intellectual powers, and of so noble a nature as Lord Macaulay."

Of Macaulay's attachment to his University "The London Critic" remarks: —

"We must notice the affection which Lord Macaulay ever bore his University. When he was in good health it was his constant practice to visit Trinity, and in his old rooms — which were always temporarily vacated on his coming — to perhaps dream of the early days when he linked the name of Pompeii to numbers, and contested in 'The Union' with Mackworth Praed."

Any testimony to Macaulay's literary accuracy will be highly appreciated by his many literary admirers; and we quote with pleasure from a Kirriemuir correspondent of the Montrose (Scotland) "Review."

"Now, when the admirers of literary talent and historical genius are mourning the distinguished nobleman whose remains were, last Monday, laid among the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey, the letter of which I annex a copy, may be read with interest. It tends to show how critically correct the great historian was in

even his minute facts; at least, it proves that he was ready to correct or defend his statements. It is also a proof of his courtesy in answering the objection, even though unwarranted, of an unknown correspondent. The occasion of the letter was my having written to him, doubting the accuracy of a statement, in one of his latest volumes, that 'Dundee, after his flight from Edinburgh, had retired to his country seat in that valley, through which the Glammiss descends, to the ancient castle of Macbeth.' Though possessed of some local knowledge, I was not aware that Claverhouse had any other seat in Forfarshire but Dudhope, and perhaps at Claverhouse, and so thought I had caught Homer himself for once nodding, and addressed a note to him on the subject. His polite answer shows who was right:—

"Holly Lodge, Kensington, Dec. 7, 1858.

"'Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the interest which you are so good as to take in my book. I cannot, however, admit the justice of your criticism. The question is not new to me. Lord Duncan, near three years ago, made the same objection which you now make; and I then succeeded in convincing him that I was right. Dundee certainly had a seat called Glen Ogilvie; to Glen Ogilvie he retired from Dudhope; and from Glen Ogilvie he started for the Highlands. In the 'Gazetteer of Scotland,' I find the following passage under the word 'Glammiss,'—'Glammiss Burn rises in the hill of Auchter-house, at the extreme southern boundary, traverses the whole length of Glen Ogilvie, cuts its way through the central hilly ridge, and joins the Dean on the demesne of Glammiss Castle.' I am, therefore, I think, fully warranted in describing Dundee's retreat as situated in the valley through which the Glammiss descends, to the ancient castle of Macbeth. With repeated thanks, I have the honor to be, sir, your faithful servant, MACAULAY.'"

"A Poor Man of Letters," in a letter to a contemporary, strongly condemned the tone assumed towards the late Lord Macaulay and his writings, in the London "Daily News;" and, to show what effect the "critical impeachments of his history" had upon his Lordship, quoted the following passage from a letter addressed to himself:—

"To answer all the cavils of small envious critics would be an

endless labor — and, happily, it is a superfluous labor, for such cavils never did the smallest harm to my book, which had the principle of life within itself, and they are generally forgotten before the refutation appears. I can with perfect truth declare that they give me no pain at all; that I would not suppress them if I could do so by merely lifting up my hand; and that I should be sorry if persons who, like yourself, think favorably of my works, were to spend time, labor, and talents, which might be better employed, in defending me against attacks which can do me no harm."

The following, which appeared in a London periodical, shortly after the announcement of Lord Macaulay's death, is, indeed, high praise: —

"The purest moral tone pervades the fearless controversial discussion of the most difficult social, moral, and religious questions. By no one have the principles of toleration been so ably and clearly expounded, by no one has the dividing line between religion and superstition been so fearlessly drawn. No author rests so entirely on a solid and manly good sense. Lord Macaulay never wasted his fine faculties and splendid powers of exposition on the barren subtleties of metaphysics, or the abstract dogmas of polemics. A true friend of liberty, he preferred to deduce it from the immemorial practice of our ancient Monarchy instead of from the fallacious doctrines of natural right. He had studied our Constitution till he had become instinct with its spirit, and forever removed the difficulties from many of the most intricate as well as the most important periods of our history. Unlike the modern class of historians, who are forever trying to deify force and to exalt success, to make a sensual and cruel tyrant into a paternal king, or a brutal drunkard into a model of commanding intellect, Macaulay had no love for paradox; his homage was reserved for what he thought true and right, and he is utterly guiltless of setting up as idols for the multitude what he himself loathed and despised. If he wrote with a party bias he honestly avowed it, because he was alike incapable of the affectation of Hume or the icy indifference of Gibbon. There is not a line of his works that a lady might blush to read, not a sentiment that an honest man need be ashamed to utter. He has done more than any writer in our history to form the mind of his countrymen, and we cannot wish our rising youth a better preceptor. He is gone, but his

name will be as imperishable as our language when we also are gone. His works may be quoted at some future period as a specimen of the highest development of the practical English mind, and the best example of the political wisdom which experience has taught us."

"The London Review" (vol. i. of 1860) remarks that —

"The critical and historical essay may be set down as the creation of Macaulay's genius. That which was purely critical had already attained great excellence in the hands of Jeffrey and of Smith, and that which was merely historical had been approved, if not admired, by the readers of Southey and Hallam. But that which was eminently both — in which the historical events and sequences were first elicited by critical sagacity, and then depicted with consummate art; that form of composition in which history wears the vivid features of biography, and biography acquires the breath and purpose of history, was certainly originated by Babington Macaulay. By him, also, it was brought quickly to perfection. In this rare art he has had many followers, but as yet no rival; and it is not easy to conceive that our posterity may welcome his superior. Another Paul Veronese may arise to make pale the glories of the old Venetian masters; but no historian in the future will ever outmatch the noble portrait of 'Chatham,' or tame down the splendid picture of 'Warren Hastings.' Their political value is equal to their pictorial power. We believe that one of the lost books of Livy would be too dearly bought at the price of one of these essays. We have no doubt that these essays will form a precious text-book for students when the discourses of Machiavelli have no other memorial."

The reader will be interested in some foreign opinions elicited by the death of Lord Macaulay. The impression produced by his death upon the educated classes of Hungary is shown in an extract from a letter to the "London Times:" —

"The illustrious deceased was admired and reverenced in this country not only as one of the most splendid writers of the day, but as the exponent and defender of constitutional liberty, which the Hungarians love with as much ardor as the English themselves do, and which, but for the 'baneful domination' of Austria, they

would be now enjoying, as their fathers did before them. Lord Macaulay was a corresponding member of the National Academy of Hungary; and that distinguished body, at a meeting just held, not only received the news of his death with a marked expression of sorrow, but resolved that a special meeting should be held for the delivery of an eulogium on him. The Academy further ordered that the eulogium should be pronounced by M. Csengery, editor of the 'Budapesti Szemle,' and translator into Hungarian of Macaulay's history. In selecting this gentleman, the Academy has paid a delicate compliment to the memory of the great historian; for not only was he in friendly communication with the deceased, but he stands in the foremost rank of literary and scientific men, and conducts with superior talent and ardent patriotism the 'Szemle,' which is the principal review Hungary possesses."

The *Revue Contemporaine* (French) contains the following tribute: —

"It is not by an excess of presumptuous hopes that our country sins; we might reproach it rather with a defect quite the contrary. Lord Macaulay's history is well adapted to exalt our souls. On beholding the struggles, the efforts, and, why should we not add, the weaknesses of the men who have founded the greatness and the liberty of England, we have learned not to despair of generations which seem to be the most debased. We do not doubt that men of all times and of all countries will thus find in the writings of Lord Macaulay an inexhaustible source of information. He combined with the exact knowledge of facts, which is but the smallest part of the historian's talent, an astonishing variety of judgment, of ingenious parallels, and of elevated considerations, of which the fruit will never be lost. He brought to the study of events and to the estimate of character the constant application of those moral laws with which genius itself cannot dispense, and which avenge themselves in a late triumph on those who have disregarded them. It is by this that he has his place among those who have not merely charmed humankind, but who deserved to instruct them. It is to the honor of our age that the loss of such men is deplored not only in the country in which it occurs. The death of Lord Macaulay has been felt wherever there are men who know how to honor noble talent, a life without a stain, and the love of liberty based upon the laws."

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in Boston on the 26th of January, 1860, an extract was read from a letter by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Society, and at that time in Paris. In this extract, Mr. Winthrop thus briefly notices the death of Baron Macaulay: —

"We have lost De Tocqueville recently; and now we have Macaulay also, among our foreign members, to deplore. I saw Macaulay at his own house in July, and hoped to have seen him again in the spring; but I observed a great change in him since I met him in 1847, and was not wholly surprised at his early and sudden death. Mons. Guizot, whom I saw on Saturday, and to whom I gave the information of Macaulay's death, said of him, with great feeling, 'He was one of my best friends in England, and the most brilliant writer of the English language.' Irving and he have gone together, as Prescott and Hallam did at the opening of the year. These are vacancies which will hardly be supplied in our day and generation."

At the same meeting, Hon. Emory Washburn, Chairman of the Standing Committee, offered the following resolutions, viz.: —

"*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Historical Society, on the occasion of this their first meeting since receiving the melancholy tidings of the death of Lord Macaulay, one of their foreign Honorary Members, would add to the universal expressions of regret which that event has called forth a testimony of their sincere sorrow, and a tribute of unfeigned respect, for one whose brilliant and honorable career of literary success has been so suddenly arrested.

"*Resolved*, That while his wisdom as a statesman, his erudition as a scholar, his power and elegance as a writer, and his virtues as a man, elevated him to a conspicuous position among the great men of his time, his transcendent qualities and accomplishments as a historian have won for him the very highest rank in his chosen department of letters, and have secured for him an enduring fame.

"*Resolved*, That the impression of sadness which his death has occasioned is deepened by the thought that his last great work is

left unfinished; and that his inestimable store of gathered materials for a history of England during the golden age of its literature, as well as in subsequent periods, has been lost, with himself, to his country and to the world."

Hon. Edward Everett, in seconding the resolutions, offered a few appropriate and touching remarks; and read extracts from several letters addressed to himself by Lord Macaulay at various periods during the last ten or twelve years, one of which was, unfinished, and was found in the pocket of the historian after his decease.

Mr. George Stillman Hillard and Mr. George Ticknor, on the same occasion, spoke, with great feeling, of the eminent personal virtues, as well as the illustrious literary accomplishments, of Lord Macaulay; interspersing their remarks with interesting reminiscences of their interviews with him, in London, and with anecdotes illustrating his private and social life.*

On a previous occasion (Oration on Franklin, before the Franklin Typographical Society, Boston, Jan. 17th, 1860,) Mr. Everett had paid a glowing tribute to the memory of his lamented friend. After referring in fitting terms to a recent calamity at the town of Lawrence, Massachusetts, he proceeded, —

"Nor will you blame me if, in connection with this calamity at our door, I allude to the melancholy tidings which have just reached us from abroad of the death of the most brilliant writer of our own or any other age; whose works for thirty years have been the wonder and the delight of all who read the English language, beneath the circuit of the sun; an author who, as it seems to me, more than any other, ancient or modern, was clothed with the magic power of recreating the dead past, and giving to the men and things of other times the form and color of an actual reviving presence; a writer eminent not among ordinary associates, but unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in a company of historians — several of them our honored countrymen — two of them with himself mournfully signalizing the year that has just closed;

* Proceedings Mass. Hist. Soc. 1858–1860: Boston, 1860; 8vo, 426–7 428.

any one of whom would have conferred sufficient honor on the age in which he lived. That in the intensity with which he threw himself into the scenes described by him, and took part, so to say, in the great contentions of the times, he never fell into an error of judgment, or made a false estimate of character, need not be maintained; one such has been keenly felt in this country. An honest and a fearless thinker and writer, he could not avoid collision of opinion and feeling with those who differed from him. But his errors were spots on the noontide sun. Better than this, in Lord Macaulay (truly a nobleman by Heaven's patent,) the writer was less admirable than the man; the splendor of his page was excelled, if possible, by the brilliancy of his conversation and the charm of his personal intercourse. All the world admired his gorgeous imagination, the magnificence of his diction, his miraculous range of memory, which grasped the literature of every language, and every age, and held all its stores of illustration prompt at command; but those who knew him loved him, for the unaffected meekness with which he bore his transcendent honors, the sunny cheerfulness of his disposition, the generous warmth of his heart."

But fortunately for all to whom the name and the fame of the great Englishman are dear, the same distinguished scholar gave to the public* a more extended notice of Macaulay as a historian, conversationist, and friend. We quote it in full, for who would forgive us for the omission of a word?

"It is a remark almost too familiar to be repeated, that the year 1859 has acquired a mournful preëminence for the number of distinguished men whose deaths it has witnessed, and especially for the number of eminent scientific and literary men who have died in the course of the year, — a fair proportion of them our own countrymen. Among them all, no one in his peculiar department, has been read with greater delight and wonder, throughout the civilized world, than Lord Macaulay. Such was the case before the publication of his History. His miscellaneous essays, most of them originally written as articles for the Edinburgh Review, had gained him a reputation beyond that of any other writer, in that branch of literature. In his youth he produced one or two of the noblest ballads in the language, and the Lays of Ancient Rome manifested a union of minute classical learning, with poetical

* Leisure Hours, No. 3; *New York Ledger*, February 25th, 1860.

skill and true lyric fire, of which no other example will be found among modern bards. All this preceded the appearance of the first two volumes of his History, to which the reading world in Europe and America looked forward with an eagerness of expectation, and which were received with a cordiality of welcome, unexampled in this generation, probably in any period of literary history. While it rose, I might rather say, sprang at once into a popularity never equalled at home, and was immediately translated into the principal languages of Continental Europe, it was received with equal favor in this country. The first English edition bears date 1849, and in April, I was informed by an intelligent bookseller, that more copies of the various editions were selling in this country than of any work in the language, except school-books and books of devotion. It was almost the exclusive topic of conversation throughout the entire reading class of the community, a class far more numerous in this country than in any other, in proportion to the population. Rival editions were hurried in emulous haste from the press, in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; the various literary journals and magazines made it the subject of elaborate articles; notices and extracts from it appeared in our two thousand newspapers, from one end of the Union to the other; Macaulay and his History furnished topics for the Academical stage and the Lyceum platform; and a friend who made an extensive journey westward that year told me that he found the volumes of his History beyond the Mississippi; at the military stations on the Upper Missouri; in the remote missionary stations among the Indians. When to this we add that a similar diffusion attended the work in other quarters, and throughout the vast colonial empire of England in Europe, in India, in Australia, in Africa, in the West Indies, all over which the volumes were scattered as fast as the mails could carry them, we shall get at some idea of the unparalleled success of the History of England.

"This success was no doubt owing, in part, to Lord Macaulay's previously acquired fame as a writer, and the intense curiosity with which his History was expected. But it was mainly due to the substantial merits of the work. In this respect there was no disappointment. The eager world of readers found that delightful treat in the volumes which they anticipated; nay, they felt, when they rose from the entertainment, that the half had not been told them. There were few persons, I imagine, who did

not gain larger views of the grand vocation of the historian, and new conceptions of the resources of language. Precisely in what the fascination consisted, it was not easy to say. It was not confined to any one quality of the work. The narrative was clothed with the interest of a novel; new facts were brought out, and those known before placed in a new light; the principles were liberal; the tone was manly; the personages lived and moved before our eyes; the language sparkled with beauties of style, which belonged to no other pen.

"For a numerous class of readers the third chapter on the State of England possessed a peculiar attraction. The idea of minutely portraying the condition of the country whose history was to be recorded; the state of manners, institutions, arts, and letters; in a word the collective life of the people, — an idea so obvious in conception, — had never to anything like the same extent, been carried out by any of the distinguished historical writers of other times. No such chapter is found in any Greek or Roman history. We gather the social and intellectual condition of the great states of antiquity by inference from scanty data, scattered over the entire range of classical literature, — orators, dramatists, philosophers, scholiasts. Thucydides, if I mistake not, alludes but once to the magnificent works of art, which adorned Athens, and were erected in the time of Pericles, and then only in connection with their cost. Macaulay, in the chapter alluded to, gives you a pre-Raphaelite painting of the country and the age.

"Another class of readers was struck and justly with the vitality of the characters, — the wonderful discrimination and acuteness with which the personages are individualized; the magic with which the dry historic bones are clothed with human flesh; and the marble busts and statues that fill the galleries of the past, — dusty and cold and mutilated, — are converted into living men and women. Elaborate character-painting in reference to a few great personages was familiar to the old historians, but it was generally executed in a kind of obituary style, at the close of the career. The living personification did not, as in Macaulay's pages pervade the narrative. A king was a king and a general was general, — with certain broad and vague qualities of character like the traditionary personages of the Pantomimic stage. In Macaulay we find the characters clothed with the individuality of Shakspeare's heroes, — the result in both cases, not of an artistic

purpose to paint a set of characters and keep them in costume, but of a native clearness of conception; an inborn faculty of literary embodiment, as much *sui generis*, and as rare in its kind, as that which enables the sculptor or the painter to achieve the creations of his canvas or his chisel.

"That he was the most brilliant writer of the age, perhaps of any age, will be generally conceded by some even of those who deny him the possession of other qualities more important in an historian. It has been said of Sydney Smith that, if he had not been the wittiest, he would have been thought one of the wisest of men. In like manner it is possible, that the great brilliancy of Macaulay's manner has prevented his having all the credit to which he is justly entitled, for laborious research, skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and conscientious accuracy of statement. Fully to appreciate these qualities requires something more than a cursory perusal of his volumes. Those who may be led by any motive to study, as well as to read, his chapters, — to follow out themselves the development of any great topic in his history, — will not fail to be struck by the range and minuteness of his investigations; the judgment and tact with which unessential particulars are dropped, and those which give character to the action or the individual are sifted out from the mass of antiquarian chaff and wrought into a continuous and flowing narrative; and the correctness and precision with which authorities are followed or cited, and the practical good sense with which a coherent and harmonious whole is fashioned out of seemingly discordant parts.

"Not that infallible accuracy is to be claimed for him; — it belongs to no mortal pen. There is perhaps no more accurate writer than our own beloved and lamented Prescott. When, on the publication of the first two volumes of Philip the Second, a friendly correspondent pointed out two or three inconsiderable errors, he accepted the correction as an act of kindness, and modestly said he was thankful the discerning critic had not found more and greater mistakes. Mr. Hallam was eminently an accurate writer; but when, in the latter part of his life, he published a volume supplemental to his History of the Middle Ages, Mr. Rogers wittily remarked that 'Hallam had been trying all his life to prove that everybody else was wrong, and had now written a book to prove that he was wrong himself.' There is no historian whose pages will stand a severe scrutiny better than those of Lord Macaulay.

"With reference to characters, it is scarcely possible that a writer, throwing himself as intensely as Macaulay does into the scenes which he narrates; mingling almost in person in the great contentions of the times, should not occasionally make an erroneous estimate of conduct and motive. This can be wholly escaped only through the entire absence of that living sympathy with the actors in the great world-drama of History, which forms the charm of Macaulay's volumes. He alone is never misled by the fervor of his emotions, who has no fervor. But if the writer is himself cold and tame, his page may be accurate, but it will be frigid and dull. He will sometimes be cited, but never read. The dust will settle on his faultless volumes, and cobwebs clasp their rarely opened leaves. Macaulay was, I think, first led into the error, which has been most keenly felt in this country — his unfavorable estimate of the character of William Penn — by relying inadvertently on the accuracy of a citation made by Sir James Mackintosh, usually a safe guide. But that he was perfectly honest in this error who can doubt? What motive could he have for an intentional wrong to the memory of the peaceful Legislator?

"Who can estimate the loss to literature of such a writer? In the first sentence of his great work he says: 'I purpose to write the History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time within the memory of men still living.' These words, uttered in 1849, cannot well be supposed to go much further back than the year 1789; it may accordingly have been the original intention of Macaulay to bring down his history to the first outbreak of the French Revolution. He probably soon found that a plan so extensive, treated in the detail with which he commenced his work, was too vast for what, on the most hopeful supposition, could remain to him of life. The fourth volume brings the narrative down to the treaty of Ryswick and the year 1697. We may well suppose, however, that his materials were mainly collected at least for the reign of Queen Anne; and it is not at all unlikely that in the five years which have elapsed since the appearance of the fourth volume, much progress was made in their elaboration. Still, however, there is too much reason to fear that all this work of preparation is lost, for who can complete the unfinished work of a master? If there were one who could do it he would not; if there were one that would do it he could not.

"If the materials collected by Macaulay, the authorities ex-

plored, and more or less digested; the summaries of events drawn out; the characters sketched in outline; if all these are indeed forever lost, and for a period so brilliant as that of Queen Anne, how much more have we not to lament that vast range of accumulated knowledge, of which no written memorial exists — that boundless command of illustrative information — that treasure of fact and sentiment — in a word, that affluence of intellect which lie buried with Lord Macaulay in Westminster Abbey and which, with a few years more of life and health, would have enabled him to double the number at least of his precious volumes!

"But it was otherwise ordered. His health began to fail some years before his death, but he bore the approaches of disease not only with equanimity but with cheerfulness.

"'I have nothing to complain of,' he wrote in May, 1854. 'My health is indeed not good. But I suffer no pain; and though my pleasures are fewer than they were, I retain the great sources of happiness. My mind is as clear and my affections as warm as ever. Nothing can exceed the tenderness of those who are nearest and dearest to me. On the whole, I find life quite as pleasant now, that I am confined many months every year to my room, as when I was in the vigor of youth.'

"The precise nature of his disease was for some time doubtful; but the atmosphere of London oppressed him. Writing in November, 1855, he says:

"'We shall hardly meet in the Albany; [his lodgings at that time in London;] my lease expires in a few months, and as I am a much more wealthy and a much less healthy man than when I took up my abode here, I mean to change my quarters. I should like to settle very near London, within an easy distance of the clubs, of the British Museum, and above all of my sister and her children, and yet beyond the reach of the coal fog and the river fog, which during six months of the year, make it difficult for me to breathe. I must have room for near ten thousand volumes. I must have, if possible, an acre of green turf, where I can walk up and down among lilacs and laburnums, with a book in my hand I must also have a spare bed for a friend. * * * Possibly before I settle, I may visit Italy again. I shall vacate my seat in Parliament on the first day of the approaching Session, and shall thus be free from a tie, which, though in my case singularly easy, nevertheless imposes some little restraint on my movements. I have

corrected the last proof-sheet of the second part of my History, and am fairly entitled to a holiday. You shall have a copy, which will sometimes remind you of a very sincere friend. I have not promised myself that the book will be popular. The public has extravagantly overpraised me; it expects miracles, and it will probably punish me for its own folly. In the mean time I am enjoying my newly recovered liberty. I have been reading two very much better historians than myself, Herodotus and Thucydides. I ought not to forget our friend Prescott, over whose volumes I passed a very pleasant day by the fireside, while London was covered with one of our orange-colored fogs.'

"By the end of February, 1856, the third and fourth volumes of his book had appeared, and the rural retreat, of which he drew such a delightful picture in advance, had been found.

"'The reception of my book,' says he, 'has been far more favorable than in my most sanguine moments I had expected. I have as yet heard little from the Continent, but the little that I have heard is encouraging. I attach great importance to the verdict of foreigners; for it indicates what the verdict of posterity is likely to be.

"'Thank God I have done forever with public business, and am free to enjoy letters and the society of those I love, without any restraint. I have determined to fix my abode in a place which seems to have been made for me. On the same rising ground on which Holland House stands, and at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards from that dear old building, is a villa with two acres of turf and flower-bed, called Holly Lodge. Even at this season it looks pretty; and in the summer I shall be able to hide myself among my rose-bushes, and to imagine that I am in a rural solitude, though, in truth, I shall be only two miles from Hyde Park Corner. I have ample room for my library, good air, a good gravel soil, and good water. I may add, good neighbors. * * * Here I hope to breathe more freely than in this great cloud of river fog and sea coal. How glad I shall be to have a walk with you on the grass before my library window; and I will not suffer myself to doubt that this pleasure is in store for me.'

"In 1857, he was raised to the peerage, the first person in the ancient Monarchy of Great Britain thus distinguished, not for political or military service, nor for wealth, but for surpassing talent and the most exalted literary merit. The peerage conferred no honor on Macaulay, but it was a great distinction to be the instru-

ment of making the peerage itself more honorable, and rendering the most dignified body in the realm more respectable by his presence. To my letter of congratulation, Lord Macaulay replied in October, 1857:

"'It would be affectation in me to deny that I was gratified at being invited, without the slightest solicitation, direct or indirect, to accept an honor, which many men of great wealth, and of high descent, have been unable to obtain, or have obtained only by unscrupulous service and importunate application.'

"It was not possible that talents, merit, success, and fame like Lord Macaulay's should be without detractors. He was described as an unprincipled partisan; as an opium-eater; as a monopolizing conversationalist; as a man without a heart. These were the effusions of that malignity, whose eye is always evil because another's is good. Did I feel at liberty to place before the public *in extenso* the letters which I had the happiness to receive from him, they would of themselves be enough to show all these malicious insinuations to be utterly without foundation. The truth is, and all who knew him intimately will bear witness to it, that Lord Macaulay, admirable as he was as a writer, was still more admirable as a man. His principles were liberal, his emotions generous, his affections tender, his manners affable, his morals pure, his life spotless. The splendor of his pages was, if possible, excelled by the brilliancy of his conversation; his personal intercourse was a perpetual feast of rational pleasure. The world contemplated with wonder and admiration the magnificence of his rhetoric, and the miraculous profusion with which he poured forth the stores of his memory. Those who knew him loved him for the unaffected meekness with which he bore his transcendent honors, his manly truthfulness, the sunny cheerfulness of his disposition, and the generous warmth of his heart.

"In an unfinished letter to me, dated the 21st of December, he says, 'Last week I received your letter of the 29th November, and scarcely had I read it, when your son was announced. He found me at a bad time, for a severe frost had just set in. My blood was frozen in my veins, and I could hardly speak for coughing.' He suffered much from asthma the week following this and on the evening of Friday, December the 23d, he lost consciousness for a moment and fell on the floor of his bed-chamber. From this time forward he failed sensibly, although well enough on Christmas-day to receive the members of his family. He got up and went to bed

at his usual times, but he was far more silent and drowsy than ever before. On Wednesday morning, the 28th of December, the last day of his life, his much loved sister, Lady Trevelyan, paid him her daily visit. He roused himself to his accustomed animation in her presence; but from the moment she left him he never rallied. He slept in his chair that afternoon. At half-past three a favorite nephew came to sit with him, to whom at four o'clock he tenderly bade farewell. At this time his physician, Dr. Martin, thought him worse, but in no immediate danger. After the doctor left him, Lord Macaulay remained silent till about seven o'clock in the evening, when he told his servant he should go to bed at nine. These were the last words which he spoke. Soon a change came over him, he fell asleep in his easy-chair in his library, and passing away without a struggle, ceased to breathe at five minutes after eight. The unfinished letter, from which I have ventured to quote a sentence, was found in his pocket, and the last page he looked at was the commencement of Thackeray's story in the first number of the Cornhill Magazine, which lay open on the table before him at the moment of his death."

In perusing the above, we recall, not without a melancholy pleasure, the fact that the letter in which the historian so graphically describes his chosen retreat from the "rude alarms" of the world and the world's cares, was handed us (for inspection) in our library by Mr. Everett, immediately after its receipt. Alas! we little thought that the "narrow house appointed for all living" would soon be the only earthly tenement of one so well fitted to adorn a long and prosperous life. But such are the hopes of man!

We continue our quotations with an agreeable reminiscence of "An Hour with Macaulay," written by Mr. John R. Thompson, and which originally appeared in the Southern Field and Fireside. Mr. Thompson writes as follows:—

"The idler in London, strolling along Piccadilly in the direction of Hyde Park, will be struck with the pompous old gateway, through which he may catch a glimpse of greensward and waving trees. Before this gateway stands a beadle, a most ancient beadle, holding a staff surmounted with a silver knob and dressed (the beadle and not the staff) in a drab overcoat with a bewildering

superfluity of capes. This functionary guards the entrance to what is known as the 'Albany'—a bachelor retreat hid away from the great world of the metropolis beneath the bows of the spreading elms and—'the cold shade of the aristocracy.' The Albany is a sort of rusurban street, which is no thoroughfare (being closed both to vehicles and the crowd of pedestrians), extending from Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens, and built up on either side with tall, dingy brick houses which are designated by the letters of the alphabet. In front of each house a small garden comes close up to the straight, shady path, leading to a gateway at the other extremity, similar in all respects, the lofty pillars, the elaborate iron-work, the quaint stone carving, and the corpulent, somnulous, cape-encircled beadle, with silver-headed staff, to that before mentioned. The rooms in the several buildings are numbered, and are occupied by single gentlemen, of high social position mostly, and in easy circumstances, officers of the army and navy on half-pay, successful authors, retired professional men, and unmarried sprigs of nobility. The atmosphere of the place is that of well-bred repose. Trade disturbs not the quiet of the Albany, the rattling of wheels is but faintly heard from the adjoining street, and the musical gabble of female voices breaks not upon the ear, for crinoline sweeps not along the cool narrow avenue.

"I shall not soon forget the Albany and its foliage, for one fine June morning in the year 1854, I turned from the whirl of Piccadilly, ascended the stairway of one of the dingy old buildings, and enjoyed the pleasure of an interview with the occupant of D. 14 — Thomas Babington Macaulay. I do not speak of him as Lord Macaulay, for at that time he was not a peer of the realm, he had not been 'created' by his sovereign, but the patent from Heaven was his, and he stood conspicuous in the ranks of a higher peerage, a more illustrious nobility. Voltaire told Congreve that had he been only a gentleman, he (Voltaire) should have never come to see him, and it is certain that had Macaulay been only a Lord of Victoria's making, the world would not have so lamented his recent death. Assuredly I should have felt far less uncomfortable had I been about to enter the presence of the Prime Minister in Downing Street, than I did in mounting up the staircase to D. 14. For apart from the immense respect for the intellectual character, which I had derived from his writings, I had somehow learned to regard Macaulay with an undefined dread of admiration, as one who, though belonging to the nineteenth century, must have dis-

coursed with Socrates in person, and sat with Bacon as he unfolded the meaning of the *Novum Organum*, and rode over the Buckinghamshire wolds with Hampden, and heard an Ode of Pindar rolling from Milton's lips, and who had thus invested himself with something of the awe which we attach to these august names. Moreover, I remembered, among my earliest readings of the great reviewer, furtively carried on in the college lecture-room, the terrible criticism of Mr. Robert Montgomery, and it occurred to me that such a man must read every visitor through and through in five minutes, exposing the shallowness of his learning to his own humiliated self.* It seemed to me as if I were to be annihilated by the mere presence of a superior power. Perhaps Mr. Van Amburgh may, at times, have experienced a feeling akin to this. But why enter the lion's den? Was it a vulgar curiosity, a silly vanity to say I had seen Macaulay, that led me to the Albany? I trust not. Only a very foolish and insensible person visits Westminster Abbey simply to say he has been there. I had indeed a curiosity to see the man who had afforded me so much gratification, but I wished also to watch the play of that great intellect in conversation; and to hear a colloquial eloquence which was the highest charm of the English dinner-table.

"I carried no letter of introduction to Macaulay. Some months before, I had sent him a copy of the Westover MSS. of Colonel William Byrd, and the correspondence which ensued therefrom constituted the sole claim I had to his personal attention. But immediately on receiving my card, he bade the servant show me to his sitting-room, and I was greeted with a kindly shake of the hand —the lion's paw was all velvet— and with thanks for the volume. He said he had derived great delight from the narrative and the pictures it presented of society in Virginia a hundred and twenty years ago. He commended the style especially as conformed to the best English standards. The conversation thus directed to American affairs, the historian made many inquiries concerning literature and art in the United States. He said he admired our people and had watched the astonishing progress we had made

* "Thackeray once told me, that upon the occasion of his lecturing for the first time in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said, 'A five pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house.' 'Egad, sir,' said he, in relating the circumstance, 'I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking house of the Barings.'"

with the deepest interest — that he distrusted the success of republican institutions beyond a certain density of population, more particularly under the operation of universal suffrage, but no one would rejoice more than he to entertain different views; adverting to the relations between Great Britain and this country, he said he could imagine no condition of things in which war should not be averted by the wisdom and prudence of our leading statesmen, but that he thought there were many ties of interest and sympathy that ought to be more closely drawn, among which was the international copyright, a measure necessary to protect such writers as Irving and Prescott in England, not less than Bulwer and Thackeray in America, waiving his own pecuniary stake in the matter which he was surprised to hear from me was not inferior to that of any British author. *Apropos* of his American reputation, of which he was proud, he had two grave complaints to bring against us; one was that our publishers had made him spell most abominably, for he had maintained a good standing at school in his spelling class, and the other that our editors would insist upon it that he was an opium-eater, whereas he had no recollection of ever having taken the drug in any form but twice in his life, and then in obedience to the advice of a physician. Such were the leading topics of his talk during the hour I sat with him, though he varied it with reference to many other interesting subjects, the war in the Crimea just then becoming of momentous import, Parliamentary eloquence, the opera, the Sydenham Crystal Palace to be opened by the Queen that very week, and the third and fourth volumes of his History, the MSS. and proof-sheets of which lay before him. This outline of a morning's chit-chat of Macaulay is but a dry and hard reproduction from notes and memory of a most animated and charming informal discourse. I was glad that there were but few of those 'brilliant flashes of silence,' of which Sydney Smith spoke with rapture, and gratified above all that I had undergone no examination in the Greek poets or German philosophy. It is probable, nay, it is certain, that the great talker was not heard by me to the best advantage, for it was said of him, that he required to be fed in order that his full ability in this way should be brought out, and that his wittiest things were always thrown loose among the walnuts and the wine; but certainly I never listened to a conversationalist who so fascinated without fatiguing, and so charmed his auditor without placing him under the slightest constraint. It has been remarked that hearing him

talk was like reading one of his essays. This was not true of his conversation on that June morning in the Albany. He used few of those short sentences that abound in his essays. He did not ride the seesaw of antithesis very much. There was no redundance of ornament, no parade of learning. The difference between his writings and his colloquy seemed to me just that between looking on at an imposing procession, on some great occasion of state, in which all the figures succeeded each other in due order and according to their proper dignity, and mingling in the miscellaneous ranks of a holiday crowd, where a continual succession of images entertains the eye, but does not tire it, and where there is variety without confusion.

"What impressed me most in Macaulay's manner was his simplicity. Everything he said was natural, and his movements, which were wholly unstudied, would have seemed easy but for an angularity, bordering on awkwardness, that belongs to his countrymen. In person, he was bulky, but not corpulent, his face clean-shaved except a small side-whisker of a silver-grey, and his hair, then full and almost white, was thrown back in disorder from a brow massive and smooth, but gathering into puckers about the keen, gray eyes. He wore a loose frock-coat of plain black, the worst fitting garment I saw in England, that land of bad habits, and his standing shirt-collars were truly memorable. The sitting-room in which he received me was fitted up as a library, and the shelves, which reached quite to the ceiling, might have contained from eight to ten thousand volumes. The books were rich in calf and morocco bindings, such as a man of Macaulay's taste and his ability to gratify it would be apt to indulge himself with.

"At this time (June, 1854) it was his custom to spend three or four hours a day in the British Museum, collecting the materials for the prosecution of his great work, and even writing out portions of it, in a room full of literary men engaged in similar but less important labors. Upon visiting the Museum, I was shown the table he occupied, piled around knee deep with ponderous folios, bound volumes of old newspapers, and other venerable records of the past. But though his mornings were thus employed, he did not fail in his attendance on Parliament, where he then sat for the city of Edinburgh. Perhaps the combination, not conflict, of his literary and public duties, together with the exactions of society, tended to hasten the crisis of the malady to which, while yet in the prime of his vigorous intellect, he fell a victim.

"I never saw Macaulay afterwards, but I heard much said of him by English people, and I am convinced that his character was not rightly understood by them. He passed for a cold and selfish man with the multitude, while those who knew him best declared that a kinder heart never beat in a human frame. *Punch* joked him, now and then, about his having dated a letter once from 'Windsor Castle,' while a guest of Her Majesty, a liberty to Englishmen unfathomable and unpardonable; the Quakers, justly aggrieved by his historic treatment of William Penn, held him in great disfavor; and clever, fast literary men of Bohemia, from whom he kept aloof, parodied his 'lays' with great effect; but the bachelor, in his snug apartments in the Albany, paid little attention to their attacks, and went on writing those magnificent and tremendous sentences which were to stir the pulses of the Anglo-Saxon race long after he should be committed to the silence and rest of the Abbey. If he had resentments, he did not ennoble his satirists by disclosing them. It is worthy of remark that no breath of scandal ever imputed an immoral life to Macaulay. Insensible to woman's beauty he certainly was not, and yet the gossip of London, wholly unsparing of great names, left him as unassailed as William Pitt.

"It would have been better for the fame of Macaulay had he, like Pitt, disdained the dignity of the peerage. But he seemed to regard the station as Mr. Madison regarded the Presidency, as a place neither to be sought for nor declined, and conscious of having made no efforts to secure it, accepted it as a tribute rendered by his sovereign to eminent literary success. Before his accession to the House of Lords, he had changed his residence to a quarter better becoming his more exalted social position. With the proceeds of his check from the Longmans for the third and fourth volumes of the history, he purchased a handsome villa surrounded by two acres of ground and nestled among rose-bushes, which he called Holly Lodge. It stood upon the heights beyond Kensington, and within a very short distance of Holland House, where Addison in other days had married a Countess. It was not so far from the clubs and libraries of London that these could not be reached conveniently, but it was removed from the coal-smoke and fogs of the city, and in this respect vastly more agreeable than the 'sweet shady side of Pall Mall.' But the roses of Holly Lodge were to blow but twice for Macaulay. There, as we all know, on the 28th of December, 1859, with the expiring year, he passed

away from earthly toils and triumphs, the most brilliant writer and the most variously accomplished scholar of his age. — *Richmond, Va., Feb.* 1860."

In the "Southern Literary Messenger" (April, 1860) is a careful and discriminating article on Macaulay from the pen of Henry T. Tuckerman. We have only room for extracts, and would commend the whole of the well-written paper to the reader.

"Raised to the peerage by the spontaneous recognition of his literary services, and buried in Westminster Abbey, beside the illustrious writers of his country, whose careers he had so vividly interpreted, the reputation of Lord Macaulay — notwithstanding its extent and brilliancy — is so far anomalous as that, while genuine and acknowledged, it is challenged perpetually in what, in a social point of view, at least, may be considered high quarters. The admiration and gratitude felt and expressed by a vast concourse of readers do not, in his case, seem to converge into the memorable and discriminating eulogy of the gifted few; there is evident a certain exceptional and qualified estimate; and it has become the fashion, among those who aim at credit for sound opinions and unexceptional taste in literature, to echo the *dictum* regarding Macaulay — that he is too dazzling to be trusted, too interesting to be solid, too attractive to be true. That there is a foundation for such strictures is undeniable; but it is altogether too slight for the elaborate prejudice ingeniously educed therefrom. Considerations which should but occasionally modify the judgment, are exaggerated into a general rule and an average estimate; and casual defects swelled into such unjust proportions as to hide legitimate claims. We cannot but admit that this is the result in part of a certain aristocracy in letters; there is a class of men who lament that History has been taken from stilts and made to walk freely through the crowd; they regret the days of exclusive Gibbon, of Hume's *coteries* and Robertson's elegant fame; they begrudge the popular discussion of political ethics; and would have history a dignified, select arena for the fastidious scholar and ambitious child of fortune to cultivate, uninvaded either by the sympathies or the admiration of the multitude. They deny the possibility of uniting substantial and profound historical research and speculation, with a style and method that shall win English work-

men to listen with delight, beguile the collegian from his revels and keep the veteran from his pillow. There must be a glamour, a trick, a superficial, unreliable charm, they argue, to produce such effects as these. * * * * * *

"There is something peculiarly sad and abrupt in the cessation of such mental activity; it seems like the disappearance of a bright and flowing stream which gives salubrity and cheerfulness to a landscape. In the maturity of his powers, the complete possession of his wonderful stores of knowledge, — in the midst of his work, for which the intellectual appetite of multitudes was keenly whetted, — without the usual gradual decadence of zest for life and alacrity of mind — Macaulay ceased to breathe; what he had written became thrice endeared — what he had not, fondly regretted; and to the intimation of some narrow critic — that his head was far superior to his heart, — comes forth the testimony of intimate friends to his generosity, of kindred to his warm affections, of beneficiaries to his habitual and systematic bounty; and so, circled with honor and love, the man and the author live in human remembrance and gratitude."

Mr. Tuckerman very properly refers to one of Macaulay's well-known traits, — his kind consideration for the necessities of the less fortunate of the literary fraternity, and his bounty to those who could plead no such claim to his beneficence.

"I mentioned in a former letter," remarks the intelligent London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, already more than once quoted, "that out of an income of £4000 a year, Macaulay would appear, from investigation of his accounts, to have devoted at least £1500 to acts of charity and munificence. I have now reason to believe that this is an under rather than an over estimate; and that the actual proportion of his income thus generously and unostentatiously appropriated to the needs of others was nearer one half."

But it was not alone in this manner that the genial nature of this excellent man was evinced: — about a twelvemonth since we had occasion to publish an interesting statement which we presume no one, and least of all the stranger to whom kindness was extended in a far land, will blame us for

republishing, nearly verbatim, as it originally appeared in "The Press," (Phila.)

"Recently, a gentleman, well known to the literary world,* communicated to us the following anecdote of Lord Macaulay, which we begged and obtained permission to publish.

"Our informant was in Calcutta, about 1835, on a missionary tour, and, desiring to consult the official maps and other authorities, in a public office connected with the British Government, Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay not only granted him every facility required, but also invited him to accompany him in his carriage on a visit to the Bishop's College. But we must let him tell his own story, which we extract, with a few unimportant omissions, &c., from a letter to ourselves, now before us, written at our request, (*ut supra*):—

"'Having occasion to examine documents in a certain office, a friend procured for me a note from the late Lord Macaulay, introducing me to the head of the Department, and requesting him to furnish me such facilities as might be in his power. Going to the office next day, I found the said official, sitting in an apparently very good humor with himself, with his hat on, and his feet resting on a table. No change in his position was produced by my entrance; but no sooner had he opened the note and observed the name of the writer, than down came his feet, off went his hat, and he stood before me as deferential as if I had been Macaulay himself. Several clerks were taken from their work to serve me, and everything that I desired was at once put in hand to be transcribed for me; though I had asked only permission to make the extracts myself.

"'While the clerks were thus engaged, the gentleman drew me into a conversation, and commenced making certain inquiries respecting Mr. Macaulay. He at once found that I was entirely unacquainted with the great man. Instantly his manner became scornful and rude, and he soon went to another part of the office, leaving me to sneak out to my palanquin, without the grace of a "Good-morning, sir."

"'About a week afterwards Mr. Macaulay sent a polite communication to me, saying, that having business at the Bishop's College, a few miles down the river Hooghly, he would, if I desired to see that institution, call for me in his carriage, an invitation which I gladly accepted. Mr. Macaulay came next day in his

* Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D., LL. D., late President of Georgetown College, Kentucky, and of the University of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; author of Travels in South-Eastern Asia, and other popular works.

superb equipage, and, as we left the house, remarked that he had a few moments' business at the office, and if I had no objections we would stop there, as it lay directly in our way.

"'On entering, the gentleman above referred to looked at us with evident dismay, and seemed to feel that I had brought Macaulay there to rebuke him for his insulting treatment at my previous visit. I had not, however, mentioned the thing to Mr. Macaulay nor ever did afterward,—so the saucy official got off with no other punishment than a good fright.'"

The reader will coincide with the opinion that Lord Macaulay's courteous attention to a young and (then) unknown missionary, who had no letters to him, nor any special claim to his notice, is greatly to his credit, and deserves to be generally known.

Little has ever been published pertaining to Macaulay's early life, and no little interest was excited in the literary circles by the following letter which originally appeared in the London "Athenæum," February 4th, 1860, p. 175:—

"PICCADILLY, Feb. 1.

"But few persons are aware, indeed, many of his most intimate friends, I have no doubt, never before heard, that Macaulay composed verses while yet in a pinafore, and at a preparatory school. When ten years of age he wrote poems on every conceivable subject, and before he had entered his twelfth year some verses, entitled 'An Epitaph on Martyn' (the celebrated missionary to Persia), were inscribed in his sister's album, and copies were sent off to Bristol and to the Babington family in Leicestershire. Macaulay's idolatry of Milton is well known. His first and famous essay in the Edinburgh, and the numerous anecdotes narrated by Sydney Smith and Moore of his fondness for reciting whole books of the 'Paradise Lost' have long made his admirers acquainted with the fact, but few know that whilst yet a child he produced in excellent verse 'An Address to Milton.' When not quite fourteen he wrote 'The Vision.' Soon after the memorable defeat of Napoleon engaged his youthful attention, and the family received from his pen a poem entitled 'Waterloo,' and another 'An Inscription for the Column of Waterloo,' on occasion of the obelisk being erected on the famous battle-field. Political subjects

appear to have engaged his attention from an early period, for before he went to school at Shelford he indited some 'Lines to the Memory of Pitt,' 'A Radical Song,' and 'A New Ballad.' The poem called 'A Tory,' which has already been published, was written about this time. Macaulay's character is popularly believed to have been stern and his affections cold — perhaps from the fact of his never marrying; — but some of his schoolboy-pieces betray a sympathy with the tender passions that few of those who knew him in after life would have expected. He wrote a little love-song called 'Venus crying after Cupid,' — some 'Verses on the Marriage of a Friend,' — others in 'Imitation of Lord Byron,' —'Tears of Sensibility,' — a 'Translation of a French Song,' — and 'Lines written in a Lady's Album.' A much graver subject was treated of in a poem entitled 'A Sermon Written in a Churchyard.' These particulars of Lord Macaulay's youthful compositions have been gleaned from an old album, recently discovered, which contains, besides Macaulay's pieces, some verses by Coleridge, and other poems by gentlemen and ladies not known to the literary world.

"JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN."

Now as Mr. Hotten is a well-known publisher and bookseller, it was not unnatural to suppose that an announcement properly belonging to the advertising department of the periodical had managed to secure a covetable berth in the aristocratic "Weekly Gossip" columns of this dignified and potential authority: — it was a matter of course to look into next week's "Athenæum" for the day of publication, size, and price of the youthful Macaulay's "Hours of Idleness."

But, in place of the wished-for announcement, how great was the disappointment to find the following very precise business letter of "eminent solicitors:" —

"7 SPRING GARDEN, Feb. 9, 1860.

"A letter appeared in your number of last Saturday, signed John Camden Hotten, professing to give an account of some unpublished compositions of the late Lord Macaulay. Lest this should lead to an expectation that any such compositions are likely to be now published, we think it right to inform you that what is called in Mr. Hotten's letter an album is, in fact, a manuscript belonging to a member of his Lordship's family; and that the manu-

script had very recently got by mistake out of the hands of the owner, to whom it has been since restored, and who has no intention of publishing any of the contents of the MS. which have not yet been published. Should any such publication be attempted by others, it would be at once restrained. We are, &c.,

"LYON, BARNES & ELLIS,
Solicitors to the Executors and Trustees."

This was discouraging; but we looked with more success into MacMillan's Magazine (No. IV.) for the same month, for there we found something even more valuable than any lays of the youthful poet, — letters descriptive of that poet's boyhood by one of the keenest of observers and most discerning of critics, — excellent Hannah More, — Holy Hannah, as Horace Walpole, somewhat irreverently, insisted upon styling her. Of these two letters, both addressed to "Tom's" father, the good Zachary, the first was written in 1812, whilst Mrs. More was residing in the vicinity of Bristol; the second has no date, but is supposed to have been penned in 1814, when the bright youth who is its burden was in his fourteenth year. Here they are: —

"My Dear Sir: — I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan, of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there by day. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born infants into the river; the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigor from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy, and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his

roving mind and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardor, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him — nothing except natural frailty and ambition, inseparable, perhaps, from such talents and so lively an imagination; he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed you have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure, that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh,* is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the caldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it to me in a legible (form.) Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davies's, and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I inclose. Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. More.

"Barley Wood, August 7, 1812."

"My Dear Sir: — I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favorite friend, and I shall have

* Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited all 'Palestine,'* while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but, without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like, too, that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the child is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused in making a pot of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything, when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gayety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday; being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day, at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure — with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predeces-

* Heber's poem of that name.

sors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of 'Clodpole and the Quack Doctor.' It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his humbling one.* I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humor, and much good humor, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. More.

"Barley Wood, 21st July."

In the next month (March, 1860), the Rev. Arthur Roberts, of Norfolk, to whom these precious manuscripts belonged, published them, with others, in a most acceptable volume ("Letters of Hannah More to Zachary Macaulay, Esq.," &c.), in which occurs the following epistle by the boy Macaulay himself, written at the age of fifteen:—

"We are eagerly expecting the promised essay, which will, indeed, be a most important addition to the literary history of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, ample as that already is. Every eminent writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem as yet nameless. Lucien Bonaparte has given the world his 'Charlemagne.' Scott has published his 'Lord of the Isles,' in six cantos, a beautiful and elegant poem; and Southey his 'Roderick, the last of the Goths.' Wordsworth

* Mr. Roberts informs me that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer;* and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

has printed 'The Excursion' (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages), '*being a portion of the intended poem, entitled "The Recluse.*"' What the length of this intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet, '*n'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth.*' This forerunner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages; but who would wade through a poem,

> —— 'where, perhaps, one beauty shines
> In the dry desert of a thousand lines?'

To add to the list, my dear Madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened! it is only the Index to the thirteenth volume of the 'Christian Observer,' which I have had the honor of composing. Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature; and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the 'Christian Observer' who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of, my dear Madam,

"Your affectionate friend,

"THOMAS B. MACAULAY."

Certainly, unless we greatly err, we have read worse letters than this from men and women of double the writer's age!

About 1824, Mrs. More thus queries and predicts: "Is Tom bringing out any more wonders? I wish he was rich enough to be in Parliament; he would eclipse them all."

It is gratifying to remember that the kind-hearted woman lived to see "Tom in Parliament;" and she was not disappointed of her hope,— for, by long odds, he "eclipsed them all!"

That for this triumphant success he was largely indebted to the following admirable advice, penned for his instruction by a great master of eloquence, still a living example to the third generation of the descendants of the contemporaries of his youth, there can be no question. It is a well-known letter of Lord Brougham, first printed by Professor Selwyn.

"*To Zachary Macaulay, Esq.*

"NEWCASTLE, March 10, 1823.

"My Dear Friend: — My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learned in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now, you, of course, destine him for the bar, and, assuming this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and, through you, upon him) a truth or two, which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others.

"First, that the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labors, of the profession. Even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but, at all events, the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in, and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art, and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak on this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light, and something which has been published; have meditated much and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods — reading, writing, much translation, composing

in foreign languages, &c. — and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth.

"1. The first point is this — the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of easy speaking; and, in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so), it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this — I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently: as well and as sensibly as he can no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young, therefore let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by speaking in debating societies, with little attention to rule, and more love of saying something at any rate than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say — this is the first requisite, to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

"2. The next step is the grand one: to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all, he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already): Burke's best compositions, as the 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents,' speech 'On the American Conciliation,' and 'On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt;' Fox's 'Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny' (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart), 'On the Russian Armament,' and 'On the War' (1803), with one or two of Wyndham's best, and a very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's. But he must by no means stop here If he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of De

mosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except, perhaps, the 'Milo, pro Ligario,' and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience, but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating *Demosthenes* for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark that, though speaking, with writing beforehand, is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt, and it is more difficult, beyond comparison, than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further, and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare, word for word, most of his finer passages. Now, would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind, in a free country, or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.

"Believe me truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

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2. The New "Examen;" or, An Inquiry into the Evidence of certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History of England; by John Paget, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, cr. 8vo. Announced, as in press, March 2, 1861. (Blackwood & Sons.)

3. Macaulay the Historian, Statesman, and Essayist: Anecdotes of his Life and Literary Labors, with some Account of his Early and Unknown Writings, 1860, post 8vo.; 2d. ed. same year. (J. C. Hotten.)

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"My object," remarks the prelate, after a hearty eulogium upon the historian's first and second volumes (all that were then before the world), "is not to criticize your History, but to state to you,

as briefly as I may, one or two particulars, on which you are already aware that I think you are somewhat in error. I especially refer to some things said by you respecting Cranmer and the history of *the Church of England in his time.*"

The historian is by no means restive under kindly discipline: —

"I beg you to accept my thanks for your highly interesting letter. I have seldom been more gratified than by your approbation; and I can with truth assure you that I am not solicitous to defend my book against any criticisms to which it may be justly open. I have undertaken a task which makes it necessary for me to treat of many subjects with which it is impossible that one man should be more than superficially acquainted — law, divinity, military affairs, trade, finance, manufactures, letters, arts, sciences.

"It would therefore be the height of folly and arrogance in me to receive ungraciously suggestions offered in a friendly spirit, by persons who have studied profoundly branches of knowledge to which I have been able to give only a passing attention. I should not, I assure you, feel at all mortified or humbled at being compelled to own that I had been set right by an able and learned prelate on a question of ecclesiastical history. I really think, however, that it is in my power to vindicate myself from the charge of having misrepresented the sentiments of the English Reformers concerning Church Government."

Thus "fairly and softly" are the lists opened; but as the controversy proceeds the Bishop grows warm, and the historian, always scrupulously polite, naturally becomes cool.

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1. Library Edition, the tenth, 3 vols. 8vo., 36*s.*
2. Traveller's Edition, 1 vol. sq. cr. 8vo., 21*s.*
3. Pocket Edition, 3 vols. fp. 8vo., 21*s.*
4. People's Edition, 2 vols. cr. 8vo., 8*s.*

Fourteen of the Essays are also published in ten volumes of Longmans' "Traveller's Library," sold separately at 1*s.* per volume.

For notices of the new American editions of the Essays, see Nos. V. and VI. *infra.*

III. Biographies by Lord Macaulay, contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica; with Notes of his Connection with

Edinburgh, and Extracts from his Letters and Speeches, 1860, pp. lvi., 235, 12mo., 6*s*., and 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Mr. Adam Black tells us in his Preface: —

"It is entirely to his friendly feeling that I am indebted for these literary gems, which could not have been purchased for money; and it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the Encyclopædia that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned; and I know it was his intention, had he enjoyed sufficient health and opportunity, to have even increased the number of his contributions. Some of the circumstances attending Lord Macaulay's connection with Edinburgh excited much interest, and I embrace this opportunity of giving a short notice of the transactions of which I was cognizant, with extracts from his letters and speeches." — Edinburgh, February, 1860.

These "extracts" display Lord Macaulay's character in a most favorable light. The Biographies are those of I. Francis Atterbury; II. John Bunyan; III. Oliver Goldsmith; IV. Samuel Johnson; V. William Pitt.

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man's Trip to Cambridge, 1827; XIV. Love Song, 1827; XV. The Last Buccaneer, 1839; XVI. Epitaph on a Jacobite, 1845; XVII. Lines Written in August, 1847.

EPITAPHS, ETC.,

Including:

I. Inscription on the Statue of Lord William Bentinck, 1835; II. Epitaph on Sir Benjamin Heath Matkin, 1837; III. Epitaph on Lord Metcalfe, 1847.

The best Likeness of the late Lord Macaulay is a photograph taken August 8, 1856, by Mr. Claudet, in the possession of T. F. Ellis, Esq. This Portrait will, by Mr. Ellis's permission, be engraved for the present work.

See notices of these two volumes (IV.) in London Times, September 11, 1860; London Examiner, 1860, I.; London Athenæum, 1860, I. 853; North American Review, October, 1860, 559 (by C. C. Smith, of Boston). V. Portions of these two volumes (No. IV.) were republished by D. Appleton & Co. of New York, under the title of Critical and Miscellaneous Essays and Poems, (lettered on back of the volume, Later Essays and Poems,) by T. B. Macaulay, 1860, 12mo., pp. 358; portions had already been published in their and in other American editions of his Essays. Vol. VI. (the Lives of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Johnson, from the Encyclopædia Britannica, and extracts from his History of England) and Vols. I.–V. of Appleton's 12mo. edition of the Essays have been already noticed in our original sketch (*supra*) of Lord Macaulay's writings. The recently published volume, extracted from No. IV., is known as Vol. VII. of Appleton's 12mo. edition in 7 volumes.

They also publish the same in 6 vols. crown 8vo. (1861). Their royal octavo edition, in 1 vol., pp. 744, is the same as that (already described) originally published by Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, and subsequently by Phillips and Sampson, of Boston.

They also announced, November 28th, 1860, to be "pub-

lished in a few days, An Entirely New and Elegant Edition of The Critical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Essays, Six Volumes, crown 8vo., beautifully printed on Tinted Paper."

This announcement was preceded by the publication on the 24th of November, 1860, ("Publishers' Advertisement" in Vol. I. dated October, 1860,) by Sheldon & Co., of New York, of

VI. "An Entirely New and Elegant Edition of the Critical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Essays; with an Introduction and Biographical Sketch of Lord Macaulay, by E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston; and containing a new steel plate Likeness of Macaulay, from a Photograph by Claudet, Six volumes, crown 8vo., on Tinted Paper, and also on Fine White Paper.

"The want of a complete, elegant, and accurate edition of Lord Macaulay's miscellaneous writings, containing all the author's later corrections, has long been felt. All the American editions heretofore published have been printed from the earlier English editions, which were materially changed by Macaulay before his death. He expressed himself as not satisfied with any American edition of his works.

"THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS EDITION.

"1. The Essays have been arranged in exact chronological order. No other edition possesses the same advantage.

"2. A very full Index has been especially prepared. In this respect it is superior to the English editions, and wholly unlike any other American edition.

"3. This edition also contains the pure text of Macaulay's Essays. The exact punctuation, orthography, &c., of the English editions have been followed.

"4 The typographical excellence of the publication places it among the best that have been issued from the 'Riverside' Press.

"5. The Appendix contains several essays attributed to Lord Macaulay — and unquestionably his — not found in any other edition of his miscellaneous writings."

"This edition of Lord Macaulay's Critical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Essays, contains all the articles published with the author's correction and revision (3 vols., London: Longman, Green & Co.) during his lifetime, and all the articles published by

his friends (2 vols., London: Longman, Green & Co.) since his death." — *Publishers' Advertisement.*

These volumes are, indeed, exquisitely beautiful, and would have rejoiced the eyes of their illustrious author, at least as much as the "shabby Philadelphia edition" of Byron's Poems (Mr. George Ticknor had it from the poet himself) delighted the heart of the author of Childe Harold.

To our notices of foreign editions of Macaulay, we add that the Didots, of Paris, published in 1860, Histoire Critique, by Lord Macaulay, translated by P. Pretz, preceded by a biographical notice of the historian; that a son of M. Guizot is engaged upon a French translation for which he had the authority of the author, of his lordship's works; and that Vols. III. and IV. (New Series) of a German version of Macaulay's Select Writings, Historical and Literary, were published at Brunswick in 1860.

With the many acute critiques, by eminent authorities, liberally quoted in the preceding pages, we feel no disposition to provoke comparisons by adding any estimates of our own: — to predict literary immortality, however, to the writings of LORD MACAULAY is no extravagant vaticination.

His volumes would, with those of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Boswell's Johnson, be among the last of the submerged or the consumed if the ruthless command of some future Omar should doom our English libraries to the sea or the flames: and if the New Zealand antiquary, after completing his "Sketch of the Ruins of Saint Paul's," should exhume any books from transept or nave, he may perhaps read the prophecy of his own advent in the "ESSAYS OF MACAULAY."

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

Philadelphia, March 19th, 1861.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE rejoicings by which London, on the second of December, 1697, celebrated the return of peace and prosperity, continued till long after midnight. On the following morning the Parliament met; and one of the most laborious sessions of that age commenced.

Among the questions which it was necessary that the houses should speedily decide, one stood forth preëminent in interest and importance. Even in the first transports of joy with which the bearer of the treaty of Ryswick had been welcomed to England, men had eagerly and anxiously asked one another what was to be done with that army which had been famed in Ireland and Belgium, which had learned, in many hard campaigns, to obey and to conquer, and which now consisted of eighty-seven thousand excellent soldiers. Was any part of this great force to be retained in the service of the state? And, if any part, what part? The last two kings had, without the consent of the Legislature, maintained military establishments in time of peace. But that they had done this in violation of the fundamental laws of England was acknowledged by all jurists, and had been expressly affirmed in the Bill of Rights. It was therefore impossible for William, now that the country was threatened by no foreign and no domestic enemy, to keep up even a single battalion without the sanction of the Estates of the Realm; and it might well be doubted whether such a sanction would be given.

It is not easy for us to see this question in the light in which it appeared to our ancestors.

No man of sense has, in our days, or in the days of our fathers, seriously maintained that our island could be safe without an army. And, even if our island were perfectly secure from attack, an army would still be indispensably necessary to us. The growth of the empire has left us no choice. The regions which we have colonized or conquered since the accession of the house of Hanover contain a population exceeding twenty-fold that which the house of Stuart governed. There are now more English soldiers on the other side of the Tropic of Cancer in time of peace than Cromwell had under his command in time of war. All the troops of Charles II. would not have been sufficient to garrison the posts which we now occupy in the Mediterranean Sea alone. The regiments which defend the remote dependencies of the crown cannot be duly recruited and relieved unless a force far larger than that which James collected in the camp at Hounslow for the purpose of overawing his capital be constantly kept up within the kingdom. The old national antipathy to permanent military establishments, an antipathy which was once reasonable and salutary, but which lasted some time after it had become unreasonable and noxious, has gradually yielded to the irresistible force of circumstances. We have made the discovery that an army may be so constituted as to be in the highest degree efficient against an enemy, and yet obsequious to the civil magistrate. We have long ceased to apprehend danger to law and to freedom from the license of troops, and from the ambition of victorious generals. An alarmist who should now talk such language as was common five generations ago, who should call for the entire disbanding of the land force of the realm, and who should gravely predict that the warriors of Inkerman and Delhi would depose the queen, dissolve the Parliament, and plunder the Bank, would be regarded as fit only for a cell in Saint Luke's. But before the Revolution our ancestors had known a standing army only as an instrument of lawless power. Judging by their own experience, they thought it impossible that such an army should exist without danger to the rights both of the crown and of the people. One class of politicians was never weary of repeating that an apostolic Church, a loyal gentry, an ancient nobility, a sainted king, had been foully outraged by the Joyces and the Prides; another class recounted the atrocities commit-

ted by the Lambs of Kirke, and by the Beëlzebubs and Lucifers of Dundee; and both classes, agreeing in scarcely anything else, were disposed to agree in aversion to the red-coats.

While such was the feeling of the nation, the king was, both as a statesman and as a general, most unwilling to see that superb body of troops which he had formed with infinite difficulty broken up and dispersed. But, as to this matter, he could not absolutely rely on the support of his ministers; nor could his ministers absolutely rely on the support of that parliamentary majority whose attachment had enabled them to confront enemies abroad and to crush traitors at home, to restore a debased currency, and to fix public credit on deep and solid foundations.

The difficulties of the king's situation are to be, in part at least, attributed to an error which he had committed in the preceding spring. The Gazette which announced that Sunderland had been appointed chamberlain of the royal household, sworn of the Privy Council, and named one of the lord-justices who were to administer the government during the summer, had caused great uneasiness among plain men who remembered all the windings and doublings of his long career. In truth, his countrymen were unjust to him. For they thought him not only an unprincipled and faithless politician, which he was, but a deadly enemy of the liberties of the nation, which he was not. What he wanted was simply to be safe, rich, and great. To these objects he had been constant through all the vicissitudes of his life. For these objects he had passed from Church to Church and from faction to faction, had joined the most turbulent of oppositions without any zeal for freedom, and had served the most arbitrary of monarchs without any zeal for monarchy; had voted for the Exclusion Bill without being a Protestant, and had adored the Host without being a papist; had sold his country at once to both the great parties which divided the Continent, had taken money from France, and had sent intelligence to Holland. As far, however, as he could be said to have any opinions, his opinions were Whiggish. Since his return from exile, his influence had been generally exerted in favor of the Whig party. It was by his counsel that the great seal had been intrusted to Somers, that Nottingham had been sacrificed to Russell, and that Montague had been preferred to Fox.

It was by his dexterous management that the Princess Anne had been detached from the opposition, and that Godolphin had been removed from the head of the Board of Treasury. The party which Sunderland had done so much to serve now held a new pledge for his fidelity. His only son, Charles Lord Spencer, was just entering on public life. The precocious maturity of the young man's intellectual and moral character had excited hopes which were not destined to be realized. His knowledge of ancient literature, and his skill in imitating the styles of the masters of Roman eloquence, were applauded by veteran scholars. The sedateness of his deportment and the apparent regularity of his life delighted austere moralists. He was known, indeed, to have one expensive taste; but it was a taste of the most respectable kind. He loved books, and was bent on forming the most magnificent private library in England. While other heirs of noble houses were inspecting patterns of steinkirks and sword-knots, dangling after actresses, or betting on fighting-cocks, he was in pursuit of the Mentz editions of Tully's Offices, of the Parmesan Statius, and of the inestimable Virgil of Zarottus.* It was natural that high expectations should be formed of the virtue and wisdom of a youth whose very luxury and prodigality had a grave and erudite air, and that even discerning men should be unable to detect the vices which were hidden under that show of premature sobriety.

Spencer was a Whig, unhappily for the Whig party, which, before the unhonored and unlamented close of his life, was more than once brought to the verge of ruin by his violent temper and his crooked politics. His Whiggism differed widely from that of his father. It was not a languid, speculative preference of one theory of government to another, but a fierce and dominant passion. Unfortunately, though an ardent, it was at the same time a corrupt and degenerate Whiggism; a Whiggism so narrow and oligarchical as to be little, if at all, preferable to the worst forms of Toryism. The young lord's imagination had been fascinated by those swelling sentiments of liberty

* Evelyn saw the Mentz edition of the Offices among Lord Spencer's books in April, 1699. Markland, in his preface to the Sylvæ of Statius, acknowledges his obligations to the very rare Parmesan edition in Lord Spencer's collection. As to the Virgil of Zarottus, which his lordship bought for £46, see the extracts from Warley's Diary, in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, i. 90.

which abound in the Latin poets and orators; and he, like those poets and orators, meant by liberty something very different from the only liberty which is of importance to the happiness of mankind. Like them, he could see no danger to liberty except from kings. A commonwealth, oppressed and pillaged by such men as Opimius and Verres, was free, because it had no king. A member of the Grand Council of Venice, who passed his whole life under tutelage and in fear, who could not travel where he chose, or visit whom he chose, or invest his property as he chose, whose path was beset with spies, who saw at the corners of the streets the mouth of bronze gaping for anonymous accusations against him, and whom the inquisitors of state could, at any moment, and for any or no reason, arrest, torture, fling into the Grand Canal, was free, because he had no king. To curtail, for the benefit of a small privileged class, prerogatives which the sovereign possesses and ought to possess for the benefit of the whole nation, was the object on which Spencer's heart was set. During many years he was restrained by older and wiser men; and it was not till those whom he had early been accustomed to respect had passed away, and till he was himself at the head of affairs, that he openly attempted to obtain for the hereditary nobility a precarious and invidious ascendency in the state, at the expense both of the Commons and of the throne.

In 1695 Spencer had taken his seat in the House of Commons as member for Tiverton, and had, during two sessions, conducted himself as a steady and zealous Whig. The party to which he had attached himself might perhaps have reasonably considered him as a hostage sufficient to insure the good faith of his father; for the earl was approaching that time of life at which even the the most ambitious and rapacious men generally toil rather for their children than for themselves. But the distrust which Sunderland inspired was such as no guarantee could quiet. Many fancied that he was — with what object they never took the trouble to inquire — employing the same arts which had ruined James for the purpose of ruining William. Each prince had had his weak side. One was too much a papist and the other too much a soldier for such a nation as this. The same intriguing sycophant who had encouraged the papist in one fatal error was now encouraging

the soldier in another. It might well be apprehended that, under the influence of this evil counsellor, the nephew might alienate as many hearts by trying to make England a military country as the uncle had alienated by trying to make her a Roman Catholic country.

The parliamentary conflict on the great question of a standing army was preceded by a literary conflict. In the autumn of 1697 began a controversy of no common interest and importance. The press was now free. An exciting and momentous political question could be fairly discussed. Those who held uncourtly opinions could express those opinions without resorting to illegal expedients and employing the agency of desperate men. The consequence was, that the dispute was carried on, though with sufficient keenness, yet, on the whole, with a decency which would have been thought extraordinary in the days of the censorship.

On this occasion the Tories, though they felt strongly, wrote but little. The paper war was almost entirely carried on between two sections of the Whig party. The combatants on both sides were generally anonymous. But it was well known that one of the foremost champions of the malecontent Whigs was John Trenchard, son of the late Secretary of State. Preëminent among the ministerial Whigs was one in whom admirable vigor and quickness of intellect were united to a not less admirable moderation and urbanity — one who looked on the history of past ages with the eye of a practical statesman, and on the events which were passing before him with the eye of a philosophical historian. It was not necessary for him to name himself. He could be none but Somers.

The pamphleteers who recommended the immediate and entire disbanding of the army had an easy task. If they were embarrassed, it was only by the abundance of the matter from which they had to make their selection. On their side were clap-traps and historical commonplaces without number, the authority of a crowd of illustrious names, all the prejudices, all the traditions of both the parties in the state. These writers laid it down as a fundamental principle of political science that a standing army and a free constitution could not exist together. What, they asked, had destroyed the noble commonwealths of Greece? What had enslaved the mighty Roman people?

What had turned the Italian republics of the Middle Ages into lordships and duchies? How was it that so many of the kingdoms of modern Europe had been transformed from limited into absolute monarchies? The States-General of France, the Cortes of Castile, the Grand Justiciary of Aragon, what had been fatal to them all? History was ransacked for instances of adventurers who, by the help of mercenary troops, had subjugated free nations or deposed legitimate princes; and such instances were easily found. Much was said about Pisistratus, Timophanes, Dionysius, Agathocles, Marius and Sylla, Julius Cæsar and Augustus Cæsar, Carthage besieged by her own mercenaries, Rome put up to auction by her own Prætorian cohorts, Sultan Osman butchered by his own Janizaries, Lewis Sforza sold into captivity by his own Switzers. But the favorite instance was taken from the recent history of our own land. Thousands still living had seen the great usurper, who, strong in the power of the sword, had triumphed over both royalty and freedom. The Tories were reminded that his soldiers had guarded the scaffold before the Banqueting House. The Whigs were reminded that those same soldiers had taken the mace from the table of the House of Commons. From such evils, it was said, no country could be secure which was cursed with a standing army. And what were the advantages which could be set off against such evils? Invasion was the bugbear with which the court tried to frighten the nation. But we were not children to be scared by nursery tales. We were at peace; and, even in time of war, an enemy who should attempt to invade us would probably be intercepted by our fleet, and would assuredly, if he reached our shores, be repelled by our militia. Some people indeed talked as if a militia could achieve nothing great. But that base doctrine was refuted by all ancient and all modern history. What was the Lacedæmonian phalanx in the best days of Lacedæmon? What was the Roman legion in the best days of Rome? What were the armies which conquered at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Halidon, or at Flodden? What was that mighty array which Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury? In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, Englishmen who did not live by the trade of war had made war with success and glory. Were the English of the seventeenth century so degener-

ate that they could not be trusted to play the men for their own homesteads and parish churches?

For such reasons as these the disbanding of the forces was strongly recommended. Parliament, it was said, might perhaps, from respect and tenderness for the person of his majesty, permit him to have guards enough to escort his coach and to pace the rounds before his palace. But this was the very utmost that it would be right to concede. The defence of the realm ought to be confided to the sailors and the militia. Even the Tower ought to have no garrison except the trainbands of the Tower Hamlets.

It must be evident to every intelligent and dispassionate man that these declaimers contradicted themselves. If an army composed of regular troops really was far more efficient than an army composed of husbandmen taken from the plough and burghers taken from the counter, how could the country be safe with no defenders but husbandmen and burghers, when a great prince, who was our nearest neighbor, who had a few months before been our enemy, and who might, in a few months, be our enemy again, kept up not less than a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops? If, on the other hand, the spirit of the English people was such that they would, with little or no training, encounter and defeat the most formidable array of veterans from the Continent, was it not absurd to apprehend that such a people could be reduced to slavery by a few regiments of their own countrymen? But our ancestors were generally so much blinded by prejudice that this inconsistency passed unnoticed. They were secure where they ought to have been wary, and timorous where they might well have been secure. They were not shocked by hearing the same man maintain, in the same breath, that, if twenty thousand professional soldiers were kept up, the liberty and property of millions of Englishmen would be at the mercy of the crown, and yet that those millions of Englishmen, fighting for liberty and property, would speedily annihilate an invading army composed of fifty or sixty thousand of the conquerors of Steinkirk and Landen. Whoever denied the former proposition was called a tool of the court. Whoever denied the latter was accused of insulting and slandering the nation.

Somers was too wise to oppose himself directly to the strong current of popular feeling. With rare dexterity

he took the tone, not of an advocate, but of a judge. The danger which seemed so terrible to many honest friends of liberty he did not venture to pronounce altogether visionary. But he reminded his countrymen that a choice between dangers was sometimes all that was left to the wisest of mankind. No lawgiver had ever been able to devise a perfect and immortal form of government. Perils lay thick on the right and on the left, and to keep far from one evil was to draw near to another. That which, considered merely with reference to the internal polity of England, might be, to a certain extent, objectionable, might be absolutely essential to her rank among European powers, and even to her independence. All that a statesman could do in such a case was to weigh inconveniences against each other, and carefully to observe which way the scale leaned. The evil of having regular soldiers, and the evil of not having them, Somers set forth and compared in a little treatise, which was once widely renowned as the Balancing Letter, and which was admitted, even by the malecontents, to be an able and plausible composition. He well knew that mere names exercise a mighty influence on the public mind; that the most perfect tribunal which a legislator could construct would be unpopular if it were called the Star-Chamber; that the most judicious tax which a financier could devise would excite murmurs if it were called the ship-money; and that the words standing army then had to English ears a sound as unpleasing as either ship-money or Star-Chamber. He declared, therefore, that he abhorred the thought of a standing army. What he recommended was, not a standing, but a temporary army, an army of which Parliament would annually fix the number, an army for which Parliament would annually frame a military code, an army which would cease to exist as soon as either the Lords or the Commons should think that its services were not needed. From such an army surely the danger to public liberty could not, by wise men, be thought serious. On the other hand, the danger to which the kingdom would be exposed if all the troops were disbanded was such as might well disturb the firmest mind. Suppose a war with the greatest power in Christendom to break out suddenly, and to find us without one battalion of regular infantry, without one squadron of regular cavalry, what disasters might we not reasonably apprehend? It was idle

to say that a descent could not take place without ample notice, and that we should have time to raise and discipline a great force. An absolute prince, whose orders, given in profound secrecy, were promptly obeyed at once by his captains on the Rhine and on the Scheld, and by his admirals in the Bay of Biscay and in the Mediterranean, might be ready to strike a blow long before we were prepared to parry it. We might be appalled by learning that ships from widely remote parts, and troops from widely remote garrisons, had assembled at a single point within sight of our coast. To trust to our fleet was to trust to the winds and the waves. The breeze which was favorable to the invader might prevent our men-of-war from standing out to sea. Only nine years ago this had actually happened. The Protestant wind, before which the Dutch armament had run full sail down the Channel, had driven King James's navy back into the Thames. It must then be acknowledged to be not improbable that the enemy might land. And, if he landed, what would he find? An open country; a rich country; provisions everywhere; not a river but which could be forded; no natural fastnesses such as protect the fertile plains of Italy; no artificial fastnesses, such as, at every step, impede the progress of a conqueror in the Netherlands. Everything must then be staked on the steadiness of the militia; and it was pernicious flattery to represent the militia as equal to a conflict in the field with veterans whose whole life had been a preparation for the day of battle. The instances which it was the fashion to cite of the great achievements of soldiers taken from the threshing-floor and the shop-board were fit only for a school-boy's theme. Somers, who had studied ancient literature like a man — a rare thing in his time — said that those instances refuted the doctrine which they were meant to prove. He disposed of much idle declamation about the Lacedæmonians by saying, most concisely, correctly, and happily, that the Lacedæmonian commonwealth really was a standing army which threatened all the rest of Greece. In fact, the Spartan had no calling except war. Of arts, sciences, and letters he was ignorant. The labor of the spade and of the loom, and the petty gains of trade, he contemptuously abandoned to men of a lower caste. His whole existence from childhood to old age was one long military training. Meanwhile the Athe-

nian, the Corinthian, the Argive, the Theban, gave his chief attention to his olive-yard or his vineyard, his warehouse or his workshop, and took up his shield and spear only for short terms and at long intervals. The difference, therefore, between a Lacedæmonian phalanx and any other phalanx was long as great as the difference between a regiment of the French household troops and a regiment of the London trainbands. Lacedæmon consequently continued to be dominant in Greece till other states began to employ regular troops. Then her supremacy was at an end. She was great while she was a standing army among militias. She fell when she had to contend with other standing armies. The lesson which is really to be learned from her ascendency and from her decline is this, that the occasional soldier is no match for the professional soldier.*

* The more minutely we examine the history of the decline and fall of Lacedæmon, the more reason we shall find to admire the sagacity of Somers. The first great humiliation which befell the Lacedæmonians was the affair of Sphacteria. It is remarkable that on this occasion they were vanquished by men who made a trade of war. The force which Cleon carried out with him from Athens to the Bay of Pylos, and to which the event of the conflict is to be chiefly ascribed, consisted entirely of mercenaries — archers from Scythia and light-infantry from Thrace. The victory gained by the Lacedæmonians over a great confederate army at Tegea retrieved that military reputation which the disaster of Sphacteria had impaired. Yet even at Tegea it was signally proved that the Lacedæmonians, though far superior to occasional soldiers, were not equal to professional soldiers. On every point but one the allies were put to rout; but on one point the Lacedæmonians gave way, and that was the point where they were opposed to a brigade of a thousand Argives, picked men, whom the state to which they belonged had during many years trained to war at the public charge, and who were, in fact, a standing army. After the battle of Tegea, many years elapsed before the Lacedæmonians sustained a defeat. At length a calamity befell them which astonished all their neighbors. A division of the army of Agesilaus was cut off and destroyed almost to a man; and this exploit, which seemed almost portentous to the Greeks of that age, was achieved by Iphicrates, at the head of a body of mercenary light-infantry. But it was from the day of Leuctra that the fall of Sparta became rapid and violent. Some time before that day the Thebans had resolved to follow the example which had been set many years before by the Argives. Some hundreds of athletic youths, carefully selected, were set apart, under the names of the City Band and the Sacred Band, to form a standing army. Their business was war. They encamped in the citadel, they were supported at the expense of the community; and they became, under assiduous training, the first soldiers in Greece. They were constantly victorious till they were opposed to Philip's admira-

The same lesson Somers drew from the history of Rome and every scholar who really understands that history will admit that he was in the right. The finest militia that ever existed was probably that of Italy in the third century before Christ. It might have been thought that seven or eight hundred thousand fighting men, who assuredly wanted neither natural courage nor public spirit, would have been able to protect their own hearths and altars against an invader. An invader came, bringing with him an army small and exhausted by a march over the snows of the Alps, but familiar with battles and sieges. At the head of this army he traversed the peninsula to and fro, gained a succession of victories against immense numerical odds, slaughtered the hardy youth of Latium like sheep by tens of thousands, encamped under the walls of Rome, continued during sixteen years to maintain himself in a hostile country, and was never dislodged till he had, by a cruel discipline, gradually taught his adversaries how to resist him.

It was idle to repeat the names of great battles won in the Middle Ages by men who did not make war their chief calling; those battles proved only that one militia might beat another, and not that a militia could beat a regular army. As idle was it to declaim about the camp at Tilbury. We had indeed reason to be proud of the spirit which all classes of Englishmen, gentlemen and yeomen, peasants and burgesses, had so signally displayed in the great crisis of 1588; but we had also reason to be thankful that, with all their spirit, they were not brought face to face with the Spanish battalions. Somers related an anecdote well worthy to be remembered, which had been preserved by tradition in the noble house of De Vere. One of the most illustrious men of that house, a captain who had acquired much experience and much fame in the Netherlands, had, in the crisis of peril, been summoned back to England by Elizabeth, and rode with her through the endless ranks

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bly disciplined phalanx at Chæronea; and even at Chæronea they were not defeated, but slain in their ranks, fighting to the last. It was this band, directed by the skill of great captains, which gave the decisive blow to the Lacedæmonian power. It is to be observed that there was no degeneracy among the Lacedæmonians. Even down to the time of Pyrrhus they seem to have been in all military qualities equal to their ancestors who conquered at Platæa. But their ancestors at Platæa had not such enemies to encounter.

of shouting pikemen. She asked him what he thought of the army. "It is," he said, "a brave army." There was something in his tone or manner which showed that he meant more than his words expressed. The queen insisted on his speaking out. "Madam," he said, "your grace's army is brave indeed. I have not in the world the name of a coward, and yet I am the greatest coward here. All these fine fellows are praying that the enemy may land, and that there may be a battle; and I, who know that enemy well, cannot think of such a battle without dismay." De Vere was doubtless in the right. The Duke of Parma, indeed, would not have subjected our country; but it is by no means improbable that, if he had effected a landing, the island would have been the theatre of a war greatly resembling that which Hannibal waged in Italy, and that the invaders would not have been driven out till many cities had been sacked, till many counties had been wasted, and till multitudes of our stout-hearted rustics and artisans had perished in the carnage of days not less terrible than those of Thrasymene and Cannæ.

While the pamphlets of Trenchard and Somers were in every hand, the Parliament met.

The words with which the king opened the session brought the great question to a speedy issue. "The circumstances," he said, "of affairs abroad are such, that I think myself obliged to tell you my opinion, that, for the present, England cannot be safe without a land force; and I hope we shall not give those that mean us ill the opportunity of effecting that under the notion of a peace which they could not bring to pass by war.'

The speech was well received; for that Parliament was thoroughly well affected to the government. The members had, like the rest of the community, been put into high good-humor by the return of peace and by the revival of trade. They were indeed still under the influence of the feelings of the preceding day; and they had still in their ears the thanksgiving sermons and thanksgiving anthems: all the bonfires had hardly burned out; and the rows of lamps and candles had hardly been taken down. Many, therefore, who did not assent to all that the king had said, joined in a loud hum of approbation when he concluded.* As soon as the Commons had retired to their

* L'Hermitage, Dec. $\frac{3}{13}$. $\frac{7}{17}$. 1697.

own chamber, they resolved to present an address assuring his majesty that they would stand by him in peace as firmly as they had stood by him in war. Seymour, who had, during the autumn, been going from shire to shire, for the purpose of inflaming the country gentlemen against the ministry, ventured to make some uncourtly remarks; but he gave so much offence that he was hissed down, and did not venture to demand a division.*

The friends of the government were greatly elated by the proceedings of this day. During the following week hopes were entertained that the Parliament might be induced to vote a peace establishment of thirty thousand men. But these hopes were delusive. The hum with which William's speech had been received, and the hiss which had drowned the voice of Seymour, had been misunderstood. The Commons were indeed warmly attached to the king's person and government, and quick to resent any disrespectful mention of his name; but the members who were disposed to let him have even half as many troops as he thought necessary were a minority. On the 10th of December his speech was considered in a committee of the whole House, and Harley came forward as the chief of the opposition. He did not, like some hot-headed men among both the Whigs and the Tories, contend that there ought to be no regular soldiers, but he maintained that it was unnecessary to keep up, after the peace of Ryswick, a larger force than had been kept up after the peace of Nimeguen. He moved, therefore, that the military establishment should be reduced to what it had been in the year 1680. The ministers found that, on this occasion, neither their honest nor their dishonest supporters could be trusted; for, in the minds of the most respectable men, the prejudice against standing armies was of too long growth and too deep root to be at once removed; and those means by which the court might, at another time, have secured the help of venal politicians, were, at that moment, of less avail than usual. The Triennial Act was beginning to produce its effects. A general election was at hand. Every member who had constituents was desirous to please them; and it was certain that no member would please his constituents by voting for a standing army; and the resolution moved by Harley was strongly

* Commons' Journal, Dec 8. 1697. L'Hermitage, Dec $\frac{7}{17}$.

supported by Howe, was carried, was reported to the House on the following day, and, after a debate in which several orators made a great display of their knowledge of ancient and modern history, was confirmed by one hundred and eighty-five votes to one hundred and forty-eight.*

In this debate the fear and hatred with which many of the best friends of the government regarded Sunderland were unequivocally manifested. "It is easy," such was the language of several members, "it is easy to guess by whom that unhappy sentence was inserted in the speech from the throne. No person well acquainted with the disastrous and disgraceful history of the last two reigns can doubt who the minister is who is now whispering evil counsel in the ear of a third master." The chamberlain, thus fiercely attacked, was very feebly defended. There was indeed in the House of Commons a small knot of his creatures, and they were men not destitute of a certain kind of ability, but their moral character was as bad as his. One of them was the late Secretary of the Treasury, Guy, who had been turned out of his place for corruption. Another was the late speaker, Trevor, who had, from the chair, put the question whether he was or was not a rogue, and had been forced to pronounce that the ayes had it. A third was Charles Duncombe, long the greatest goldsmith of Lombard Street, and now one of the greatest land-owners of the North Riding of Yorkshire. Possessed of a private fortune equal to that of any duke, he had not thought it beneath him to accept the place of Cashier of the Excise, and had perfectly understood how to make that place lucrative; but he had recently been ejected from office by Montague, who thought, with good reason, that he was not a man to be trusted. Such advocates as Trevor, Guy, and Duncombe could do little for Sunderland in debate. The statesmen of the Junto would do nothing for him. They had undoubtedly owed much to him. His influence, co-operating with their own great abilities and with the force of circumstances, had induced the king to commit the direction of the internal administration of the realm to a Whig cabinet. But the distrust which the old traitor and

* L'Hermitage, Dec. $\frac{1}{2}\frac{8}{8}$. Dec. $\frac{1}{2}\frac{4}{4}$. Journals.

apostate inspired was not to be overcome. The ministers could not be sure that he was not, while smiling on them, whispering in confidential tones to them, pouring out, as it might seem, all his heart to them, really calumniating them in the closet or suggesting to the opposition some ingenious mode of attacking them. They had very recently been thwarted by him. They were bent on making Wharton a secretary of state, and had therefore looked forward with impatience to the retirement of Trumball, who was indeed hardly equal to the duties of his great place. To their surprise and mortification they learned, on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, that Trumball had suddenly resigned, and Vernon, the under-secretary, had been summoned to Kensington, and had returned thence with the seals. Vernon was a zealous Whig, and not personally unacceptable to the chiefs of his party. But the lord-chancellor, the first lord of the treasury, and the first lord of the admiralty, might not unnaturally think it strange that a post of the highest importance should have been filled up in opposition to their known wishes, and with a haste and secrecy which plainly showed that the king did not wish to be annoyed by their remonstrances. The lord-chamberlain pretended that he had done all in his power to serve Wharton. But the Whig chiefs were not men to be duped by the professions of so notorious a liar. Montague bitterly described him as a fire-ship, dangerous at best, but on the whole most dangerous as a consort, and least dangerous when showing hostile colors. Smith, who was the most efficient of Montague's lieutenants, both in the Treasury and in the Parliament, cordially sympathized with his leader. Sunderland was therefore left undefended. His enemies became bolder and more vehement every day. Sir Thomas Dyke, member for Grinstead, and Lord Norris, son of the Earl of Abingdon, talked of moving an address requesting the king to banish forever from the court and the council that evil adviser who had misled his majesty's royal uncles, had betrayed the liberties of the people, and had abjured the Protestant religion.

Sunderland had been uneasy from the first moment at which his name had been mentioned in the House of Commons. He was now in an agony of terror. The whole enigma of his life — an enigma of which many unsatisfactory and some absurd explanations have been propounded, is at

once solved if we consider him as a man insatiably greedy of wealth and power, and yet nervously apprehensive of danger. He rushed with ravenous eagerness at every bait which was offered to his cupidity. But any ominous shadow, any threatening murmur, sufficed to stop him in his full career, and to make him change his course or bury himself in a hiding-place. He ought to have thought himself fortunate indeed, when, after all the crimes which he had committed, he found himself again enjoying his picture-gallery and his woods at Althorpe, sitting in the House of Lords, admitted to the royal closet, pensioned from the privy purse, consulted about the most important affairs of state. But his ambition and avarice would not suffer him to rest till he held a high and lucrative office — till he was a regent of the kingdom. The consequence was, as might have been expected, a violent clamor; and that clamor he had not the spirit to face.

His friends assured him that the threatened address would not be carried. Perhaps a hundred and sixty members might vote for it, but hardly more. "A hundred and sixty!" he cried: "no minister can stand against a hundred and sixty. I am sure that I will not try." It must be remembered that a hundred and sixty votes in a house of five hundred and thirteen members would correspond to more than two hundred votes in the present House of Commons, a very formidable minority on the unfavorable side of a question deeply affecting the personal character of a public man. William, unwilling to part with a servant whom he knew to be unprincipled, but whom he did not consider as more unprincipled than many other English politicians, and in whom he had found much of a very useful sort of knowledge, and of a very useful sort of ability, tried to induce the ministry to come to the rescue. It was particularly important to soothe Wharton, who had been exasperated by his recent disappointment, and had probably exasperated the other members of the Junto. He was sent for to the palace. The king himself entreated him to be reconciled to the lord-chamberlain, and to prevail on the Whig leaders in the Lower House to oppose any motion which Dyke or Norris might make. Wharton answered in a manner which made it clear that from him no help was to be expected. Sunderland's terrors now became insupportable. He had requested some of his friends to come

to his house that he might consult them; they came at the appointed hour, but found that he had gone to Kensington, and had left word that he should soon be back. When he joined them, they observed that he had not the gold key which is the badge of the lord-chamberlain, and asked where it was. "At Kensington," answered Sunderland. They found that he had tendered his resignation, and that it had been, after a long struggle, accepted. They blamed his haste, and told him that, since he had summoned them to advise him on that day, he might at least have waited till the morrow. "To-morrow," he exclaimed, "would have ruined me. To-night has saved me."

Meanwhile, both the disciples of Somers and the disciples of Trenchard were grumbling at Harley's resolution. The disciples of Somers maintained that, if it was right to have an army at all, it must be right to have an efficient army. The disciples of Trenchard complained that a great principle had been shamefully given up. On the vital issue, standing army or no standing army, the Commons had pronounced an erroneous, a fatal decision. Whether that army should consist of five regiments or of fifteen was hardly worth debating. The great dike which kept out arbitrary power had been broken. It was idle to say that the breach was narrow, for it would soon be widened by the flood which would rush in. The war of pamphlets raged more fiercely than ever. At the same time, alarming symptoms began to appear among the men of the sword. They saw themselves every day described in print as the scum of society, as mortal enemies of the liberties of their country. Was it reasonable — such was the language of some scribblers — that an honest gentleman should pay a heavy land-tax in order to support in idleness and luxury a set of fellows who requited him by seducing his dairy-maids and shooting his partridges? Nor was it only in Grub Street tracts that such reflections were to be found. It was known all over the town that uncivil things had been said of the military profession in the House of Commons, and that Jack Howe, in particular, had, on this subject, given the rein to his wit and to his ill-nature. Some rough and daring veterans, marked with the scars of Steinkirk and singed with the smoke of Namur, threatened vengeance for these insults. The writers and speakers who had taken the greatest liberties went in

constant fear of being accosted by fierce-looking captains, and required to make an immediate choice between fighting and being caned. One gentleman, who had made himself conspicuous by the severity of his language, went about with pistols in his pockets. Howe, whose courage was not proportionate to his malignity and petulance, was so much frightened that he retired into the country. The king, well aware that a single blow given, at that critical conjuncture, by a soldier to a member of Parliament might produce disastrous consequences, ordered the officers of the army to their quarters, and, by the vigorous exertion of his authority and influence, succeeded in preventing all outrage.*

All this time the feeling in favor of a regular force seemed to be growing in the House of Commons. The resignation of Sunderland had put many honest gentlemen in good-humor. The Whig leaders exerted themselves to rally their followers, held meetings at the "Rose," and represented strongly the dangers to which the country would be exposed if defended only by a militia. The opposition asserted that neither bribes nor promises were spared. The ministers at length flattered themselves that Harley's resolution might be rescinded. On the eighth of January they again tried their strength, and were again defeated, though by a smaller majority than before. A hundred and sixty-four members divided with them. A hundred and eighty-eight were for adhering to the vote of the eleventh of December. It was remarked that on this occasion the naval men, with Rooke at their head, voted against the government.†

It was necessary to yield. All that remained was to put on the words of the resolution of the eleventh of December

* In the first act of Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee, the passions which about his time agitated society are exhibited with much spirit. Alderman Smuggler sees Colonel Standard, and exclaims, "There's another plague of the nation, a red coat and feather." "I'm disbanded," says the colonel. "This very morning, in Hyde Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside them." "Fal al deral!" cries the alderman: "I'll have a bonfire this night, as high as the monument." "A bonfire!" answered the soldier; "thou dry, withered ill-nature! had not those brave fellows' swords defended you, your house had been a bonfire ere this about your ears."

† L'Hermitage, January $\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{1}$.

the most favorable sense that they could be made to bear. They did, indeed, admit of very different interpretations. The force which was actually in England in 1680 hardly amounted to five thousand men. But the garrison of Tangier and the regiments in the pay of the Batavian federation, which, as they were available for the defence of England against a foreign or domestic enemy, might be said to be in some sort part of the English army, amounted to at least five thousand more. The construction which the ministers put on the resolution of the eleventh of December was, that the army was to consist of ten thousand men, and in this construction the House acquiesced. It was not held to be necessary that the Parliament should, as in our time, fix the amount of the land force. The Commons thought that they sufficiently limited the number of soldiers by limiting the sum which was to be expended in maintaining soldiers. What that sum should be was a question which raised much debate. Harley was unwilling to give more than three hundred thousand pounds. Montague struggled for four hundred thousand. The general sense of the House was that Harley offered too little, and that Montague demanded too much. At last, on the fourteenth of January, a vote was taken for three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Four days later the House resolved to grant half-pay to the disbanded officers till they should be otherwise provided for. The half-pay was meant to be a retainer as well as a reward. The effect of this important vote, therefore, was that, whenever a new war should break out, the nation would be able to command the services of many gentlemen of great military experience. The ministry afterward succeeded in obtaining, much against the will of a portion of the opposition, a separate vote for three thousand marines.

A Mutiny Act, which had been passed in 1697, expired in the spring of 1698. As yet, no such act had been passed except in time of war, and the temper of the parliament and of the nation was such that the ministers did not venture to ask, in time of peace, for a renewal of powers unknown to the Constitution. For the present, therefore, the soldier was again, as in the times which preceded the Revolution, subject to exactly the same law which governed the citizen.

It was only in matters relating to the army that the government found the Commons unmanageable. Liberal provision was made for the navy. The number of seamen was

fixed at ten thousand, a great force, according to the notions of that age, for a time of peace. The funds assigned some years before for the support of the civil list had fallen short of the estimate. It was resolved that a new arrangement should be made, and that a certain income should be settled on the king. The amount was fixed, by a unanimous vote, at seven hundred thousand pounds; and the Commons declared that, by making this ample provision for his comfort and dignity, they meant to express their sense of the great things which he had done for the country. It is probable, however, that so large a sum would not have been given without debates and divisions had it not been understood that he meant to take on himself the charge of the Duke of Gloucester's establishment, and that he would, in all probability, have to pay fifty thousand pounds a year to Mary of Modena. The Tories were unwilling to disoblige the Princess of Denmark, and the Jacobites abstained from offering any opposition to a grant in the benefit of which they hoped that the banished family would participate.

It was not merely by pecuniary liberality that the Parliament testified attachment to the sovereign. A bill was rapidly passed which withheld the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, during twelve months more, from Bernardi and some other conspirators who had been concerned in the Assassination Plot, but whose guilt, though demonstrated to the conviction of every reasonable man, could not be proved by two witnesses. At the same time, new securities were provided against a new danger which threatened the government. The peace had put an end to the apprehension that the throne of William might be subverted by foreign arms, but had, at the same time, facilitated domestic treason. It was no longer necessary for an agent from Saint Germains to cross the sea in a fishing-boat, under the constant dread of being intercepted by a cruiser. It was no longer necessary for him to land on a desolate beach, to lodge in a thatched hovel, to dress himself like a carter, or to travel up to town on foot. He came openly by the Calais packet, walked into the best inn at Dover, and ordered post-horses for London. Meanwhile young Englishmen of quality and fortune were hastening in crowds to Paris. They would naturally wish to see him who had once been their king; and this curiosity, though in itself innocent,

might have evil consequences. Artful tempters would doubtless be on the watch for every such traveller; and many such travellers might be well pleased to be courteously accosted, in a foreign land, by Englishmen of honorable name, distinguished appearance, and insinuating address. It was not to be expected that a lad fresh from the university would be able to refute all the sophisms and calumnies which might be breathed in his ear by dexterous and experienced seducers. Nor would it be strange if he should, in no long time, accept an invitation to a private audience at Saint Germains, should be charmed by the graces of Mary of Modena, should find something engaging in the childish innocence of the Prince of Wales, should kiss the hand of James, and should return home an ardent Jacobite. An act was therefore passed forbidding English subjects to hold any intercourse orally, or by writing, or by message, with the exiled family. A day was fixed after which no English subject, who had, during the late war, gone into France without the royal permission, or borne arms against his country, was to be permitted to reside in this kingdom, except under a special license from the king. Whoever infringed these rules incurred the penalties of high-treason.

The dismay was at first great among the malecontents. For English and Irish Jacobites, who had served under the standards of Lewis or hung about the court of Saint Germains, had, since the peace, come over in multitudes to England. It was computed that thousands were within the scope of the new act. But the severity of that act was mitigated by a beneficent administration. Some fierce and stubborn non-jurors, who would not debase themselves by asking for any indulgence, and some conspicuous enemies of the government who had asked for indulgence in vain, were under the necessity of taking refuge on the Continent. But the great majority of those offenders who promised to live peaceably under William's rule obtained his permission to remain in their native land.

In the case of one great offender there were some circumstances which attracted general interest, and which might furnish a good subject to a novelist, or a dramatist. Near fourteen years before this time, Sunderland, then Secretary of State to Charles the Second, had married his daughter Lady Elizabeth Spencer to Donough Macarthy.

Earl of Clancarty, the lord of an immense domain in Munster. Both the bridegroom and the bride were mere children — the bridegroom only fifteen, the bride only eleven. After the ceremony they were separated; and many years full of strange vicissitudes elapsed before they again met. The boy soon visited his estates in Ireland. He had been bred a member of the Church of England, but his opinions and his practice were loose. He found himself among kinsmen who were zealous Roman Catholics. A Roman Catholic king was on the throne. To turn Roman Catholic was the best recommendation to favor both at Whitehall and at Dublin Castle. Clancarty speedily changed his religion, and from a dissolute Protestant became a dissolute papist. After the Revolution he followed the fortunes of James; sat in the Celtic Parliament which met at the King's Inns; commanded a regiment in the Celtic army; was forced to surrender himself to Marlborough at Cork; was sent to England, and was imprisoned in the Tower. The Clancarty estates, which were supposed to yield a rent of not much less than ten thousand a year, were confiscated. They were charged with an annuity to the earl's brother, and with another annuity to his wife; but the greater part was bestowed by the king on Lord Woodstock, the eldest son of Portland. During some time the prisoner's life was not safe; for the popular voice accused him of outrages for which the utmost license of civil war would not furnish a plea. It is said that he was threatened with an appeal of murder by the widow of a Protestant clergyman who had been put to death during the troubles. After passing three years in confinement, Clancarty made his escape to the Continent, was graciously received at St. Germains, and was intrusted with the command of a corps of Irish refugees. When the treaty of Ryswick had put an end to the hope that the banished dynasty would be restored by foreign arms, he flattered himself that he might be able to make his peace with the English government. But he was grievously disappointed. The interest of his wife's family was undoubtedly more than sufficient to obtain a pardon for him. But on that interest he could not reckon. The selfish, base, covetous father-in-law was not at all desirous to have a high-born beggar and the posterity of a high-born beggar to maintain. The ruling passion of the brother-in-law was a stern and acrimonious party spirit. He

could not bear to think that he was so nearly connected with an enemy of the Revolution and of the Bill of Rights, and would with pleasure have seen the odious tie severed even by the hand of the executioner. There was one, however, from whom the ruined, expatriated, proscribed young nobleman might hope to find a kind reception. He stole across the Channel in disguise, presented himself at Sunderland's door, and requested to see Lady Clancarty. He was charged, he said, with a message to her from her mother, who was then lying on a sick-bed at Windsor. By this fiction he obtained admission, made himself known to his wife, whose thoughts had probably been constantly fixed on him during many years, and prevailed on her to give him the most tender proofs of an affection sanctioned by the laws both of God and of man. The secret was soon discovered and betrayed by a waiting-woman. Spencer learned that very night that his sister had admitted her husband to her apartment. The fanatical young Whig, burning with animosity which he mistook for virtue, and eager to emulate the Corinthian who assassinated his brother, and the Roman who passed sentence of death on his son, flew to Vernon's office, gave information that the Irish rebel, who had once already escaped from custody, was in hiding hard by, and procured a warrant and a guard of soldiers. Clancarty was found in the arms of his wife, and dragged to the Tower. She followed him, and implored permission to partake his cell. These events produced a great stir throughout the society of London. Sunderland professed everywhere that he heartily approved of his son's conduct; but the public had made up its mind about Sunderland's veracity, and paid very little attention to his professions on this or on any other subject. In general, honorable men of both parties, whatever might be their opinion of Clancarty, felt great compassion for his mother, who was dying of a broken heart, and his poor young wife, who was begging piteously to be admitted within the traitor's gate. Devonshire and Bedford joined with Ormond to ask for mercy. The aid of a still more powerful intercessor was called in. Lady Russell was esteemed by the king as a valuable friend; she was venerated by the nation generally as a saint, the widow of a martyr; and, when she deigned to solicit favors, it was scarcely possible that she should solicit in vain. She naturally felt a strong

sympathy for the unhappy couple, who were parted by the walls of that gloomy old fortress in which she had herself exchanged the last sad endearments with one whose image was never absent from her. She took Lady Clancarty with her to the palace, obtained access to William, and put a petition into his hand. Clancarty was pardoned on condition that he should leave the kingdom and never return to it. A pension was granted to him, small when compared with the magnificent inheritance which he had forfeited, but quite sufficient to enable him to live like a gentleman on the Continent. He retired, accompanied by his Elizabeth, to Altona.

All this time the ways and means for the year were under consideration. The Parliament was able to grant some relief to the country. The land-tax was reduced from four shillings in the pound to three. But nine expensive campaigns had left a heavy arrear behind them; and it was plain that the public burdens must, even in the time of peace, be such as, before the Revolution, would have been thought more than sufficient to support a vigorous war. A country gentleman was in no very good humor when he compared the sums which were now exacted from him with those which he had been in the habit of paying under the last two kings; his discontent became stronger when he compared his own situation with that of courtiers, and above all of Dutch courtiers, who had been enriched by grants of crown property; and both interest and envy made him willing to listen to politicians who assured him that, if those grants were resumed, he might be relieved from another shilling.

The arguments against such a resumption were not likely to be heard with favor by a popular assembly composed of tax-payers, but to statesmen and legislators will seem unanswerable.

There can be no doubt that the sovereign was, by the old polity of the realm, competent to give or let the domains of the crown in such manner as seemed good to him. No statute defined the length of the term which he might grant, or the amount of the rent which he must reserve. He might part with the fee-simple of a forest extending over a hundred square miles in consideration of a tribute of a brace of hawks to be delivered annually to his falconer, or of a napkin of fine linen to be laid on the royal table at the coronation banquet. In fact, there had been hardly a reign since the Conquest in

which great estates had not been bestowed by our princes on favored subjects. Anciently, indeed, what had been lavishly given was not seldom violently taken away. Several laws for the resumption of crown lands were passed by the Parliaments of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Of those laws the last was that which, in the year 1485, immediately after the battle of Bosworth, annulled the donations of the kings of the house of York. More than two hundred years had since elapsed without any resumption act. An estate derived from the royal liberality had long been universally thought as secure as an estate which had descended from father to son since the compilation of Domesday Book. No title was considered as more perfect than that of the Russells to Woburn, given by Henry the Eighth to the first Earl of Bedford, or than that of the Cecils to Hatfield, purchased from the crown for less than a third of the real value by the first Earl of Salisbury. The Long Parliament did not, even in that celebrated instrument of nineteen articles, which was framed expressly for the purpose of making the king a mere doge, propose to restrain him from dealing according to his pleasure with his parks and his castles, his fisheries and his mines. After the Restoration, under the government of an easy prince, who had indeed little disposition to give, but who could not bear to refuse, many noble private fortunes were carved out of the property of the crown. Some of the persons who were thus enriched, Albemarle, for example, Sandwich, and Clarendon, might be thought to have fairly earned their master's favor by their services. Others had merely amused his leisure or pandered to his vices. His mistresses were munificently rewarded. Estates sufficient to support the highest rank in the peerage were distributed among his illegitimate children. That these grants, however prodigal, were strictly legal, was tacitly admitted by the Estates of the Realm when, in 1689, they recounted and condemned the unconstitutional acts of the kings of the house of Stuart. Neither in the Declaration of Right nor in the Bill of Rights is there a word on the subject. William therefore thought himself at liberty to give away his hereditary domains as freely as his predecessors had given away theirs.

There was much murmuring at the profusion with which he rewarded his Dutch favorites; and we have seen that, on one occasion in the year 1696, the House of Commons

interfered for the purpose of restraining his liberality. An address was presented requesting him not to grant to Portland an extensive territory in North Wales. But it is to be observed that, though in this address a strong opinion was expressed that the grant would be mischievous, the Commons did not deny, and must, therefore, be considered as having admitted, that it would be perfectly legal. The king, however, yielded; and Portland was forced to content himself with ten or twelve manors scattered over various counties from Cumberland to Sussex.

It seems, therefore, clear that our princes were, by the law of the land, competent to do what they would with their hereditary estates. It is perfectly true that the law was defective, and that the profusion with which mansions, abbeys, chases, warrens, beds of ore, whole streets, whole market-towns, had been bestowed on courtiers was greatly to be lamented. Nothing could have been more proper than to pass a prospective statute tying up in strict entail the little which still remained of the crown property. But to annul by a retrospective statute patents which in Westminster Hall were held to be legally valid, would have been simply robbery. Such robbery must necessarily have made all property insecure; and a statesman must be short-sighted indeed who imagines that what makes property insecure can really make society prosperous.

But it is vain to expect that men who are inflamed by anger, who are suffering distress, and who fancy that it is in their power to obtain immediate relief from their distresses at the expense of those who have excited their anger, will reason as calmly as the historian who, biased neither by interest nor passion, reviews the events of a past age. The public burdens were heavy. To whatever extent the grants of royal domains were revoked, those burdens would be lightened. Some of the recent grants had undoubtedly been profuse. Some of the living grantees were unpopular. A cry was raised which soon became formidably loud. All the Tories, all the malecontent Whigs, and multitudes who, without being either Tories or malecontent Whigs, disliked taxes and disliked Dutchmen, called for a resumption of all the crown property which King William had, as it was phrased, been deceived into giving away.

On the seventh of February, 1698, this subject, destined to irritate the public mind at intervals during many years, was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. The opposition asked leave to bring in a bill vacating all grants of crown property which had been made since the Revolution. The ministers were in a great strait: the public feeling was strong; a general election was approaching; it was dangerous, and it would probably be vain to encounter the prevailing sentiment directly. But the shock which could not be resisted might be eluded. The ministry accordingly professed to find no fault with the proposed bill, except that it did not go far enough, and moved for leave to bring in two more bills, one for annulling the grants of James the Second, the other for annulling the grants of Charles the Second. The Tories were caught in their own snare; for most of the grants of Charles and James had been made to Tories, and a resumption of those grants would have reduced some of the chiefs of the Tory party to poverty. Yet it was impossible to draw a distinction between the grants of William and those of his two predecessors. Nobody could pretend that the law had been altered since his accession. If, therefore, the grants of the Stuarts were legal, so were his; if his grants were illegal, so were the grants of his uncles; and, if both his grants and the grants of his uncles were illegal, it was absurd to say that the mere lapse of time made a difference. For not only was it part of the alphabet of the law that there was no prescription against the crown, but the thirty-eight years which had elapsed since the Restoration would not have sufficed to bar a writ of right brought by a private demandant against a wrongful tenant. Nor could it be pretended that William had bestowed his favors less judiciously than Charles and James. Those who were least friendly to the Dutch would hardly venture to say that Portland, Zulestein, and Ginkell were less deserving of the royal bounty than the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duchess of Portsmouth, than the progeny of Nell Gwynn, than the apostate Arlington or the butcher Jeffreys. The opposition, therefore, sullenly assented to what the ministry proposed. From that moment the scheme was doomed. Everybody affected to be for it, and everybody was really against it. The three bills

were brought in together, read a second time together, ordered to be committed together, and were then first mutilated, and at length quietly dropped.

In the history of the financial legislation of this session, there were some episodes which deserve to be related. Those members — a numerous body — who envied and dreaded Montague readily became the unconscious tools of the cunning malice of Sunderland, whom Montague had refused to defend in Parliament, and who, though detested by the opposition, contrived to exercise some influence over that party through the instrumentality of Charles Duncombe. Duncombe, indeed, had his own reasons for hating Montague, who had turned him out of the place of Cashier of the Excise. A serious charge was brought against the Board of Treasury, and especially against its chief. He was the inventor of Exchequer Bills, and they were popularly called Montague's notes. He had induced the Parliament to enact that those bills, even when at a discount in the market, should be received at par by the collectors of the revenue. This enactment, if honestly carried into effect, would have been unobjectionable; but it was strongly rumored that there had been foul play, peculation, even forgery. Duncombe threw the most serious imputations on the Board of Treasury, and pretended that he had been put out of his office only because he was too shrewd to be deceived, and too honest to join in deceiving the public. Tories and malecontent Whigs, elated by the hope that Montague might be convicted of malversation, eagerly called for inquiry. An inquiry was instituted; but the result not only disappointed, but utterly confounded the accusers. The persecuted minister obtained both a complete acquittal and a signal revenge. Circumstances were discovered which seemed to indicate that Duncombe himself was not blameless. The clew was followed; he was severely cross-examined; he lost his head; made one unguarded admission after another, and was at length compelled to confess, on the floor of the House, that he had been guilty of an infamous fraud, which, but for his own confession, it would have been scarcely possible to bring home to him. He had been ordered by the Commissioners of the Excise to pay ten thousand pounds into the Exchequer for the public service. He had in his hands, as cashier, more than double that sum in good milled silver. With some of this money he bought

Exchequer Bills, which were then at a considerable discount; he paid those bills in, and he pocketed the discount, which amounted to about four hundred pounds. Nor was this all. In order to make it appear that the depreciated paper, which he had fraudulently substituted for silver, had been received by him in payment of taxes, he had employed a knavish Jew to forge indorsements of names, some real and some imaginary. This scandalous story, wrung out of his own lips, was heard by the opposition with consternation and shame, by the ministers and their friends with vindictive exultation. It was resolved, without any division, that he should be sent to the Tower, that he should be kept close prisoner there, that he should be expelled from the House. Whether any further punishment could be inflicted on him was a perplexing question. The English law touching forgery became, at a later period, barbarously severe, but in 1698 it was absurdly lax. The prisoner's offence was certainly not a felony, and lawyers apprehended that there would be much difficulty in convicting him even of a misdemeanor. But a recent precedent was fresh in the minds of all men. The weapon which had reached Fenwick might reach Duncombe. A bill of pains and penalties was brought in, and carried through the earlier stages with less opposition than might have been expected. Some noes might perhaps be uttered, but no members ventured to say that the noes had it. The Tories were mad with shame and mortification at finding that their rash attempt to ruin an enemy had produced no effect except the ruin of a friend. In their rage, they eagerly caught at a new hope of revenge — a hope destined to end, as their former hope had ended, in discomfiture and disgrace. They learned, from the agents of Sunderland, as many people suspected, but certainly from informants who were well acquainted with the offices about Whitehall, that some securities forfeited to the crown in Ireland had been bestowed by the king ostensibly on one Thomas Railton, but really on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The value of these securities was about ten thousand pounds. On the sixteenth of February this transaction was brought without any notice under the consideration of the House of Commons by Colonel Granville, a Tory member nearly related to the Earl of Bath. Montague was taken completely by surprise, but manfully avowed

the whole truth, and defended what he had done. The orators of the opposition declaimed against him with great animation and asperity. "This gentleman," they said, "has at once violated three distinct duties. He is a privy councillor, and, as such, is bound to advise the crown with a view, not to his own selfish interests, but to the general good. He is the first minister of finance, and is, as such, bound to be a thrifty manager of the royal treasure. He is a member of this house, and is, as such, bound to see that the burdens borne by his constituents are not made heavier by rapacity and prodigality. To all these trusts he has been unfaithful. The advice of the privy councillor to his master is, 'Give me money.' The first Lord of the Treasury signs a warrant for giving himself money out of the Treasury. The member for Westminster puts into his pocket money which his constituents must be taxed to replace." The surprise was complete; the onset was formidable; but the Whig majority, after a moment of dismay and wavering, rallied firmly round their leader. Several speakers declared that they highly approved of the prudent liberality with which his majesty had requited the services of a most able, diligent, and trusty counsellor. It was miserable economy indeed to grudge a reward of a few thousands to one who had made the state richer by millions. Would that all the largesses of former kings had been as well bestowed! How those largesses had been bestowed none knew better than some of the austere patriots who harangued so loudly against the avidity of Montague. If there is, it was said, a house in England which has been gorged with undeserved riches by the prodigality of weak sovereigns, it is the house of Bath. Does it lie in the mouth of a son of that house to blame the judicious munificence of a wise and good king? Before the Granvilles complain that distinguished merit has been rewarded with ten thousand pounds, let them refund some part of the hundreds of thousands which they have pocketed without any merit at all.

The rule was, and still is, that a member against whom a charge is made must be heard in his own defence, and must then leave the House. The opposition insisted that Montague should retire. His friends maintained that this case did not fall within the rule. Distinctions were drawn; precedents were cited; and at length the question was put

that Mr. Montague do withdraw. The ayes were only ninety-seven; the noes two hundred and nine. This decisive result astonished both parties. The Tories lost heart and hope. The joy of the Whigs was boundless. It was instantly moved that the Honorable Charles Montague, Esquire, Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his good services to this government, does deserve his majesty's favor. The opposition, completely cowed, did not venture to demand another division. Montague scornfully thanked them for the inestimable service which they had done him. But for their malice he never should have had the honor and happiness of being solemnly pronounced by the Commons of England a benefactor of his country. As to the grant which had been the subject of debate, he was perfectly ready to give it up, if his accusers would engage to follow his example.

Even after this defeat the Tories returned to the charge. They pretended that the frauds which had been committed with respect to the Exchequer Bills had been facilitated by the mismanagement of the Board of Treasury, and moved a resolution which implied a censure on that board, and especially on its chief. This resolution was rejected by a hundred and seventy votes to eighty-eight. It was remarked that Spencer, as if anxious to show that he had taken no part in the machinations of which his father was justly or unjustly suspected, spoke in this debate with great warmth against Duncombe and for Montague.

A few days later, the bill of pains and penalties against Duncombe passed the Commons. It provided that two thirds of his enormous property, real and personal, should be confiscated and applied to the public service. Till the third reading there was no serious opposition. Then the Tories mustered their strength. They were defeated by a hundred and thirty-eight votes to a hundred and three; and the bill was carried up to the Lords by the Marquess of Hartington, a young nobleman whom the great body of Whigs respected as one of their hereditary chiefs, as the heir of Devonshire, and as the son-in-law of Russell.

That Duncombe had been guilty of shameful dishonesty was acknowledged by all men of sense and honor in the party to which he belonged. He had therefore little right to expect indulgence from the party which he had unfairly and malignantly assailed. Yet it is not creditable to the

Whigs that they should have been so much disgusted by his frauds, or so much irritated by his attacks, as to have been bent on punishing him in a manner inconsistent with all the principles which governments ought to hold most sacred.

Those who concurred in the proceeding against Duncombe tried to vindicate their conduct by citing as an example the proceeding against Fenwick. So dangerous is it to violate, on any pretence, those principles which the experience of ages has proved to be the safeguards of all that is most precious to a community. Twelve months had hardly elapsed since the Legislature had, in very peculiar circumstances and for very plausible reasons, taken upon itself to try and to punish a great criminal whom it was impossible to reach in the ordinary course of justice; and already the breach then made in the fences which protect the dearest rights of Englishmen was widening fast. What had last year been defended only as a rare exception seemed now to be regarded as the ordinary rule. Nay, the bill of pains and penalties which now had an easy passage through the House of Commons was infinitely more objectionable than the bill which had been so obstinately resisted at every stage in the preceding session.

The writ of attainder against Fenwick was not, as the vulgar imagined and still imagine, objectionable because it was retrospective. It is always to be remembered that retrospective legislation is bad in principle only when it affects the substantive law. Statutes creating new crimes or increasing the punishment of old crimes ought in no case to be retrospective. But statutes which merely alter the procedure, if they are in themselves good statutes, ought to be retrospective. To take examples from the legislation of our own time, the act passed in 1845 for punishing the malicious destruction of works of art with whipping was most properly made prospective only. Whatever indignation the authors of that act might feel against the ruffian who had broken the Barberini Vase, they knew that they could not, without the most serious detriment to the commonwealth, pass a law for scourging him. On the other hand, the act which allowed the affirmation of a Quaker to be received in criminal cases allowed, and most justly and reasonably, such affirmation to be received in the case of a

past as well as of a future misdemeanor or felony. If we try the act which attainted Fenwick by these rules, we shall find that almost all the numerous writers who have condemned it have condemned it on wrong grounds. It made no retrospective change in the substantive law. The crime was not new. It was high-treason as defined by the statute of Edward the Third. The punishment was not new. It was the punishment which had been inflicted on traitors of ten generations. All that was new was the procedure; and, if the new procedure had been intrinsically better than the old procedure, the new procedure might with perfect propriety have been employed. But the procedure employed in Fenwick's case was the worst possible, and would have been the worst possible if it had been established from time immemorial. However clearly political crime may have been defined by ancient laws, a man accused of it ought not to be tried by a crowd of five hundred and thirteen eager politicians, of whom he can challenge none even with cause, who have no judge to guide them, who are allowed to come in and go out as they choose, who hear as much or as little as they choose of the accusation and of the defence, who are exposed, during the investigation, to every kind of corrupting influence, who are inflamed by all the passions which animated debates naturally excite, who cheer one orator and cough down another, who are roused from sleep to cry Aye or No, or who are hurried half drunk from their suppers to divide. For this reason, and for no other, the attainder of Fenwick is to be condemned. It was unjust and of evil example, not because it was a retrospective act, but because it was an act essentially judicial, performed by a body destitute of all judicial qualities.

The bill for punishing Duncombe was open to all the objections which can be urged against the bill for punishing Fenwick, and to other objections of even greater weight. In both cases the judicial functions were usurped by a body unfit to exercise such functions. But the bill against Duncombe really was, what the bill against Fenwick was not, objectionable as a retrospective bill. It altered the substantive criminal law. It visited an offence with a penalty of which the offender, at the time when he offended, had no notice.

It may be thought a strange proposition that the bill against Duncombe was a worse bill than the bill against Fenwick, because the bill against Fenwick struck at life, and the bill against Duncombe struck only at property

Yet this apparent paradox is a sober truth. Life is indeed more precious than property. But the power of arbitrarily taking away the lives of men is infinitely less likely to be abused than the power of arbitrarily taking away their property. Even the lawless classes of society generally shrink from blood. They commit thousands of offences against property to one murder; and most of the few murders which they do commit are committed for the purpose of facilitating or concealing some offence against property. The unwillingness of juries to find a fellow-creature guilty of a capital felony even on the clearest evidence is notorious; and it may well be suspected that they frequently violate their oaths in favor of life. In civil suits, on the other hand, they too often forget that their duty is merely to give the plaintiff a compensation for evil suffered; and, if the conduct of the defendant has moved their indignation and his fortune is known to be large, they turn themselves into a criminal tribunal, and, under the name of damages, impose a large fine. As house-breakers are more likely to take plate and jewelry than to cut throats; as juries are far more likely to err on the side of pecuniary severity in assessing damages than to send to the gibbet any man who has not richly deserved it, so a Legislature which should be so unwise as to take on itself the functions properly belonging to the courts of law would be far more likely to pass acts of confiscation than acts of attainder. We naturally feel pity even for a bad man whose head is about to fall. But, when a bad man is compelled to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, we naturally feel a vindictive pleasure, in which there is much danger that we may be tempted to indulge too largely.

The hearts of many stout Whigs doubtless bled at the thought of what Fenwick must have suffered, the agonizing struggle, in a mind not of the firmest temper, between the fear of shame and the fear of death, the parting from a tender wife, and all the gloomy solemnity of the last morning. But whose heart was to bleed at the thought that Charles Duncombe, who was born to carry parcels and to sweep down a counting-house, was to be punished for his knavery by having his income reduced to eight thousand a year, more than most earls then possessed?

His judges were not likely to feel compassion for him, and they all had strong selfish reasons to vote against him.

They were all, in fact, bribed by the very bill by which he would be punished.

His property was supposed to amount to considerably more than four hundred thousand pounds. Two thirds of that property were equivalent to about seven-pence in the pound on the rental of the kingdom as assessed to the land-tax. If, therefore, two thirds of that property could have been brought into the Exchequer, the land-tax for 1699, a burden most painfully felt by the class which had the chief power in England, might have been reduced from three shillings to two and five-pence. Every squire of a thousand a year in the House of Commons would have had thirty pounds more to spend, and that sum might well have made to him the whole difference between being at ease and being pinched during twelve months. If the bill had passed, if the gentry and yeomanry of the kingdom had found that it was possible for them to obtain a welcome remission of taxation by imposing on a Shylock or an Overreach, by a retrospective law, a fine not heavier than his misconduct might, in a moral view, seem to have deserved, it is impossible to believe that they would not soon have recurred to so simple and agreeable a resource. In every age it is easy to find rich men who have done bad things for which the law has provided no punishment or an inadequate punishment. The estates of such men would soon have been considered as a fund applicable to the public service. As often as it was necessary to vote an extraordinary supply to the crown, the Committee of Ways and Means would have looked about for some unpopular capitalist to plunder. Appetite would have grown with indulgence. Accusations would have been eagerly welcomed. Rumors and suspicions would have been received as proofs. The wealth of the great goldsmiths of the Royal Exchange would have become as insecure as that of a Jew under the Plantagenets, as that of a Christian under a Turkish pacha. Rich men would have tried to invest their acquisitions in some form in which they could lie closely hidden and could be speedily removed. In no long time it would have been found that of all financial resources the least productive is robbery, and that the public had really paid far more dearly for Duncombe's hundreds of thousands than if it had borrowed them at fifty per cent.

These considerations had more weight with the Lords

than with the Commons. Indeed, one of the principal uses of the Upper House is to defend the vested rights of property in cases in which those rights are unpopular, and are attacked on grounds which to short-sighted politicians seem valid. An assembly composed of men almost all of whom have inherited opulence, and who are not under the necessity of paying court to constituent bodies, will not easily be hurried by passion or seduced by sophistry into robbery. As soon as the bill for punishing Duncombe had been read at the table of the Peers, it became clear that there would be a sharp contest. Three great Tory noblemen, Rochester, Nottingham, and Leeds, headed the opposition; and they were joined by some who did not ordinarily act with them. At an early stage of the proceedings a new and perplexing question was raised. How did it appear that the facts set forth in the preamble were true, that Duncombe had committed the frauds for which it was proposed to punish him in so extraordinary a manner? In the House of Commons he had been taken by surprise he had made admissions of which he had not foreseen the consequences; and he had then been so much disconcerted by the severe manner in which he had been interrogated that he had at length avowed everything. But he had now had time to prepare himself; he had been furnished with advice by counsel; and, when he was placed at the bar of the Peers, he refused to criminate himself, and defied his persecutors to prove him guilty. He was sent back to the Tower. The Lords acquainted the Commons with the difficulty which had arisen. A conference was held in the Painted Chamber; and there Hartington, who appeared for the Commons, declared that he was authorized by those who had sent him to assure the Lords that Duncombe had, in his place in Parliament, owned the misdeeds which he now challenged his accusers to bring home to him. The Lords, however, rightly thought that it would be a strange and a dangerous thing to receive a declaration of the House of Commons in its collective character as conclusive evidence of the fact that a man had committed a crime. The House of Commons was under none of those restraints which were thought necessary in ordinary cases to protect innocent defendants against false witnesses. The House of Commons could not be sworn, could not be cross-examined, could not be indicted, imprisoned, pilloried,

mutilated, for perjury. Indeed, the testimony of the House of Commons in its collective character was of less value than the uncontradicted testimony of a single member. For it was only the testimony of the majority of the House. There might be a large respectable minority whose recollections might materially differ from the recollections of the majority. This indeed was actually the case. For there had been a dispute among those who had heard Duncombe's confession as to the precise extent of what he had confessed; and there had been a division; and the statement which the Upper House was expected to receive as decisive on the point of fact had been at last carried only by ninety votes to sixty-eight. It should seem therefore that, whatever moral conviction the Lords might feel of Duncombe's guilt, they were bound, as righteous judges, to absolve him.

After much animated debate, they divided; and the bill was lost by forty-eight votes to forty-seven. It was proposed by some of the minority that proxies should be called; but this scandalous proposition was strenuously resisted, and the House, to its great honor, resolved that on questions which were substantially judicial, though they might be in form legislative, no peer who was absent should be allowed to have a voice.

Many of the Whig lords protested. Among them were Orford and Wharton. It is to be lamented that Burnet, and the excellent Hough, who was now Bishop of Oxford, should have been impelled by party spirit to record their dissent from a decision which all sensible and candid men will now pronounce to have been just and salutary. Somers was present, but his name was not attached to the protest which was subscribed by his brethren of the Junto. We may, therefore, not unreasonably infer that, on this as on many other occasions, that wise and virtuous statesman disapproved of the violence of his friends.

In rejecting the bill, the Lords had only exercised their indisputable right. But they immediately proceeded to take a step of which the legality was not equally clear. Rochester moved that Duncombe should be set at liberty. The motion was carried: a warrant for the discharge of the prisoner was sent to the Tower, and was obeyed without hesitation by Lord Lucas, who was lieutenant of that fortress. As soon as this was known, the anger of the Com-

mons broke forth with violence. It was by their order that the upstart Duncombe had been put in ward. He was their prisoner, and it was monstrous insolence in the Peers to release him. The Peers defended what they had done by arguments which must be allowed to have been ingenious, if not satisfactory. It was quite true that Duncombe had originally been committed to the Tower by the Commons. But, it was said, the Commons, by sending a penal bill against him to the Lords, did, by necessary implication, send him also to the Lords. For it was plainly impossible for the Lords to pass the bill without hearing what he had to say against it. The Commons had felt this, and had not complained when he had, without their consent, been brought from his place of confinement and set at the bar of the Peers. From that moment he was the prisoner of the Peers. He had been taken back from the bar to the Tower, not by virtue of the speaker's warrant, of which the force was spent, but by virtue of their order which had remanded him. They therefore might, with perfect propriety, discharge him. Whatever a jurist might have thought of these arguments, they had no effect on the Commons. Indeed, violent as the spirit of party was in those times, it was less violent than the spirit of caste. Whenever a dispute arose between the two houses, many members of both forgot that they were Whigs or Tories, and remembered only that they were patricians or plebeians. On this occasion nobody was louder in asserting the privileges of the representatives of the people in opposition to the encroachments of the nobility than Harley. Duncombe was again arrested by the sergeant-at-arms, and remained in confinement till the end of the session. Some eager men were for addressing the king to turn Lucas out of office. This was not done; but during several days the ill-humor of the Lower House showed itself by a studied discourtesy. One of the members was wanted as a witness in a matter which the Lords were investigating. They sent two judges with a message requesting the permission of the Commons to examine him. At any other time the judges would have been called in immediately, and the permission would have been granted as of course. But on this occasion the judges were kept waiting some hours at the door; and such difficulties were made about the permission that the Peers desisted from urging a request which seemed likely to be ungraciously refused.

The attention of the Parliament was, during the remainder of the session, chiefly occupied by commercial questions. Some of those questions required so much investigation, and gave occasion to so much dispute, that the prorogation did not take place till the fifth of July. There was consequently some illness and much discontent among both Lords and Commons. For, in that age, the London season usually ended soon after the first notes of the cuckoo had been heard, and before the poles had been decked for the dances and mummeries which welcomed the genial May-day of the ancient calendar. Since the year of the Revolution, a year which was an exception to all ordinary rules, the members of the two houses had never been detained from their woods and haycocks even so late as the beginning of June.

The Commons had, soon after they met, appointed a committee to inquire into the state of trade, and had referred to this committee several petitions from merchants and manufacturers, who complained that they were in danger of being undersold, and who asked for additional protection.

A highly curious report on the importation of silks and the exportation of wool was soon presented to the House. It was in that age believed by all but a very few speculative men that the sound commercial policy was to keep out of the country the delicate and brilliantly tinted textures of Southern looms, and to keep in the country the raw material on which most of our own looms were employed. It was now fully proved that, during eight years of war, the textures which it was thought desirable to keep out had been constantly coming in, and the material which it was thought desirable to keep in had been constantly going out. This interchange — an interchange, as it was imagined, pernicious to England, had been chiefly managed by an association of Huguenot refugees residing in London. Whole fleets of boats with illicit cargoes had been passing and repassing between Kent and Picardy. The loading and unloading had taken place sometimes in Romney Marsh, sometimes on the beach under the cliffs between Dover and Folkstone. All the inhabitants of the south-eastern coast were in the plot. It was a common saying among them that, if a gallows were set up every quarter of a mile along the coast, the trade would still go on briskly. It had been discovered, some years before, that the vessels

and the hiding-places which were necessary to the business of the smuggler had frequently afforded accommodation to the traitor. The report contained fresh evidence upon this point. It was proved that one of the contrabandists had provided the vessel in which the ruffian O'Brien had carried Scum Goodman over to France.

The inference which ought to have been drawn from these facts was, that the prohibitory system was absurd. That system had not destroyed the trade which was so much dreaded, but had merely called into existence a desperate race of men, who, accustomed to earn their daily bread by the breach of an unreasonable law, soon came to regard the most reasonable laws with contempt, and, having begun by eluding the custom-house officers, ended by conspiring against the throne. And if, in time of war, when the whole Channel was dotted with our cruisers, it had been found impossible to prevent the regular exchange of the fleeces of Cotswold for the alamodes of Lyons, what chance was there that any machinery which could be employed in time of peace would be more efficacious? The politicians of the seventeenth century, however, were of opinion that sharp laws, sharply administered, could not fail to save Englishmen from the intolerable grievance of selling dear what could be best produced by themselves, and of buying cheap what could be best produced by others. The penalty for importing French silks was made more severe. An act was passed which gave to a joint-stock company an absolute monopoly of lustrings for a term of fourteen years. The fruit of these wise counsels was such as might have been foreseen. French silks were still imported; and, long before the term of fourteen years had expired, the funds of the Lustring Company had been spent, its offices had been shut up, and its very name had been forgotten at Jonathan's and Garraway's.

Not content with prospective legislation, the Commons unanimously determined to treat the offences which the committee had brought to light as high crimes against the state, and to employ against a few cunning mercers in Nicholas Lane and the Old Jewry all the gorgeous and cumbrous machinery which ought to be reserved for the delinquencies of great ministers and judges. It was resolved, without a division, that several Frenchmen and one Englishman who had been deeply concerned in the contraband trade should be impeached. Managers were appointed; articles were drawn

up; preparations were made for fitting up Westminster Hall with benches and scarlet hangings, and at one time it was thought that the trials would last till the partridge-shooting began. But the defendants, having little hope of acquittal, and not wishing that the Peers should come to the business of fixing the punishment in the temper which was likely to be the effect of an August passed in London, very wisely declined to give their lordships unnecessary trouble, and pleaded guilty. The sentences were consequently lenient. The French offenders were merely fined, and their fines probably did not amount to a fifth part of the sums which they had realized by unlawful traffic. The Englishman, who had been active in managing the escape of Goodman, was both fined and imprisoned.

The progress of the woollen manufactures of Ireland excited even more alarm and indignation than the contraband trade with France. The French question, indeed, had been simply commercial. The Irish question, originally commercial, became political. It was not merely the prosperity of the clothiers of Wiltshire and of the West Riding that was at stake; but the dignity of the crown, the authority of the Parliament, and the unity of the empire. Already might be discerned among the Englishry, who were now, by the help and under the protection of the mother country, the lords of the conquered island, some signs of a spirit, feeble indeed, as yet, and such as might easily be put down by a few resolute words, but destined to revive at long intervals, and to be stronger and more formidable at every revival.

The person who on this occasion came forward as the champion of the colonists, the forerunner of Swift and of Grattan, was William Molyneux. He would have rejected the name of Irishman as indignantly as a citizen of Marseilles or Cyrene, proud of his pure Greek blood, and fully qualified to send a chariot to the Olympic race-course, would have rejected the name of Gaul or Libyan. He was, in the phrase of that time, an English gentleman of family and fortune born in Ireland. He had studied at the Temple, had travelled on the Continent, had become well known to the most eminent scholars and philosophers of Oxford and Cambridge, had been elected a member of the Royal Society of London, and had been one of the founders of the Royal Society of Dublin. In the days of popish ascendency he had taken refuge among his friends here: he had returned

to his home when the ascendency of his own caste nad been reëstablished, and he had been chosen to represent the University of Dublin in the House of Commons. He had made great efforts to promote the manufactures of the kingdom in which he resided, and he had found those efforts impeded by an act of the English Parliament, which laid severe restrictions on the exportation of woollen goods from Ireland. In principle this act was altogether indefensible. Practically it was altogether unimportant. Prohibitions were not needed to prevent the Ireland of the seventeenth century from being a great manufacturing country, nor could the most liberal bounties have made her so. The jealousy of commerce, however, is as fanciful and unreasonable as the jealousy of love. The clothiers of Wilts and Yorkshire were weak enough to imagine that they should be ruined by the competition of a half barbarous island — an island where there was far less capital than in England, where there was far less security for life and property than in England, and where there was far less industry and energy among the laboring classes than in England. Molyneux, on the other hand, had the sanguine temperament of a projector. He imagined that, but for the tyrannical interference of strangers, a Ghent would spring up in Connemara, and a Bruges in the Bog of Allen. And what right had strangers to interfere? Not content with showing that the law of which he complained was absurd and unjust, he undertook to prove that it was null and void. Early in the year 1698 he published and dedicated to the king a treatise in which it was asserted in plain terms that the English Parliament had no authority over Ireland.

Whoever considers without passion or prejudice the great constitutional question which was thus for the first time raised, will probably be of opinion that Molyneux was in error. The right of the Parliament of England to legislate for Ireland rested on the broad general principle that the paramount authority of the mother country extends over all colonies planted by her sons in all parts of the world. This principle was the subject of much discussion at the time of the American troubles, and was then maintained, without any reservation, not only by the English ministers, but by Burke and all the adherents of Rockingham, and was admitted, with one single reservation, even by the Americans themselves.

Down to the moment of separation the Congress fully acknowledged the competency of the King, Lords, and Commons to make laws, of any kind but one, for Massachusetts and Virginia. The only power which such men as Washington and Franklin denied to the imperial Legislature was the power of taxing. Within living memory, acts which have made great political and social revolutions in our colonies have been passed in this country; nor has the validity of those acts ever been questioned; and conspicuous among them were the law of 1807 which abolished the slave-trade, and the law of 1833 which abolished slavery.

The doctrine that the parent state has supreme power over the colonies is not only borne out by authority and by precedent, but will appear, when examined, to be in entire accordance with justice and with policy. During the feeble infancy of colonies, independence would be pernicious, or rather fatal to them. Undoubtedly, as they grow stronger and stronger, it will be wise in the home government to be more and more indulgent. No sensible parent deals with a son of twenty in the same way as with a son of ten. Nor will any government not infatuated treat such a province as Canada or Victoria in the way in which it might be proper to treat a little band of emigrants who have just begun to build their huts on a barbarous shore, and to whom the protection of the flag of a great nation is indispensably necessary. Nevertheless, there cannot really be more than one supreme power in a society. If, therefore, a time comes at which the mother country finds it expedient altogether to abdicate her paramount authority over a colony, one of two courses ought to be taken. There ought to be complete incorporation, if such incorporation be possible. If not, there ought to be complete separation. Very few propositions in politics can be so perfectly demonstrated as this, that parliamentary government cannot be carried on by two really equal and independent Parliaments in one empire.

And, if we admit the general rule to be that the English Parliament is competent to legislate for colonies planted by English subjects, what reason was there for considering the case of the colony in Ireland as an exception? For t is to be observed that the whole question was between the mother country and the colony. The aboriginal inhabi-

tants, more than five sixths of the population, had no more interest in the matter than the swine or the poultry; or, if they had an interest, it was for their interest that the caste which domineered over them should not be emancipated from all external control. They were no more represented in the Parliament which sat at Dublin than in the Parliament which sat at Westminster. They had less to dread from legislation at Westminster than from legislation at Dublin. They were, indeed, likely to obtain but a very scanty measure of justice from the English Tories, a more scanty measure still from the English Whigs; but the most acrimonious English Whig did not feel towards them that intense antipathy, compounded of hatred, fear, and scorn, with which they were regarded by the Cromwellian who dwelt among them.* For the Irishry, Molyneux, though boasting that he was the champion of liberty, though professing to have learned his political principles from Locke's writings, and though confidently expecting Locke's applause, asked nothing but a more cruel and more hopeless slavery. What he claimed was that, as respected the colony to which he belonged, England should forego rights which she has exercised and is still exercising over every other colony that she has ever planted. And what reason could be given for making such a distinction? No colony had owed so much to England. No colony stood in such need of the support of England. Twice, within the memory of men then living, the natives had attempted to throw off the alien yoke; twice the intruders had been in immi-

* That a portion at least of the native population of Ireland looked to the Parliament at Westminster for protection against the tyranny of the Parliament at Dublin appears from a paper entitled The Case of the Roman Catholic Nation of Ireland. This paper, written in 1711 by one of the oppressed race and religion, is in a MS. belonging to Lord Fingal. The Parliament of Ireland is accused of treating the Irish worse than the Turks treat the Christians, worse than the Egyptians treated the Israelites. "Therefore," says the writer, "they (the Irish) apply themselves to the present Parliament of Great Britain as a Parliament of nice honor and stanch justice. . . . Their request then is, that this great Parliament may make good the Treaty of Limerick in all the Civil Articles." In order to propitiate those to whom he makes this appeal, he accuses the Irish Parliament of encroaching on the supreme authority of the English Parliament, and charges the colonists generally with ingratitude to the mother country to which they owe so much.

nent danger of extirpation; twice England had come to the rescue, and had put down the Celtic population under the feet of her own progeny. Millions of English money had been expended in the struggle. English blood had flowed at the Boyne and at Athlone, at Aghrim and at Limerick. The graves of thousands of English soldiers had been dug in the pestilential morass of Dundalk. It was owing to the exertions and sacrifices of the English people that, from the basaltic pillars of Ulster to the lakes of Kerry, the Saxon settlers were trampling on the children of the soil. The colony in Ireland was therefore emphatically a dependency—a dependency, not merely by the common law of the realm, but by the nature of things. It was absurd to claim independence for a community which could not cease to be dependent without ceasing to exist.

Molyneux soon found that he had ventured on a perilous undertaking. A member of the English House of Commons complained in his place that a book which attacked the most precious privileges of the supreme Legislature was in circulation. The volume was produced; some passages were read; and a committee was appointed to consider the whole subject. The committee soon reported that the obnoxious pamphlet was only one of several symptoms which indicated a spirit such as ought to be suppressed. The crown of Ireland had been most improperly described in public instruments as an imperial crown. The Irish Lords and Commons had presumed not only to reënact an English act passed expressly for the purpose of binding them, but to reënact it with alterations. The alterations were indeed small; but the alteration even of a letter was tantamount to a declaration of independence. Several addresses were voted without a division. The king was entreated to discourage all encroachments of subordinate powers on the supreme authority of the English Legislature, to bring to justice the pamphleteer who had dared to question that authority, to enforce the acts which had been passed for the protection of the woollen manufactures of England, and to direct the industry and capital of Ireland into the channel of the linen trade, a trade which might grow and flourish in Leinster and Ulster without exciting the smallest jealousy at Norwich or at Halifax.

The king promised to do what the Commons asked; but, in truth, there was little to be done. The Irish, conscious of

their impotence, submitted without a murmur. The Irish woollen manufacture languished and disappeared, as it would, in all probability, have languished and disappeared if it had been left to itself. Had Molyneux lived a few months longer he would probably have been impeached. But the close of the session was approaching, and before the houses met again a timely death had snatched him from their vengeance; and the momentous question which had been first stirred by him slept a deep sleep till it was revived in a more formidable shape, after the lapse of twenty-six years, by the fourth letter of The Drapier.

Of the commercial questions, which prolonged this session far into the summer, the most important respected India. Four years had elapsed since the House of Commons had decided that all Englishmen had an equal right to traffic in the Asiatic Seas, unless prohibited by Parliament; and in that decision the king had thought it prudent to acquiesce. Any merchant of London or Bristol might now fit out a ship for Bengal or for China, without the least apprehension of being molested by the Admiralty or sued in the Courts of Westminster. No wise man, however, was disposed to stake a large sum on such a venture. For the vote which protected him from annoyance here left him exposed to serious risks on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope. The Old Company, though its exclusive privileges were no more, and though its dividends had greatly diminished, was still in existence, and still retained its castles and warehouses, its fleet of fine merchantmen, and its able and zealous factors, thoroughly qualified by a long experience to transact business both in the palaces and in the bazaars of the East, and accustomed to look for direction to the India House alone. The private trader, therefore, still ran great risk of being treated as a smuggler, if not as a pirate. He might indeed, if he was wronged, apply for redress to the tribunals of his country. But years must elapse before his cause could be heard; his witnesses must be conveyed over fifteen thousand miles of sea; and, in the mean time, he was a ruined man. The experiment of free trade with India had therefore been tried under every disadvantage, or, to speak more correctly, had not been tried at all. The general opinion had always been that some restriction was necessary, and that opinion had been confirmed by all that had happened since the old restrictions had been removed. The doors of the House of Commons

were again besieged by the two great contending factions of the city. The Old Company offered, in return for a monopoly secured by law, a loan of seven hundred thousand pounds; and the whole body of Tories was for accepting the offer. But those indefatigable agitators who had, ever since the Revolution, been striving to obtain a share in the trade of the Eastern Seas, exerted themselves at this conjuncture more strenuously than ever, and found a powerful patron in Montague.

That dexterous and eloquent statesman had two objects in view. One was to obtain for the state, as the price of the monopoly, a sum much larger than the Old Company was able to give. The other was to promote the interest of his own party. Nowhere was the conflict between Whigs and Tories sharper than in the city of London; and the influence of the city of London was felt to the remotest corner of the realm. To elevate the Whig section of that mighty commercial aristocracy which congregated under the arches of the Royal Exchange, and to depress the Tory section, had long been one of Montague's favorite schemes. He had already formed one citadel in the heart of that great emporium, and he now thought that it might be in his power to erect and garrison a second stronghold in a position scarcely less commanding. It had often been said, in times of civil war, that whoever was master of the Tower and of Tilbury Fort was master of London. The fastnesses by means of which Montague proposed to keep the capital obedient in times of peace and of constitutional government were of a different kind. The Bank was one of his fortresses; and he trusted that a new India House would be the other.

The task which he had undertaken was not an easy one; for, while his opponents were united, his adherents were divided. Most of those who were for a New Company thought that the New Company ought, like the Old Company, to trade on a joint stock. But there were some who held that our commerce with India would be best carried on by means of what is called a regulated company. There was a Turkey Company, the members of which contributed to a general fund, and had, in return, the exclusive privilege of trafficking with the Levant; but those members trafficked each on his own account; they forestalled each other; they undersold each other; one became rich, another became bankrupt. The Corporation meanwhile watched over the common inter-

est of all the members, furnished the crown with the means of maintaining an embassy at Constantinople, and placed at several important ports consuls and vice-consuls, whose business was to keep the pacha and the cadi in good-humor, and to arbitrate in disputes among Englishmen. Why might not the same system be found to answer in regions lying still further to the east? Why should not every member of the New Company be at liberty to export European commodities to the countries beyond the Cape, and to bring back shawls, saltpetre and bohea to England, while the company, in its collective capacity, might treat with Asiatic potentates, or exact reparation from them, and might be intrusted with powers for the administration of justice and for the government of forts and factories?

Montague tried to please all those whose support was necessary to him, and this he could effect only by bringing forward a plan so intricate that it cannot without some pains be understood. He wanted two millions to extricate the state from its financial embarrassments. That sum he proposed to raise by a loan at eight per cent. The lenders might be either individuals or corporations. But they were all, individuals and corporations, to be united in a new corporation, which was to be called the General Society. Every member of the General Society, whether individual or corporation, might trade separately with India to an extent not exceeding the amount which such member had advanced to the government. But all the members, or any of them, might, if they so thought fit, give up the privilege of trading separately, and unite themselves under a royal charter for the purpose of trading in common. Thus the General Society was, by its original constitution, a regulated company; but it was provided that either the whole society or any part of it might become a joint-stock company.

The opposition to the scheme was vehement and pertinacious. The Old Company presented petition after petition. The Tories, with Seymour at their head, appealed both to the good faith and to the compassion of Parliament. Much was said about the sanctity of the existing charter, and much about the tenderness due to the numerous families which had, in reliance on that charter, invested their substance in India stock. On the other side, there was no want of plausible topics or of skill to use them. Was it not strange that those who talked so much about the char-

ter should have altogether overlooked the very clause of the charter on which the whole question turned? That clause expressly reserved to the government power of revocation, after three years' notice, if the charter should not appear to be beneficial to the public. The charter had not been found beneficial to the public; the three years' notice should be given; and in the year 1701 the revocation would take effect. What could be fairer? If anybody was so weak as to imagine that the privileges of the Old Company were perpetual, when the very instrument which created those privileges expressly declared them to be terminable, what right had he to blame the Parliament, which was bound to do the best for the state, for not saving him, at the expense of the state, from the natural punishment of his own folly? It was evident that nothing was proposed inconsistent with strict justice. And what right had the Old Company to more than strict justice? These petitioners, who implored the Legislature to deal indulgently with them in their adversity, how had they used their boundless prosperity? Had not the India House recently been the very den of corruption, the tainted spot from which the plague had spread to the court and the council, to the House of Commons and the House of Lords? Were the disclosures of 1695 forgotten, the eighty thousand pounds of secret-service money disbursed in one year, the enormous bribes direct and indirect, Seymour's saltpetre contracts, Leeds's bags of gold? By the malepractices which the inquiry in the Exchequer Chamber then brought to light, the charter had been forfeited; and it would have been well if the forfeiture had been immediately enforced. "Had not time then pressed," said Montague, "had it not been necessary that the session should close, it is probable that the petitioners, who now cry out that they cannot get justice, would have got more justice than they desired. If they had been called to account for great and real wrong in 1695, we should not have had them here complaining of imaginary wrong in 1698."

The fight was protracted by the obstinacy and dexterity of the Old Company and its friends from the first week of May to the last week in June. It seems that many even of Montague's followers doubted whether the promised two millions would be forthcoming. His enemies confidently predicted that the General Society would be as complete a

failure as the Land Bank had been in the year before the last, and that he would in the autumn find himself in charge of an empty exchequer. His activity and eloquence, however, prevailed. On the twenty-sixth of June, after many laborious sittings, the question was put that this Bill do pass, and was carried by one hundred and fifteen votes to seventy-eight. In the Upper House the conflict was short and sharp. Some peers declared that, in their opinion, the subscription to the proposed loan, far from amounting to the two millions which the Chancellor of the Exchequer expected, would fall far short of one million. Others, with much reason, complained that a law of such grave importance should have been sent up to them in such a shape that they must either take the whole or throw out the whole. The privilege of the Commons with respect to money-bills had of late been grossly abused. The Bank had been created by one money-bill; this General Society was to be created by another money-bill. Such a bill the Lords could not amend: they might indeed reject it; but to reject it was to shake the foundations of public credit and to leave the kingdom defenceless. Thus one branch of the Legislature was systematically put under duress by the other, and seemed likely to be reduced to utter insignificance. It was better that the government should be once pinched for money than that the House of Peers should cease to be part of the Constitution. So strong was this feeling that the Bill was carried only by sixty-five to forty-eight. It received the royal sanction on the fifth of July. The king then spoke from the throne. This was the first occasion on which a King of England had spoken to a Parliament of which the existence was about to be terminated, not by his own act, but by the act of the law. He could not, he said, take leave of the lords and gentlemen before him without publicly acknowledging the great things which they had done for his dignity and for the welfare of the nation. He recounted the chief services which they had, during three eventful sessions, rendered to the country. "These things will," he said, "give a lasting reputation to this Parliament, and will be a subject of emulation to Parliaments which shall come after." The houses were then prorogued.

During the week which followed there was some anxiety as to the result of the subscription for the stock of the General Society. If that subscription failed, there would be a

deficit: public credit would be shaken; and Montague would be regarded as a pretender who had owed his reputation to a mere run of good luck, and who had tempted chance once too often. But the event was such as even his sanguine spirit had scarcely ventured to anticipate. At one in the afternoon of the fourteenth of July the books were opened at the Hall of the Company of Mercers in Cheapside. An immense crowd was already collected in the street. As soon as the doors were flung wide, wealthy citizens, with their money in their hands, pressed in, pushing and elbowing each other. The guineas were paid down faster than the clerks could count them. Before night six hundred thousand pounds had been subscribed. The next day the throng was as great. More than one capitalist put his name for thirty thousand pounds. To the astonishment of those ill-boding politicians who were constantly repeating that the war, the debt, the taxes, the grants to Dutch courtiers, had ruined the kingdom, the sum, which it had been doubted whether England would be able to raise in many weeks, was subscribed by London in a few hours. The applications from the provincial towns and rural districts came too late. The merchants of Bristol had intended to take three hundred thousand pounds of the stock, but had waited to learn how the subscription went on before they gave their final orders; and, by the time that the mail had gone down to Bristol and returned, there was no more stock to be had.

This was the moment at which the fortunes of Montague reached the meridian. The decline was close at hand. His ability and his constant success were everywhere talked of with admiration and envy. That man, it was commonly said, has never wanted, and never will want an expedient.

During the long and busy session which had just closed, some interesting and important events had taken place which may properly be mentioned here. One of those events was the destruction of the most celebrated palace in which the sovereigns of England have ever dwelt. On the evening of the fourth of January, a woman — the patriotic journalists and pamphleteers of that time did not fail to note that she was a Dutchwoman — who was employed as a laundress at Whitehall, lighted a charcoal fire in her room and placed some linen round it. The linen caught fire and burned furiously. The tapestry, the bedding, the wainscots were soon in a blaze. The unhappy woman who had done the mischief

perished. Soon the flames burst out of the windows. All Westminster, all the Strand, all the river were in commotion. Before midnight the king's apartments, the queen's apartments, the wardrobe, the treasury, the office of the privy council, the office of the secretary of state, had been destroyed. The two chapels perished together: that ancient chapel where Wolsey had heard mass in the midst of gorgeous copes, golden candlesticks, and jewelled crosses, and that modern edifice which had been erected for the devotions of James, and had been embellished by the pencil of Verrio and the chisel of Gibbons. Meanwhile a great extent of building had been blown up, and it was hoped that by this expedient a stop had been put to the conflagration. But early in the morning a new fire broke out of the heaps of combustible matter which the gunpowder had scattered to right and left. The guard-room was consumed. No trace was left of that celebrated gallery which had witnessed so many balls and pageants, in which so many maids of honor had listened too easily to the vows and flatteries of gallants, and in which so many bags of gold had changed masters at the hazard-table. During some time men despaired of the Banqueting House. The flames broke in on the south of that beautiful hall, and were with great difficulty extinguished by the exertions of the guards, to whom Cutts, mindful of his honorable nickname of the Salamander, set as good an example on this night of terror as he had set in the breach at Namur. Many lives were lost, and many grievous wounds were inflicted by the falling masses of stone and timber, before the fire was effectually subdued. When day broke, the heaps of smoking ruins spread from Scotland Yard to the Bowling Green, where the mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch now stands. The Banqueting House was safe; but the graceful columns and festoons designed by Inigo were so much defaced and blackened that their form could hardly be discerned. There had been time to move the most valuable effects which were movable. Unfortunately, some of Holbein's finest pictures were painted on the walls, and are consequently known to us only by copies and engravings. The books of the Treasury and of the Privy Council were rescued, and are still preserved. The ministers whose offices had been burned down were provided with new offices in the neighborhood. Henry the Eighth had built, close to St. James's Park, two appendages to the palace of Whitehall, a cockpit and a tennis-court. The Treasury now occu-

pies the site of the cockpit, the Privy Council Office the site of the tennis-court.

Notwithstanding the many associations which make the name of Whitehall still interesting to an Englishman, the old building was little regretted. It was spacious indeed and commodious, but mean and inelegant. The people of the capital had been annoyed by the scoffing way in which foreigners spoke of the principal residence of our sovereigns, and often said that it was a pity that the great fire had not spared the old portico of St. Paul's and the stately arcades of Gresham's Bourse, and taken in exchange that ugly old labyrinth of dingy brick and plastered timber. It might now be hoped that we should have a Louvre. Before the ashes of the old palace were cold, plans for a new palace were circulated and discussed. But William, who could not draw his breath in the air of Westminster, was little disposed to expend a million on a house which it would have been impossible for him to inhabit. Many blamed him for not restoring the dwelling of his predecessors; and a few Jacobites, whom evil temper and repeated disappointments had driven almost mad, accused him of having burned it down. It was not till long after his death that Tory writers ceased to call for the rebuilding of Whitehall, and to complain that the King of England had no better town house than St. James's, while the delightful spot where the Tudors and the Stuarts had held their councils and their revels was covered with the mansions of his jobbing courtiers.*

In the same week in which Whitehall perished, the Londoners were supplied with a new topic of conversation by a royal visit, which, of all royal visits, was the least pompous

* London Gazette, Jan. 6. 169$\frac{7}{8}$; Postman of the same date; Van Cleverskirke, Jan. $\frac{7}{17}$.; L'Hermitage, Jan. $\frac{4}{14}$., $\frac{7}{17}$.; Evelyn's Diary; Ward's London Spy; William to Heinsius, Jan. $\frac{7}{17}$.; "The loss," the king writes, "is less to me than it would be to another person, for I cannot live there. Yet it is serious." So late as 1758 Johnson described a furious Jacobite as firmly convinced that William burned down Whitehall in order to steal the furniture. — Idler, No. 10. Pope, in Windsor Forest, a poem which has a stronger tinge of Toryism than anything else that he ever wrote, predicts the speedy restoration of the fallen palace.

"I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend."

See Ralph's bitter remarks on the fate of Whitehall

and ceremonious, and yet the most interesting and important. On the tenth of January a vessel from Holland anchored off Greenwich, and was welcomed with great respect. Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy, was on board. He took boat with a few attendants, and was rowed up the Thames to Norfolk Street, where a house overlooking the river had been prepared for his reception.

His journey is an epoch in the history not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world. To the polished nations of Western Europe, the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara or Siam is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present, was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single chief. The dominions of Alexander and of Trajan were small when compared with the immense area of the Scythian desert. But, in the estimation of statesmen, that boundless expanse of larch forest and morass, where the snow lay deep during eight months of every year, and where a wretched peasantry could with difficulty defend their hovels against troops of famished wolves, was of less account than the two or three square miles into which were crowded the counting-houses, the warehouses, and the innumerable masts of Amsterdam. On the Baltic, Russia had not then a single port. Her maritime trade with the other nations of Christendom was entirely carried on at Archangel, a place which had been created and was supported by adventurers from our island. In the days of the Tudors, a ship from England, seeking a northeast passage to the land of silk and spice, had discovered the White Sea. The barbarians who dwelt on the shores of that dreary gulf had never before seen such a portent as a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons burden. They fled in terror; and, when they were pursued and overtaken, prostrated themselves before the chief of the strangers, and kissed his feet. He succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them, and from that time there had been a regular commercial intercourse between our country and the subjects of the Czar. A Russia Company was incorporated in London. An English factory was built at Archangel. That factory was indeed, even in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a rude and mean building. The walls consisted of trees laid one upon another, and the roof was of birch bark. This shelter, however, was sufficient in the long summer day of the Arctic regions. Regularly at that season several English ships cast anchor in the bay. A fair

was held on the beach. Traders came from a distance of many hundreds of miles to the only mart where they could exchange hemp and tar, hides and tallow, wax and honey, the fur of the sable and the wolverine, and the roe of the sturgeon of the Volga, for Manchester stuffs, Sheffield knives, Birmingham buttons, sugar from Jamaica, and pepper from Malabar. The commerce in these articles was open. But there was a secret traffic which was not less active or less lucrative, though the Russian laws had made it punishable, and though the Russian divines pronounced it damnable. In general, the mandates of princes and the lessons of priests were received by the Muscovite with profound reverence. But the authority of his princes and of his priests united could not keep him from tobacco. Pipes he could not obtain; but a cow's horn perforated served his turn. From every Archangel fair rolls of the best Virginia speedily found their way to Novgorod and Tobolsk.

The commercial intercourse between England and Russia made some diplomatic intercourse necessary. The diplomatic intercourse, however, was only occasional. The Czar had no permanent minister here. We had no permanent minister at Moscow, and even at Archangel we had no consul. Three or four times in a century extraordinary embassies were sent from Whitehall to the Kremlin, and from the Kremlin to Whitehall.

The English embassies had historians whose narratives may still be read with interest. Those historians described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of the barbarous country in which they had sojourned. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. It was not till more than a hundred years after the invention of printing that a single printing-press had been introduced into the Russian empire, and that printing-press had speedily perished in a fire which was supposed to have been kindled by the priests. Even in the seventeenth century the library of a prelate of the first dignity consisted of a few manuscripts. Those manuscripts, too, were in long rolls; for the art of book-binding was unknown. The best educated men could barely read and write. It was much if the secretary to whom was intrusted the direction of negotiations with foreign powers had a sufficient smattering of Dog Latin to make himself understood. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of

the Dark Ages. The denary notation was unknown. Even in the imperial treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires. Round the person of the sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels; but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. So late as the year 1663 the gentlemen of the retinue of the Earl of Carlisle were, in the city of Moscow, thrust into a single bedroom, and were told that, if they did not remain together, they would be in danger of being devoured by rats.

Such was the report which the English legations made of what they had seen and suffered in Russia; and their evidence was confirmed by the appearance which the Russian legations made in England. The strangers spoke no civilized language. Their garb, their gestures, their salutations, had a wild and barbarous character. The ambassador and the grandees who accompanied him were so gorgeous that all London crowded to stare at them, and so filthy that nobody dared to touch them. They came to the court balls dropping pearls and vermin. It was said that one envoy cudgelled the lords of his train whenever they soiled or lost any part of their finery, and that another had with difficulty been prevented from putting his son to death for the crime of shaving and dressing after the French fashion.

Our ancestors, therefore, were not a little surprised to learn that a young barbarian, who had, at seventeen years of age, become the autocrat of the immense region stretching from the confines of Sweden to those of China, and whose education had been inferior to that of an English farmer or shopman, had planned gigantic improvements, had learned enough of some languages of Western Europe to enable him to communicate with civilized men, had begun to surround himself with able adventurers from various parts of the world, had sent many of his young subjects to study languages, arts, and sciences in foreign cities, and, finally, had determined to travel as a private man, and to discover, by personal observation, the secret of the immense prosperity and power enjoyed by some communities whose whole territory was far less than the hundredth part of his dominions.

It might have been expected that France would have been the first object of his curiosity. For the grace and

dignity of the French king, the splendor of the French court, the discipline of the French armies, and the genius and learning of the French writers, were then renowned all over the world. But the Czar's mind had early taken a strange ply which it retained to the last. His empire was of all empires the least capable of being made a great naval power. The Swedish provinces lay between his states and the Baltic. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles lay between his states and the Mediterranean. He had access to the ocean only in a latitude in which navigation is, during a great part of every year, perilous and difficult. On the ocean he had only a single port, Archangel; and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing-boat. Yet, from some cause which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion, indeed almost to a monomania. His imagination was full of sails, yard-arms, and rudders. That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the general and the statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator was to be a good boatswain and a good ship's carpenter. Holland and England therefore had for him an attraction which was wanting to the galleries and terraces of Versailles. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dock-yard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of workmen, wielded with his own hand the calking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors who came to pay their respects to him were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

Such was the prince whom the populace of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant, and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hands, the fool who jabbered at his feet, the monkey

which grinned at the back of his chair, were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation. He meanwhile shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He went to a play; but, as soon as he perceived that pit, boxes, and galleries were staring, not at the stage, but at him, he retired to a back bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and to peep through a small window. He heard with great interest the royal assent given to a bill for raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds by land-tax, and learned with amazement that this sum, though larger by one half than the whole revenue which he could wring from the population of the immense empire of which he was absolute master, was but a small part of what the Commons of England voluntarily granted every year to their constitutional king.

William judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk Street so quietly that nobody in the neighborhood recognized his majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back-door. It was afterward known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a plate which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind, and with this plate he was in raptures.

He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of his curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was himself an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn, a house which had long been a favorite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favorite pursuits. He navigated a yacht every day up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fire-ships. The only Englishman of rank in whose society he seemed to take much pleasure was the eccentric Caermarthen, whose passion for the sea bore some resemblance to his own, and who was very competent to give an opinion about every part of a ship, from the stem to the stern. Caermarthen, indeed, became so great a favor-

ite, that he prevailed on the Czar to consent to the admission of a limited quantity of tobacco into Russia. There was reason to apprehend that the Russian clergy would cry out against any relaxation of the ancient rule, and would strenuously maintain that the practice of smoking was condemned by that text which declares that man is defiled, not by those things which enter in at the mouth, but by those which proceed out of it. This apprehension was expressed by a deputation of merchants who were admitted to an audience of the Czar; but they were reassured by the air with which he told them that he knew how to keep priests in order.

He was indeed so free from any bigoted attachment to the religion in which he had been brought up, that both papists and Protestants hoped at different times to make him a proselyte. Burnet, commissioned by his brethren, and impelled, no doubt, by his own restless curiosity and love of meddling, repaired to Deptford, and was honored with several audiences. The Czar could not be persuaded to exhibit himself at St. Paul's; but he was induced to visit Lambeth Palace. There he saw the ceremony of ordination performed, and expressed warm approbation of the Anglican ritual. Nothing in England astonished him so much as the archiepiscopal library. It was the first good collection of books that he had seen; and he declared that he had never imagined that there were so many printed volumes in the world.

The impression which he made on Burnet was not favorable. The good bishop could not understand that a mind which seemed to be chiefly occupied with questions about the best place for a capstan and the best way of rigging a jury-mast might be capable, not merely of ruling an empire, but of creating a nation. He complained that he had gone to see a great prince, and had found only an industrious shipwright. Nor does Evelyn seem to have formed a much more favorable opinion of his august tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of tenant that the czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and, when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and

velvet state-beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there. Evelyn's house was left in such a state that the Treasury quieted his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

Toward the close of March the Czar visited Portsmouth, saw a sham sea-fight at Spithead, watched every movement of the contending fleets with intense interest, and expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the hospitable government which had provided so delightful a spectacle for his amusement and instruction. After passing more than three months in England, he departed in high good-humor.*

His visit, his singular character, and what was rumored of his great designs, excited much curiosity here, but nothing more than curiosity. England had as yet nothing to hope or to fear from his vast empire. All her serious apprehensions were directed towards a different quarter. None could say how soon France, so lately an enemy, might be an enemy again.

The new diplomatic relations between the two great Western powers were widely different from those which had existed before the war. During the eighteen years which had elapsed between the signing of the Treaty of Dover and the Revolution, all the envoys who had been sent from Whitehall to Versailles had been mere sycophants of the great king. In England the French ambassador had been the object of a degrading worship. The chiefs of both the great parties had been his pensioners and his tools. The ministers of the crown had paid him open homage. The leaders of the opposition had stolen into his house by the back-door. Kings had stooped to implore his good offices, had persecuted him for money with the importunity of street-beggars; and, when they had succeeded in obtaining from him a box of doubloons

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* As to the Czar: — London Gazette; Van Citters, 1698; Jan. $\frac{11}{21}$., $\frac{14}{24}$.; Mar. $\frac{11}{21}$.; $\frac{\text{Mar. 22.}}{\text{April 1.}}$; $\frac{\text{Mar. 29.}}{\text{April 8.}}$; L'Hermitage, Jan. $\frac{11}{21}$., $\frac{18}{28}$.; $\frac{\text{Jan. 25.}}{\text{Feb. 4.}}$; Feb. $\frac{1}{11}$., $\frac{8}{18}$., $\frac{11}{21}$.; $\frac{\text{Feb. 22.}}{\text{Mar. 4.}}$; $\frac{\text{Feb. 25.}}{\text{Mar. 7.}}$; Mar. $\frac{4}{14}$., $\frac{\text{Mar. 29.}}{\text{April 8.}}$; $\frac{\text{April 22.}}{\text{May 2.}}$. See also Evelyn's Diary; Burnet; Postman, Jan. 13. 15.; Feb. 10. 12. 24.; Mar. 24. 26. 31. As to Russia, see Hakluyt, Purchas, Voltaire, St. Simon. Estat de Russie par Margeret, Paris, 1607. State of Russia, London, 1671. La Relation des Trois Ambassades de M. Le Comte de Carlisle, Amsterdam, 1672. (There is an English translation from this French original.) North's Life of Dudley North. Seymour's History of London, ii. 426. Pepys and Evelyn on the Russian Embassies; Milton's account of Muscovy. On the personal habits of the Czar, see the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareuth.

or a bill of exchange, had embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy. But those days were past. England would never again send a Preston or a Skelton to bow down before the majesty of France. France would never again send a Barillon to dictate to the cabinet of England. Henceforth the intercourse between the two states would be on terms of perfect equality.

William thought it necessary that the minister who was to represent him at the French court should be a man of the first consideration, and one on whom entire reliance could be reposed. Portland was chosen for this important and delicate mission; and the choice was eminently judicious. He had, in the negotiations of the preceding year, shown more ability than was to be found in the whole crowd of formalists who had been exchanging notes and drawing up protocols at Ryswick. Things which had been kept secret from the plenipotentiaries who had signed the treaty were well known to him. The clew of the whole foreign policy of England and Holland was in his possession. His fidelity and diligence were beyond all praise. These were strong recommendations. Yet it seemed strange to many that William should have been willing to part, for a considerable time, from a companion with whom he had, during a quarter of a century, lived on terms of entire confidence and affection. The truth was that the confidence was still what it had long been, but that the affection, though it was not yet extinct, though it had not even cooled, had become a cause of uneasiness to both parties. Till very recently the little knot of personal friends who had followed William from his native land to his place of splendid banishment had been firmly united. The aversion which the English nation felt for them had given him much pain; but he had not been annoyed by any quarrel among themselves. Zulestein and Auverquerque had, without a murmur, yielded to Portland the first place in the royal favor; nor had Portland grudged to Zulestein and Auverquerque very solid and very signal proofs of their master's kindness. But a younger rival had lately obtained an influence which created much jealousy. Among the Dutch gentlemen who had sailed with the Prince of Orange from Helvoetsluys to Torbay was one named Arnold Van Keppel. Keppel had a sweet and obliging temper, winning manners, and a quick, though not a profound understand-

ing. Courage, loyalty, and secrecy were common between him and Portland. In other points they differed widely. Portland was naturally the very opposite of a flatterer, and, having been the intimate friend of the Prince of Orange at a time when the interval between the house of Orange and the house of Bentinck was not so wide as it afterward became, had acquired a habit of plain speaking which he could not unlearn when the comrade of his youth had become the sovereign of three kingdoms. He was a most trusty, but not a very respectful subject. There was nothing which he was not ready to do or suffer for William. But in his intercourse with William he was blunt, and sometimes surly. Keppel, on the other hand, had a great desire to please, and looked up with unfeigned admiration to a master whom he had been accustomed, ever since he could remember, to consider as the first of living men. Arts, therefore, which were neglected by the elder courtier, were assiduously practised by the younger. So early as the spring of 1691 shrewd observers were struck by the manner in which Keppel watched every turn of the king's eye, and anticipated the king's unuttered wishes. Gradually the new servant rose into favor. He was at length made Earl of Albemarle and Master of the Robes. But his elevation, though it furnished the Jacobites with a fresh topic for calumny and ribaldry, was not so offensive to the nation as the elevation of Portland had been. Portland's manners were thought dry and haughty; but envy was disarmed by the blandness of Albemarle's temper and by the affability of his deportment. Portland, though strictly honest, was covetous; Albemarle was generous. Portland had been naturalized here only in name and form; but Albemarle affected to have forgotten his own country, and to have become an Englishman in feelings and manners. The palace was soon disturbed by quarrels, in which Portland seems to have been always the aggressor, and in which he found little support either among the English or among his own countrymen. William, indeed, was not the man to discard an old friend for a new one. He steadily gave, on all occasions, the preference to the companion of his youthful days. Portland had the first place in the bedchamber. He held high command in the army. On all great occasions he was trusted and consulted. He was far more powerful in Scotland than the Lord High Commissioner, and far deeper in the secret of foreign affairs than the Secretary of State. He wore the Garter, which sovereign princes

coveted. Lands and money had been bestowed on him so liberally that he was one of the richest subjects in Europe. Albemarle had as yet not even a regiment; he had not been sworn of council; and the wealth which he owed to the royal bounty was a pittance when compared with the domains and the hoards of Portland. Yet Portland thought himself aggrieved. He could not bear to see any other person near him, though below him, in the royal favor. In his fits of resentful sullenness he hinted an intention of retiring from the court. William omitted nothing that a brother could have done to soothe and conciliate a brother. Letters are still extant in which he, with the utmost solemnity, calls God to witness that his affection for Bentinck still is what it was in their early days. At length a compromise was made. Portland, disgusted with Kensington, was not sorry to go to France as ambassador; and William, with deep emotion, consented to a separation longer than had ever taken place during an intimacy of twenty-five years. A day or two after the new plenipotentiary had set out on his mission, he received a touching letter from his master. "The loss of your society," the king wrote, "has affected me more than you can imagine. I should be very glad if I could believe that you felt as much pain at quitting me as I felt at seeing you depart; for then I might hope that you had ceased to doubt the truth of what I so solemnly declared to you on my oath. Assure yourself that I never was more sincere. My feeling toward you is one which nothing but death can alter." It should seem that the answer returned to these affectionate assurances was not perfectly gracious; for, when the king next wrote, he gently complained of an expression which had wounded him severely.

But, though Portland was an unreasonable and querulous friend, he was a most faithful and zealous minister. His despatches show how indefatigably he toiled for the interests, and how punctiliously he guarded the dignity of the prince by whom he imagined that he had been unjustly and unkindly treated.

The Embassy was the most magnificent that England had ever sent to any foreign court. Twelve men of honorable birth and ample fortune, some of whom afterward filled high offices in the state, attended the mission at their own charge. Each of them had his own carriage, his own horses, and his own train of servants. Two less wealthy persons, who, in

different ways, attained great note in literature, were of the company. Rapin, whose history of England might have been found, a century ago, in every library, was the preceptor of the ambassador's eldest son, Lord Woodstock. Prior was secretary of legation. His quick parts, his industry, his politeness, and his perfect knowledge of the French language, marked him out as eminently fitted for diplomatic employment. He had, however, found much difficulty in overcoming an odd prejudice which his chief had conceived against him. Portland, with good natural abilities and great expertness in business, was no scholar. He had probably never read an English book: but he had a general notion, unhappily but too well founded, that the wits and poets who congregated at Will's were a most profane and licentious set; and, being himself a man of orthodox opinions and regular life, he was not disposed to give his confidence to one whom he supposed to be a ribald scoffer. Prior, with much address, and perhaps with the help of a little hypocrisy, completely removed this unfavorable impression. He talked on serious subjects seriously, quoted the New Testament appositely, vindicated Hammond from the charge of popery, and, by way of a decisive blow, gave the definition of a true Church from the nineteenth article. Portland stared at him. "I am glad, Mr. Prior, to find you so good a Christian. I was afraid that you were an atheist." "An atheist, my good lord!" cried Prior. "What could lead your lordship to entertain such a suspicion?" "Why," said Portland, "I knew that you were a poet; and I took it for granted that you did not believe in God." "My lord," said the wit, "you do us poets the greatest injustice. Of all people, we are the farthest from atheism. For the atheists do not even worship the true God, whom the rest of mankind acknowledge; and we are always invoking and hymning false gods whom everybody else has renounced." This jest will be perfectly intelligible to all who remember the eternally recurring allusions to Venus and Minerva, Mars, Cupid, and Apollo, which were meant to be the ornaments, and are the blemishes of Prior's compositions. But Portland was much puzzled. However, he declared himself satisfied; and the young diplomatist withdrew, laughing to think with how little learning a man might shine in courts, lead armies, negotiate treaties, obtain a coronet and a garter, and leave a fortune of half a million.

The citizens of Paris and the courtiers of Versailles, though more accustomed than the Londoners to magnificent pageantry, allowed that no minister from any foreign state had ever made so superb an appearance as Portland. His horses, his liveries, his plate, were unrivalled. His state carriage, drawn by eight fine Neapolitan grays decorated with orange ribbons, was specially admired. On the day of his public entry, the streets, the balconies, and the windows were crowded with spectators along a line of three miles. As he passed over the bridge on which the statue of Henry IV. stands, he was much amused by hearing one of the crowd exclaim, "Was it not this gentleman's master that we burned on this very bridge eight years ago?" The ambassador's hotel was constantly thronged from morning to night by visitors in plumes and embroidery. Several tables were sumptuously spread every day under his roof; and every English traveller of decent station and character was welcome to dine there. The board at which the master of the house presided in person, and at which he entertained his most distinguished guests, was said to be more luxurious than that of any prince of the house of Bourbon. For there the most exquisite cookery of France was set off by a certain neatness and comfort which then, as now, peculiarly belonged to England. During the banquet the room was filled with people of fashion, who went to see the grandees eat and drink. The expense of all this splendor and hospitality was enormous, and was exaggerated by report. The cost to the English government really was fifty thousand pounds in five months. It is probable that the opulent gentlemen who accompanied the mission as volunteers laid out nearly as much more from their private resources.

The malecontents at the coffee-houses of London murmured at this profusion, and accused William of ostentation. But, as this fault was never, on any other occasion, imputed to him even by his detractors, we may not unreasonably attribute to policy what to superficial or malicious observers seemed to be vanity. He probably thought it important, at the commencement of a new era in the relations between the two great kingdoms of the West, to hold high the dignity of the crown which he wore. He well knew, indeed, that the greatness of a prince does not depend on piles of silver bowls and chargers, trains of gilded coaches, and multitudes of running footmen in brocade, and led horses in velvet housings. But he knew also that the subjects of Lewis had, during the

long reign of their magnificent sovereign, been accustomed to see power constantly associated with pomp, and would hardly believe that the substance existed unless they were dazzled by the trappings.

If the object of William was to strike the imagination of the French people, he completely succeeded. The stately and gorgeous appearance which the English embassy made on public occasions was, during some time, the general topic of conversation at Paris. Portland enjoyed a popularity which contrasts strangely with the extreme unpopularity which he had incurred in England. The contrast will perhaps seem less strange when we consider what immense sums he had accumulated at the expense of the English, and what immense sums he was laying out for the benefit of the French. It must also be remembered that he could not confer or correspond with Englishmen in their own language, and that the French tongue was at least as familiar to him as that of his native Holland. He, therefore, who here was called greedy, niggardly, dull, brutal, whom one English nobleman had described as a block of wood, and another as just capable of carrying a message right, was in the brilliant circles of France considered as a model of grace, of dignity, and of munificence — as a dexterous negotiator and a finished gentleman. He was the better liked because he was a Dutchman; for, though fortune had favored William, though considerations of policy had induced the court of Versailles to acknowledge him, he was still, in the estimation of that court, a usurper; and his English councillors and captains were perjured traitors who richly deserved axes and halters, and might, perhaps, get what they deserved. But Bentinck was not to be confounded with Leeds and Marlborough, Orford and Godolphin. He had broken no oath — had violated no law. He owed no allegiance to the house of Stuart; and the fidelity and zeal with which he had discharged his duties to his own country and his own master entitled him to respect. The noble and powerful vied with each other in paying honor to the stranger.

The ambassador was splendidly entertained by the Duke of Orleans at St. Cloud, and by the dauphin at Meudon. A Marshal of France was charged to do the honors of Marli, and Lewis graciously expressed his concern that the frosts of an ungenial spring prevented the fountains and flower-beds from appearing to advantage On one occasion Portland

was distinguished not only by being selected to hold the waxlight in the royal bedroom, but by being invited to go within the balustrade which surrounded the couch, a magic circle which the most illustrious foreigners had hitherto found impassable. The secretary shared largely in the attentions which were paid to his chief. The Prince of Condé took pleasure in talking with him on literary subjects. The courtesy of the aged Bossuet, the glory of the Church of Rome, was long gratefully remembered by the young heretic. Boileau had the good sense and good feeling to exchange a friendly greeting with the aspiring novice who had administered to him a discipline as severe as he had administered to Quinault. The great king himself warmly praised Prior's manners and conversation, a circumstance which will be thought remarkable when it is remembered that his majesty was an excellent model and an excellent judge of gentlemanlike deportment, and that Prior had passed his boyhood in drawing corks at a tavern, and his early manhood in the seclusion of a college. The secretary did not, however, carry his politeness so far as to refrain from asserting, on proper occasions, the dignity of his country and of his master. He looked coldly on the twenty-one celebrated pictures in which Le Brun had represented on the ceiling of the gallery of Versailles the exploits of Lewis. When he was sneeringly asked whether Kensington Palace could boast of such decorations, he answered, with spirit and propriety, "No, sir. The memorials of the great things which my master has done are to be seen in many places, but not in his own house."

Great as was the success of the embassy, there was one drawback. James was still at St. Germains; and round the mock king were gathered a mock court and council, a Great Seal and a Privy Seal, a crowd of garters and collars, white staves and gold keys. Against the pleasure which the marked attentions of the French princes and grandees gave to Portland was to be set off the vexation which he felt when Middleton crossed his path with the busy look of a real secretary of state. But it was with emotions far deeper that the ambassador saw on the terraces and in the antechambers of Versailles men who had been deeply implicated in plots against the life of his master. He expressed his indignation loudly and vehemently. "I hope," he said, "that there is no design in this; that these wretches are not purposely thrust in my way. When they come near me all my blood runs back in

my veins." His words were reported to Lewis. Lewis employed Boufflers to smooth matters, and Boufflers took occasion to say something on the subject as if from himself. Portland easily divined that in talking with Boufflers he was really talking with Lewis, and eagerly seized the opportunity of representing the expediency — the absolute necessity of removing James to a greater distance from England. "It was not contemplated, marshal," he said, "when we arranged the terms of peace in Brabant, that a palace in the suburbs of Paris was to continue to be an asylum for outlaws and murderers." "Nay, my lord," said Boufflers, uneasy doubtless on his own account, "you will not, I am sure, assert that I gave you any pledge that King James would be required to leave France. You are too honorable a man — you are too much my friend to say any such thing." "It is true," answered Portland, "that I did not insist on a positive promise from you; but remember what passed. I proposed that King James should retire to Rome or Modena. Then you suggested Avignon, and I assented. Certainly my regard for you makes me very unwilling to do anything that would give you pain. But my master's interests are dearer to me than all the friends that I have in the world put together. I must tell his most Christian majesty all that passed between us; and I hope that when I tell him you will be present, and that you will be able to bear witness that I have not put a single word of mine into your mouth."

When Boufflers had argued and expostulated in vain, Villeroy was sent on the same errand, but had no better success. A few days later Portland had a long private audience of Lewis. Lewis declared that he was determined to keep his word, to preserve the peace of Europe, to abstain from everything which could give just cause of offence to England; but that, as a man of honor, as a man of humanity, he could not refuse shelter to an unfortunate king, his own first cousin. Portland replied that nobody questioned his majesty's good faith; but that, while Saint Germains was occupied by its present inmates, it would be beyond even his majesty's power to prevent eternal plotting between them and the malecontents on the other side of the Straits of Dover, and that, while such plotting went on, the peace must necessarily be insecure. The question was really not one of humanity. It was not asked — it was not wished that James should be left destitute. Nay,

the English government was willing to allow him an income larger than that which he derived from the munificence of France. Fifty thousand pounds a year, to which, in strictness of law, he had no right, awaited his acceptance if he would only move to a greater distance from the country which, while he was near it, could never be at rest. If, in such circumstances, he refused to move, this was the strongest reason for believing that he could not safely be suffered to stay. The fact that he thought the difference between residing at St. Germains and residing at Avignon worth more than fifty thousand a year sufficiently proved that he had not relinquished the hope of being restored to his throne by means of a rebellion or of something worse. Lewis answered that on that point his resolution was unalterable. He never would compel his guest and kinsman to depart. "There is another matter," said Portland, "about which I have felt it my duty to make representations. I mean the countenance given to the assassins." "I know nothing about assassins," said Lewis. "Of course," answered the ambassador, "your majesty knows nothing about such men. At least your majesty does not know them for what they are. But I can point them out, and can furnish ample proofs of their guilt." He then named Berwick. For the English government, which had been willing to make large allowances for Berwick's peculiar position as long as he confined himself to acts of open and manly hostility, conceived that he had forfeited all claim to indulgence by becoming privy to the Assassination Plot. This man, Portland said, constantly haunted Versailles. Barclay, whose guilt was of a still deeper dye — Barclay, the chief contriver of the murderous ambuscade of Turnham Green — had found in France not only an asylum, but an honorable military position. The monk who was sometimes called Harrison, and sometimes went by the alias of Johnson, but who, whether Harrison or Johnson, had been one of the earliest and one of the most bloodthirsty of Barclay's accomplices, was now comfortably settled as prior of a religious house in France. Lewis denied or evaded all these charges. "I never," he said, "heard of your Harrison. As to Barclay, he certainly once had a company, but it has been disbanded; and what has become of him I do not know. It is true that Berwick was in London towards the close of 1695,

but he was there only for the purpose of ascertaining whether a descent on England was practicable, and I am confident that he was no party to any cruel and dishonorable design." In truth, Lewis had a strong personal motive for defending Berwick. The guilt of Berwick as respected the Assassination Plot does not appear to have extended beyond connivance, and to the extent of connivance Lewis himself was guilty.

Thus the audience terminated. All that was left to Portland was to announce that the exiles must make their choice between St. Germains and fifty thousand a year; that the protocol of Ryswick bound the English government to pay to Mary of Modena only what the law gave her; that the law gave her nothing; that consequently the English government was bound to nothing; and that, while she, her husband and her child remained where they were, she should have nothing. It was hoped that this announcement would produce a considerable effect even in James's household; and, indeed, some of his hungry courtiers and priests seem to have thought the chance of a restoration so small that it would be absurd to refuse a splendid income, though coupled with a condition which might make that small chance somewhat smaller. But it is certain that, if there was murmuring among the Jacobites, it was disregarded by James. He was fully resolved not to move, and was only confirmed in his resolution by learning that he was regarded by the usurper as a dangerous neighbor. Lewis paid so much regard to Portland's complaints as to intimate to Middleton a request, equivalent to a command, that the lords and gentlemen who formed the retinue of the banished King of England would not come to Versailles on days on which the representative of the actual king was expected there. But at other places there was constant risk of an encounter which might have produced several duels, if not a European war. James indeed, far from shunning such encounters, seems to have taken a perverse pleasure in thwarting his benefactor's wish to keep the peace, and in placing the ambassador in embarrassing situations. One day his excellency, while drawing on his boots for a run with the dauphin's celebrated wolf-pack, was informed that King James meant to be of the party, and was forced to stay at home. Another day, when his excellency had set his heart on having some

sport with the royal stag-hounds, he was informed by the grand huntsman that King James might probably come to the rendezvous without any notice. Melfort was particularly active in laying traps for the young noblemen and gentlemen of the legation. The Prince of Wales was more than once placed in such a situation that they could scarcely avoid passing close to him. Were they to salute him? Were they to stand erect and covered while everybody else saluted him? No Englishman zealous for the Bill of Rights and the Protestant religion would willingly do anything which could be construed into an act of homage to a popish pretender. Yet no good-natured and generous man, however firm in his Whig principles, would willingly offer anything which could look like an affront to an innocent and a most unfortunate child.

Meanwhile other matters of grave importance claimed Portland's attention. There was one matter in particular about which the French ministers anxiously expected him to say something, but about which he observed strict silence. How to interpret that silence they scarcely knew. They were certain only that it could not be the effect of unconcern. They were well assured that the subject which he so carefully avoided was never, during two waking hours together, out of his thoughts or out of the thoughts of his master. Nay, there was not in all Christendom a single politician, from the greatest ministers of state down to the silliest newsmongers of coffee-houses, who really felt that indifference which the prudent ambassador of England affected. A momentous event, which had during many years been constantly becoming more and more probable, was now certain and near. Charles the Second of Spain, the last descendant in the male line of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, would soon die without posterity. Who would then be the heir to his many kingdoms, dukedoms, counties, lordships, acquired in different ways, held by different titles, and subject to different laws? That was a question about which jurists differed, and which it was not likely that jurists would, even if they were unanimous, be suffered to decide. Among the claimants were the mightiest sovereigns of the Continent: there was little chance that they would submit to any arbitration but that of the sword; and it could not be hoped that, if they appealed to the sword, other potentates who had no pretension to any part of the disputed

inheritance would long remain neutral; for there was in Western Europe no government which did not feel that its own prosperity, dignity, and security might depend on the event of the contest.

It is true that the empire, which had, in the preceding century, threatened both France and England with subjugation, had of late been of hardly so much account as the Duchy of Savoy or the Electorate of Brandenburg. But it by no means followed that the fate of that empire was matter of indifference to the rest of the world. The paralytic helplessness and drowsiness of the body once so formidable could not be imputed to any deficiency of the natural elements of power. The dominions of the Catholic king were in extent and in population superior to those of Lewis and of William united. Spain alone, without a single dependency, ought to have been a kingdom of the first rank; and Spain was but the nucleus of the Spanish monarchy. The outlying provinces of that monarchy in Europe would have sufficed to make three highly respectable states of the second order. One such state might have been formed in the Netherlands. It would have been a wide expanse of cornfield, orchard, and meadow, intersected by navigable rivers and canals. At short intervals, in that thickly peopled and carefully tilled region, rose stately old towns, encircled by strong fortifications, embellished by fine cathedrals and senate-houses, and renowned either as seats of learning or as seats of mechanical industry. A second flourishing principality might have been created between the Alps and the Po, out of that well-watered garden of olives and mulberry-trees which spreads many miles on every side of the great white temple of Milan. Yet neither the Netherlands nor the Milanese could, in physical advantages, vie with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, a land which nature had taken pleasure in enriching and adorning, a land which would have been Paradise if tyranny and superstition had not, during many ages, lavished all their noxious influences on the Bay of Campania, the plain of Enna, and the sunny banks of Galesus.

In America the Spanish territories spread from the equator northward and southward through all the signs of the zodiac far into the temperate zone. Thence came gold and silver to be coined in all the mints, and curiously wrought in all the jewellers' shops, of Europe and Asia. Thence came the finest

tobacco, the finest chocolate, the finest indigo, the finest cochineal, the hides of innumerable wild oxen, quinquina, coffee, sugar. Either the viceroyalty of Mexico or the viceroyalty of Peru would, as an independent state, with ports open to all the world, have been an important member of the great community of nations.

And yet the aggregate, made up of so many parts, each of which separately might have been powerful and highly considered, was impotent to a degree which moved at once pity and laughter. Already one most remarkable experiment had been tried on this strange empire. A small fragment, hardly a three hundredth part of the whole in extent, hardly a thirtieth part of the whole in population, had been detached from the rest, had from that moment begun to display a new energy and to enjoy a new prosperity, and was now, after the lapse of a hundred and twenty years, far more feared and reverenced than the huge mass of which it had once been an obscure corner. What a contrast between the Holland which Alva had oppressed and plundered, and the Holland from which William had sailed to deliver England! And who, with such an example before him, would venture to foretell what changes might be at hand if the most languid and torpid of monarchies should be dissolved, and if every one of the members which had composed it should enter on an independent existence?

To such a dissolution that monarchy was peculiarly liable. The King, and the King alone, held it together. The populations which acknowledged him as their chief either knew nothing of each other, or regarded each other with positive aversion. The Biscayan was in no sense the countryman of the Valencian, nor the Lombard of the Biscayan, nor the Fleming of the Lombard, nor the Sicilian of the Fleming. The Aragonese had never ceased to pine for their lost independence. Within the memory of many persons still living, the Catalans had risen in rebellion, had entreated Lewis the Thirteenth of France to become their ruler with the old title of Count of Barcelona, and had actually sworn fealty to him. Before the Catalans had been quieted, the Neapolitans had taken arms, had abjured their foreign master, had proclaimed their city a republic, and had elected a doge. In the New World, the small caste

of born Spaniards which had the exclusive enjoyment of power and dignity was hated by Creoles and Indians, Mestizos and Quadroons. The Mexicans especially had turned their eyes on a chief who bore the name and had inherited the blood of the unhappy Montezuma. Thus it seemed that the empire against which Elizabeth and Henry the Fourth had been scarcely able to contend, would not improbably fall to pieces of itself, and that the first violent shock from without would scatter the ill-cemented parts of the huge fabric in all directions.

But, though such a dissolution had no terrors for the Catalonian or the Fleming, for the Lombard or the Calabrian, for the Mexican or the Peruvian, the thought of it was torture and madness to the Castilian. Castile enjoyed the supremacy in that great assemblage of races and languages. Castile sent out governors to Brussels, Milan, Naples, Mexico, Lima. To Castile came the annual galleons laden with the treasures of America. In Castile were ostentatiously displayed and lavishly spent great fortunes made in remote provinces by oppression and corruption. In Castile were the king and his court. There stood the stately Escurial, once the centre of the politics of the world, the place to which distant potentates looked, some with hope and gratitude, some with dread and hatred, but none without anxiety and awe. The glory of the house had indeed departed. It was long since couriers bearing orders big with the fate of kings and commonwealths had ridden forth from those gloomy portals. Military renown, maritime ascendency, the policy once reputed so profound, the wealth once deemed inexhaustible, had passed away. An undisciplined army, a rotting fleet, an incapable council, an empty treasury, were all that remained of that which had been so great. Yet the proudest of nations could not bear to part even with the name and the shadow of a supremacy which was no more. All, from the grandee of the first class to the peasant, looked forward with dread to the day when God should be pleased to take their king to himself. Some of them might have a predilection for Germany; but such predilections were subordinate to a stronger feeling. The paramount object was the integrity of the empire of which Castile was the head; and the prince who should appear to be most likely to preserve that in

tegrity unviolated would have the best right to the allegiance of every true Castilian.

No man of sense, however, out of Castile, when he considered the nature of the inheritance and the situation of the claimants, could doubt that a partition was inevitable. Among those claimants three stood preëminent, the dauphin, the Emperor Leopold, and the Electoral Prince of Bavaria.

If the question had been simply one of pedigree, the right of the dauphin would have been incontestable. Lewis the Fourteenth had married the Infanta Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of Philip the Fourth and sister of Charles the Second. Her eldest son, the dauphin, would therefore, in the regular course of things, have been her brother's successor. But she had, at the time of her marriage, renounced, for herself and her posterity, all pretensions to the Spanish crown.

To that renunciation her husband had assented. It had been made an article of the treaty of the Pyrenees. The pope had been requested to give his apostolical sanction to an arrangement so important to the peace of Europe; and Lewis had sworn, by everything that could bind a gentleman, a king, and a Christian, by his honor, by his royal word, by the canon of the Mass, by the Holy Gospels, by the Cross of Christ, that he would hold the renunciation sacred.*

The claim of the emperor was derived from his mother Mary Anne, daughter of Philip the Third, and aunt of Charles the Second, and could not therefore, if nearness of blood alone were to be regarded, come into competition with the claim of the dauphin. But the claim of the emperor was barred by no renunciation. The rival pretensions of the great houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg furnished all Europe with an inexhaustible subject of discussion. Plausible topics were not wanting to the supporters of either cause. The

* It is worth while to transcribe the words of the engagement which Lewis, a chivalrous and a devout prince, violated without the smallest scruple. "Nous, Louis, par la grace de Dieu, Roi très Chrétien de France et de Navarre, promettons pour notre honneur, en foi et parole de Roi, jurons sur la croix, les saints Evangiles, et les canons de la Messe, que nous avons touchés, que nous observerons, et accomplirons entièrement de bonne foi tous et chacun des points et articles contenus au traité de paix, renonciation, et amitié."

partisans of the house of Austria dwelt on the sacredness of treaties; the partisans of France on the sacredness of birthright. How, it was asked on one side, can a Christian king have the effrontery, the impiety, to insist on a claim which he has with such solemnity renounced in the face of heaven and earth? How, it was asked on the other side, can the fundamental laws of a monarchy be annulled by any authority but that of the supreme legislature? The only body which was competent to take away from the children of Maria Theresa their hereditary rights was the Cortes. The Cortes had not ratified her renunciation. That renunciation was therefore a nullity; and no swearing, no signing, no sealing, could turn that nullity into a reality.

Which of these two mighty competitors had the better case may perhaps be doubted. What could not be doubted was that neither would obtain the prize without a struggle which would shake the world. Nor can we justly blame either for refusing to give way to the other. For, on this occasion, the chief motive which actuated them was, not greediness, but the fear of degradation and ruin. Lewis, in resolving to put everything to hazard rather than suffer the power of the house of Austria to be doubled; Leopold, in determining to put everything to hazard rather than suffer the power of the house of Bourbon to be doubled; merely obeyed the law of self-preservation. There was therefore one way, and one alone, by which the great woe which seemed to be coming on Europe could be averted. Was it possible that the dispute might be compromised? Might not the two great rivals be induced to make to a third party concessions such as neither could reasonably be expected to make to the other?

The third party, to whom all who were anxious for the peace of Christendom looked as their best hope, was a child of tender age, Joseph, son of the Elector of Bavaria. His mother, the Electress Mary Antoinette, was the only child of the Emperor Leopold by his first wife Margaret, a younger sister of the Queen of Lewis the Fourteenth. Prince Joseph was, therefore, nearer in blood to the Spanish throne than his grandfather the emperor, or than the sons whom the emperor had by his second wife. The Infanta Margaret had indeed, at the time of her marriage, renounced her rights to the kingdom of her forefathers. But the renunciation wanted many formalities which had been observed in her sister's case, and

might be considered as cancelled by the will of Philip the Fourth, which had declared that, failing his issue male, Margaret and her posterity would be entitled to inherit his crown. The partisans of France held that the Bavarian claim was better than the Austrian claim; the partisans of Austria held that the Bavarian claim was better than the French claim. But that which really constituted the strength of the Bavarian claim was the weakness of the Bavarian government. The Electoral Prince was the only candidate whose success would alarm nobody; would not make it necessary for any power to raise another regiment, to man another frigate, to have in store another barrel of gunpowder. He was therefore the favorite candidate of prudent and peaceful men in every country.

Thus all Europe was divided into the French, the Austrian, and the Bavarian factions. The contests of these factions were daily renewed in every place where men congregated, from Stockholm to Malta, and from Lisbon to Smyrna. But the fiercest and most obstinate conflict was that which raged in the palace of the Catholic king. Much depended on him. For, though it was not pretended that he was competent to alter by his sole authority the law which regulated the descent of the crown, yet, in a case in which the law was doubtful, it was probable that his subjects might be disposed to accept the construction which he might put upon it, and to support the claimant whom he might, either by a solemn adoption or by will, designate as the rightful heir. It was also in the power of the reigning sovereign to intrust all the most important offices in his kingdom, the government of all the provinces subject to him in the old and in the new world, and the keys of all his fortresses and arsenals, to persons zealous for the family which he was inclined to favor. It was difficult to say to what extent the fate of whole nations might be affected by the conduct of the officers who, at the time of his decease, might command the garrisons of Barcelona, of Mons, and of Namur.

The prince on whom so much depended was the most miserable of human beings. In old times he would have been exposed as soon as he came into the world; and to expose him would have been a kindness. From his birth a blight was on his body and on his mind. With difficulty

his almost imperceptible spark of life had been screened and fanned into a dim and flickering flame. His childhood, except when he could be rocked and sung into sickly sleep, was one long piteous wail. Till he was ten years old his days were passed on the laps of women, and he was never once suffered to stand on his rickety legs. None of those tawny little urchins, clad in rags stolen from scarecrows, whom Murillo loved to paint begging or rolling in the sand, owed less to education than this despotic ruler of thirty millions of subjects. The most important events in the history of his own kingdom, the very names of provinces and cities which were among his most valuable possessions, were unknown to him. It may well be doubted whether he was aware that Sicily was an island, that Christopher Columbus had discovered America, or that the English were not Mahometans. In his youth, however, though too imbecile for study or for business, he was not incapable of being amused. He shot, hawked, and hunted. He enjoyed with the delight of a true Spaniard two delightful spectacles, a horse with its bowels gored out, and a Jew writhing in the fire. The time came when the mightiest of instincts ordinarily wakens from its repose. It was hoped that the young king would not prove invincible to female attractions, and that he would leave a Prince of Asturias to succeed him. A consort was found for him in the royal family of France; and her beauty and grace gave him a languid pleasure. He liked to adorn her with jewels, to see her dance, and to tell her what sport he had had with his dogs and his falcons. But it was soon whispered that she was a wife only in name. She died; and her place was supplied by a German princess nearly allied to the imperial house. But the second marriage, like the first, proved barren; and, long before the king had passed the prime of life, all the politicians of Europe had begun to take it for granted, in all their calculations, that he would be the last descendant, in the male line, of Charles the Fifth. Meanwhile a sullen and abject melancholy took possession of his soul. The diversions which had been the serious employment of his youth became distasteful to him. He ceased to find pleasure in his nets and boar-spears, in the fandango and the bull-fight. Sometimes he shut himself up in an inner chamber from the eyes of his

courtiers. Sometimes he loitered alone, from sunrise to sunset, in the dreary and rugged wilderness which surrounds the Escurial. The hours which he did not waste in listless indolence were divided between childish sports and childish devotions. He delighted in rare animals, and still more in dwarfs. When neither strange beasts nor little men could dispel the black thoughts which gathered in his mind, he repeated aves and credos; he walked in processions; sometimes he starved himself; sometimes he whipped himself. At length a complication of maladies completed the ruin of all his faculties. His stomach failed; nor was this strange, for in him the malformation of the jaw, characteristic of his family, was so serious that he could not masticate his food, and he was in the habit of swallowing ollas and sweetmeats in the state in which they were set before him. While suffering from indigestion he was attacked by ague. Every third day his convulsive tremblings, his dejection, his fits of wandering, seemed to indicate the approach of dissolution. His misery was increased by the knowledge that everybody was calculating how long he had to live, and wondering what would become of his kingdoms when he should be dead. The stately dignitaries of his household, the physicians who ministered to his diseased body, the divines whose business was to soothe his not less diseased mind, the very wife who should have been intent on those gentle offices by which female tenderness can alleviate even the misery of hopeless decay, were all thinking of the new world which was to commence with his death, and would have been perfectly willing to see him in the hands of the embalmer if they could have been certain that his successor would be the prince whose interest they espoused. As yet the party of the emperor seemed to predominate. Charles had a faint sort of preference for the house of Austria, which was his own house, and a faint sort of antipathy to the house of Bourbon, with which he had been quarrelling, he did not well know why, ever since he could remember. His queen, whom he did not love, but of whom he stood greatly in awe, was devoted to the interests of her kinsman the emperor; and with her was closely leagued the Count of Melgar, hereditary Admiral of Castile and prime minister.

Such was the state of the question of the Spanish succession at the time when Portland had his first public audience

at Versailles. The French ministers were certain that he must be constantly thinking about that question, and were therefore perplexed by his evident determination to say nothing about it. They watched his lips in the hope that he would at least let fall some unguarded word indicating the hopes or fears entertained by the English and Dutch governments. But Portland was not a man out of whom much was to be got in that way. Nature and habit coöperating had made him the best keeper of secrets in Europe. Lewis therefore directed Pomponne and Torcy, two ministers of eminent ability, who had, under himself, the chief direction of foreign affairs, to introduce the subject which the discreet confidant of William seemed studiously to avoid. Pomponne and Torcy accordingly repaired to the English embassy, and there opened one of the most remarkable negotiations recorded in the annals of European diplomacy.

The two French statesmen professed in their master's name the most earnest desire, not only that the peace might remain unbroken, but that there might be a close union between the courts of Versailles and Kensington. One event only seemed likely to raise new troubles. If the Catholic king should die before it had been settled who should succeed to his immense dominions, there was but too much reason to fear that the nations, which were just beginning to breathe after an exhausting and devastating struggle of nine years, would be again in arms. His most Christian majesty was therefore desirous to employ the short interval which might still remain in concerting with the King of England the means of preserving the tranquillity of the world.

Portland made a courteous but guarded answer. He could not, he said, presume to say exactly what William's sentiments were; but this he knew, that it was not solely or chiefly by the sentiments of the King of England that the policy of England on a great occasion would be regulated. The islanders must and would have their government administered according to certain maxims which they held sacred; and of those maxims they held none more sacred than this, that every increase of the power of France ought to be viewed with extreme jealousy.

Pomponne and Torcy answered that their master was most desirous to avoid everything which could excite the jealousy of which Portland had spoken. But was it of France alone

that a nation so enlightened as the English must be jealous? Was it forgotten that the house of Austria had once aspired to universal dominion? And would it be wise in the princes and commonwealths of Europe to lend their aid for the purpose of reconstructing the gigantic monarchy which, in the sixteenth century, had seemed likely to overwhelm them all?

Portland answered that, on this subject, he must be understood to express only the opinions of a private man. He had, however, now lived during some years among the English, and believed himself to be pretty well acquainted with their temper. They would not, he thought, be much alarmed by any augmentation of power which the emperor might obtain. The sea was their element. Traffic by sea was the great source of their wealth; ascendency on the sea the great object of their ambition. Of the emperor they had no fear. Extensive as was the area which he governed, he had not a frigate on the water, and they cared nothing for his Pandours and Croatians. But France had a great navy. The balance of maritime power was what would be anxiously watched in London; and the balance of maritime power would not be affected by an union between Spain and Austria, but would be most seriously deranged by an union between Spain and France.

Pomponne and Torcy declared that every thing should be done to quiet the apprehensions which Portland had described. It was not contemplated, it was not wished, that France and Spain should be united. The dauphin and his eldest son the Duke of Burgundy would waive their rights. The younger brothers of the Duke of Burgundy, Philip Duke of Anjou and Charles Duke of Berry, were not named; but Portland perfectly understood what was meant. There would, he said, be scarcely less alarm in England if the Spanish dominions devolved on a grandson of his most Christian majesty than if they were annexed to the French crown. The laudable affection of the young princes for their country and their family, and their profound respect for the great monarch from whom they were descended, would inevitably determine their policy. The two kingdoms would be one; the two navies would be one; and all other states would be reduced to vassalage. England would rather see the Spanish monarchy added to the emperor's dominions than governed by one of the younger French princes, who would, though nominally

dependent, be really a viceroy of France. But, in truth, there was no risk that the Spanish monarchy would be added to the emperor's dominions. He and his eldest son, the Archduke Joseph, would, no doubt, be as ready to waive their rights as the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy could be; and thus the Austrian claim to the disputed heritage would pass to the younger Archduke Charles. A long discussion followed. At length Portland plainly avowed, always merely as his own private opinion, what was the opinion of every intelligent man who wished to preserve the peace of the world. "France is afraid," he said, "of everything which can increase the power of the emperor. All Europe is afraid of everything which can increase the power of France. Why not put an end to all these uneasy feelings at once by agreeing to place the Electoral Prince of Bavaria on the throne of Spain?" To this suggestion no decisive answer was returned. The conference ended, and a courier started for England, with a despatch informing William of what had passed, and soliciting further instructions.

William, who was, as he had always been, his own Secretary for Foreign Affairs, did not think it necessary to discuss the contents of this despatch with any of his English ministers. The only person whom he consulted was Heinsius. Portland received a kind letter warmly approving all that he had said in the conference, and directing him to declare that the English government sincerely wished to avert the calamities which were but too likely to follow the death of the King of Spain, and would therefore be prepared to take into serious consideration any definite plan which his most Christian majesty might think fit to suggest. "I will own to you," William wrote to his friend, "that I am so unwilling to be again at war during the short time which I still have to live, that I will omit nothing that I can honestly and with a safe conscience do for the purpose of maintaining peace."

William's message was delivered by Portland to Lewis at a private audience. In a few days Pomponne and Torcy were authorized to propose a plan. They fully admitted that all neighboring states were entitled to demand the strongest security against the union of the French and Spanish crowns. Such security should be given. The Spanish government might be requested to choose between the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Berry. The youth who was selected would, at

the utmost, be only fifteen years old, and could not be supposed to have any very deeply rooted national prejudices. He should be sent to Madrid without French attendants, should be educated by Spaniards, should become a Spaniard. It was absurd to imagine that such a prince would be a mere viceroy of France. Apprehensions had been sometimes hinted that a Bourbon, seated on the throne of Spain, might cede his dominions in the Netherlands to the head of his family. It was undoubtedly important to England, and all important to Holland, that those provinces should not become a part of the French monarchy. All danger might be averted by making them over to the Elector of Bavaria, who was now governing them as representative of the Catholic king. The dauphin would be perfectly willing to renounce them for himself and for all his descendants. As to what concerned trade, England and Holland had only to say what they desired, and everything in reason should be done to give them satisfaction.

As this plan was, in the main, the same which had been suggested by the French ministers in the former conference, Portland did little more than repeat what he had then said. As to the new scheme respecting the Netherlands, he shrewdly propounded a dilemma which silenced Pomponne and Torcy.

If renunciations were of any value, the dauphin and his posterity were excluded from the Spanish succession; and, if renunciations were of no value, it was idle to offer England and Holland a renunciation as a guarantee against a great danger.

The French ministers withdrew to make their report to their master, and soon returned to say that their proposals had been merely first thoughts; that it was now the turn of King William to suggest something, and that whatever he might suggest should receive the fullest and fairest consideration.

And now the scene of the negotiation was shifted from Versailles to Kensington. The Count of Tallard had just set out for England as ambassador. He was a fine gentleman: he was a brave soldier; and he was as yet reputed a skilful general. In all the arts and graces which were prized as qualifications for diplomatic missions of the highest class, he had, among the brilliant aristocracy to which he belonged, no superior and only

one equal, the Marquis of Harcourt, who was intrusted with the care of the interests of the house of Bourbon at Madrid.

Tallard carried with him instructions carefully framed in the French foreign office. He was reminded that his situation would be widely different from that of his predecessors who had resided in England before the Revolution. Even his predecessors, however, had considered it as their duty to study the temper, not only of the court, but of the nation. It would now be more than ever necessary to watch the movements of the public mind. A man of note was not to be slighted merely because he was out of place. Such a man, with a great name in the country and a strong following in Parliament, might exercise as much influence on the politics of England, and consequently of Europe, as any minister. The ambassador must therefore try to be on good terms with those who were out as well as with those who were in. To this rule, however, there was one exception which he must constantly bear in mind. With non-jurors and persons suspected of plotting against the existing government he must not appear to have any connection. They must not be admitted into his house. The English people evidently wished to be at rest, and had given the best proof of their pacific disposition by insisting on the reduction of the army. The sure way to stir up jealousies and animosities which were just sinking to sleep would be to make the French embassy the head-quarters of the Jacobite party. It would be wise in Tallard to say, and to charge his agents to say, on all fit occasions, and particularly in societies where members of Parliament might be present, that the most Christian king had never been an enemy of the liberties of England. His majesty had indeed hoped that it might be in his power to restore his cousin, but not without the assent of the nation. In the original draft of the instructions was a curious paragraph, which, on second thoughts, it was determined to omit. The ambassador was directed to take proper opportunities of cautioning the English against a standing army, as the only thing which could really be fatal to their laws and liberties. This passage was suppressed, no doubt, because it occurred to Pomponne and Torcy that, with whatever approbation the English might listen to such language when uttered by a demagogue of their own race, they might be very differently affected by hearing it from a French diplomatist, and might think that there could not be a better reason for arming than

that Lewis and his emissaries earnestly wished them to disarm.

Tallard was instructed to gain, if possible, some members of the House of Commons. Everything, he was told, was now subjected to the scrutiny of that assembly: accounts of the public income, of the public expenditure, of the army, of the navy, were regularly laid on the table; and it would not be difficult to find persons who would supply the French legation with copious information on all these subjects.

The question of the Spanish succession was to be mentioned to William at a private audience. Tallard was fully informed of all that had passed in the conferences which the French ministers had held with Portland, and was furnished with all the arguments that the ingenuity of publicists could devise in favor of the claim of the dauphin.

The French embassy made as magnificent an appearance in England as the English embassy had made in France. The mansion of the Duke of Ormond, one of the finest houses in Saint James's Square, was taken for Tallard. On the day of the public entry all the streets from Tower Hill to Pall Mall were crowded with gazers, who admired the painting and gilding of his excellency's carriages, the surpassing beauty of his horses, and the multitude of his running footmen, dressed in gorgeous liveries of scarlet and gold lace. The ambassador was graciously received at Kensington, and was invited to accompany William to Newmarket, where the largest and most splendid spring meeting ever known was about to assemble. The attraction must be supposed to have been great, for the risks of the journey were not trifling. The peace had, all over Europe, and nowhere more than in England, turned crowds of old soldiers into marauders.* Several aristocratical equipages had been attacked even in Hyde Park. Every newspaper

* George Psalmanazar's account of the state of the south of France at this time is curious. On the high road near Lyons he frequently passed corpses fastened to posts. "These," he says, "were the bodies of highwaymen, or rather of soldiers, sailors, mariners, and even galley-slaves, disbanded after the peace of Ryswick, who, having neither home nor occupation, used to infest the roads in troops, plunder towns and villages, and, when taken, were hanged at the county town by dozens, or even scores sometimes, after which their bodies were thus exposed along the highway *in terrorem*."

contained stories of travellers stripped, bound and flung into ditches. One day the Bristol mail was robbed; another day the Dover coach; then the Norwich wagon. On Hounslow Heath a company of horsemen, with masks on their faces, waited for the great people who had been to pay their court to the king at Windsor. Lord Ossulston escaped with the loss of two horses. The Duke of Saint Albans, with the help of his servants, beat off the assailants. His brother, the Duke of Northumberland, less strongly guarded, fell into their hands. They succeeded in stopping thirty or forty coaches, and rode off with a great booty in guineas, watches, and jewelry. Nowhere, however, does the peril seem to have been so great as on the Newmarket road. There, indeed, robbery was organized on a scale unparalleled in the kingdom since the days of Robin Hood and Little John. A fraternity of plunderers, thirty in number according to the lowest estimate, squatted near Waltham Cross, under the shades of Epping Forest, and built themselves huts, from which they sallied forth with sword and pistol to bid passengers stand. The king and Tallard were doubtless too well attended to be in jeopardy. But, soon after they had passed the dangerous spot, there was a fight on the highway attended with loss of life. A warrant of the lord chief justice broke up the Maroon village for a short time; but the dispersed thieves soon mustered again, and had the impudence to bid defiance to the government in a cartel signed, it was said, with their real names. The civil power was unable to deal with this frightful evil. It was necessary that, during some time, cavalry should patrol every evening on the roads near the boundary between Middlesex and Essex.

The state of those roads, however, though contemporaries described it as dangerous beyond all example, did not deter men of rank and fashion from making the joyous pilgrimage to Newmarket. Half the dukes in the kingdom were there. Most of the chief ministers of state swelled the crowd; nor was the opposition unrepresented. Montague stole two or three days from the Treasury, and Orford from the Admiralty. Godolphin was there, looking after his horses and his bets, and probably went away a richer man than he came. But racing was only one of the many amusements of that festive season. On fine mornings there

was hunting. For those who preferred hawking choice falcons had been brought from Holland. On rainy days the cockpit was encircled by stars and blue ribbons. On Sundays William went to church in state, and the most eminent divines of the neighboring University of Cambridge preached before him. He omitted no opportunity of showing marked civility to Tallard. The ambassador informed his court that his place at table was next to the royal arm-chair, and that his health had been most graciously drunk by the king.

All this time, both at Kensington and Newmarket, the Spanish question was the subject of constant and earnest discussion. To trace all the windings of the negotiation would be tedious. The general course which it took may easily be described. The object of William was to place the Electoral Prince of Bavaria on the Spanish throne. To obtain the consent of Lewis to such an arrangement seemed all but impossible; but William manœuvred with rare skill. Though he frankly acknowledged that he preferred the electoral prince to any other candidate, he professed himself desirous to meet, as far as he honorably or safely could, the wishes of the French king. There were conditions on which England and Holland might perhaps consent, though not without reluctance, that a son of the dauphin should reign at Madrid, and should be master of the treasures of the New World. Those conditions were that the Milanese and the Two Sicilies should belong to the Archduke Charles, that the Elector of Bavaria should have the Spanish Netherlands, that Lewis should give up some fortified towns in Artois for the purpose of strengthening the barrier which protected the United Provinces, and that some important places both in the Mediterranean Sea and in the Gulf of Mexico should be made over to the English and Dutch for the security of trade. Minorca and Havana were mentioned as what might satisfy England.

Against these terms Lewis exclaimed loudly. Nobody, he said, who knew with how sensitive a jealousy the Spaniards watched every encroachment on their colonial empire would believe that they would ever consent to give up any part of that empire either to England or to Holland. The demand which was made upon himself was altogether inadmissible. A barrier was not less necessary to

France than to Holland; and he never would break the iron chain of frontier fastnesses which was the defence of his own kingdom, even in order to purchase another kingdom for his grandson. On that subject he begged that he might hear no more. The proposition was one which he would not discuss, one to which he would not listen.

As William, however, resolutely maintained that the terms which he had offered, hard as they might seem, were the only terms on which England and Holland could suffer a Bourbon to reign at Madrid, Lewis began seriously to consider whether it might not be, on the whole, for his interest and that of his family rather to sell the Spanish crown dear than to buy it dear. He therefore now offered to withdraw his opposition to the Bavarian claim, provided a portion of the disputed inheritance were assigned to him in consideration of his disinterestedness and moderation. William was perfectly willing and even eager to treat on this basis. The first demands of Lewis were as might have been expected, exorbitantly high. He asked for the kingdom of Navarre, which would have made him little less than master of the whole Iberian peninsula, and for the duchy of Luxemburg, which would have made him more dangerous than ever to the United Provinces. On both points he encountered a steady resistance. The impression which, throughout these transactions, the firmness and good faith of William made on Tallard is remarkable. At first the dexterous and keen-witted Frenchman was all suspicion. He imagined that there was an evasion in every phrase, a hidden snare in every offer. But after a time he began to discover that he had to do with a man far too wise to be false. "The King of England," he wrote, and it is impossible to doubt that he wrote what he thought, "acts with good faith in everything. His way of dealing is upright and sincere." * "The King of England," he wrote a few days later, "has hitherto acted with great sincerity; and I venture to say that, if he once enters into a treaty, he will steadily adhere to it." But in the same letter the ambassador thought it necessary to hint to his master that the diplomatic chicanery which might be useful in

* "Il est de bonne foi dans tout ce qu'il fait. Son procédé est droit et sincère" — Tallard to Lewis, July 8, 1698.

other negotiations would be all thrown away here. "I must venture to observe to your majesty that the king of England is very sharp-sighted, that his judgment is sound, and that if we try to spin the negotiation out, he will very soon perceive that we are trifling with him.*

During some time projects and counter-projects continued to pass and repass between Kensington and Versailles. Something was conceded on both sides; and when the session of Parliament ended there seemed to be fair hopes of a settlement. And now the scene of the negotiation was again changed. Having been shifted from France to England, it was shifted from England to Holland. As soon as William had prorogued the houses, he was impatient to be again in his native land. He felt all the glee of a schoolboy who is leaving harsh masters and quarrelsome comrades to pass the Christmas holidays at a happy home. That stern and composed face which had been the same in the pursuit at the Boyne and in the rout at Landen, and of which the keenest politicians had in vain tried to read the secrets, now wore an expression but too intelligible. The English were not a little provoked by seeing their king so happy. Hitherto his annual visits to the Continent had been not only pardoned, but approved. It was necessary that he should be at the head of his army. If he had left his people, it had been in order to put his life in jeopardy for their independence, their liberty, and their religion. But they had hoped that, when peace had been restored, when no call of duty required him to cross the sea, he would generally, during the summer and autumn, reside in his fair palaces and parks on the banks of the Thames, or travel from country-seat to country-seat, and from cathedral town to cathedral town, making himself acquainted with every shire of his realm, and giving his hand to be kissed by multitudes of squires, clergymen, and aldermen, who were not likely ever to see him unless he came among them. It now appeared that he was sick of the noble residences which had descended to him from ancient princes; that he was sick even of those

* "Le Roi d'Angleterre, sire, va très sincèrement jusqu' à présent; et j'ose dire que s'il entre une fois en traité avec Votre Majesté, il le tiendra de bonne foi." — "Si je l'ose dire à V. M., il est très pénétrant, et a l'esprit juste. Il s'apercevra bientôt qu'on barguigne si les choses trainent trop de long." — July 8.

mansions which the liberality of Parliament had enabled him to build and embellish according to his own taste; that he was sick of Windsor, of Richmond, and of Hampton; that he promised himself no enjoyment from a progress through those flourishing and populous counties which he had never seen, Yorkshire and Norfolk, Cheshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire. While he was forced to be with us he was weary of us, pining for his home, counting the hours to the prorogation. As soon as the passing of the last bill of supply had set him at liberty, he turned his back on his English subjects; he hastened to his seat in Guelders, where, during some months, he might be free from the annoyance of seeing English faces and hearing English words; and he would with difficulty tear himself away from his favorite spot when it became absolutely necessary that he should again ask for English money.

Thus his subjects murmured; but, in spite of their murmurs, he set off in high spirits. It had been arranged that Tallard should speedily follow him, and that the discussion in which they had been engaged at Kensington should be resumed at Loo.

Heinsius, whose coöperation was indispensable, would be there. Portland, too, would lend his assistance. He had just returned. He had always considered his mission as an extraordinary mission, of which the object was to put the relations between the two great Western powers on a proper footing after a long series of years during which England had been sometimes the enemy, but never the equal friend of France. His task had been well performed; and he now came back, leaving behind him the reputation of an excellent minister, firm yet cautious as to substance, dignified yet conciliating in manner. His last audience at Versailles was unusually long, and no third person was present. Nothing could be more gracious than the language and demeanor of Lewis. He condescended to trace a route for the embassy, and insisted that Portland should make a circuit for the purpose of inspecting some of the superb fortresses of the French Netherlands. At every one of those fortresses the governors and engineers had orders to pay every attention to the distinguished stranger. Salutes were everywhere fired to welcome him. A guard of honor was everywhere in attendance on him. He stopped during three days at Chantilly, and was entertained there by the Prince of Condé with all that taste and magnificence for

which Chantilly had long been renowned. There were boar hunts in the morning and concerts in the evening. Every gentleman of the legation had a game-keeper specially assigned to him. The guests, who in their own island were accustomed to give extravagant vails at every country-house which they visited, learned with admiration that his highness's servants were strictly forbidden to receive presents. At his luxurious table, by a refinement of politeness, choice cider from the orchards round the Malvern Hills made its appearance in company with the Champagne and the Burgundy.

Portland was welcomed by his master with all the kindness of old times. But that kindness availed nothing. For Albemarle was still in the royal household, and appeared to have been, during the last few months, making progress in the royal favor. Portland was angry, and the more angry because he could not but perceive that his enemies enjoyed his anger, and that even his friends generally thought it unreasonable; nor did he take any pains to conceal his vexation. But he was the very opposite of the vulgar crowd of courtiers who fawn on a master while they betray him. He neither disguised his ill-humor, nor suffered it to interfere with the discharge of his duties. He gave his prince sullen looks, short answers, and faithful and strenuous services. His first wish, he said, was to retire altogether from public life. But he was sensible that, having borne a chief part in the negotiation on which the fate of Europe depended, he might be of use at Loo; and, with devoted loyalty, though with a sore heart and a gloomy brow, he prepared to attend William thither.

Before the king departed he delegated his power to nine lords-justices. The public was well pleased to find that Sunderland was not among them. Two new names appeared in the list. That of Montague could excite no surprise. But that of Marlborough awakened many recollections and gave occasion to many speculations. He had once enjoyed a large measure of royal favor. He had then been dismissed, disgraced, imprisoned. The Princess Anne, for refusing to discard his wife, had been turned out of the palace, and deprived of the honors which had often been enjoyed by persons less near to the throne. Ministers who were supposed to have great influence in the closet had vainly tried to overcome the dislike with which their mas-

ter regarded the Churchills. It was not till he had been some time reconciled to his sister-in-law that he ceased to regard her two favorite servants as his enemies. So late as the year 1696 he had been heard to say, "If I had been a private gentleman, my Lord Marlborough and I must have measured swords." All these things were now, it seemed, forgotten. The Duke of Gloucester's household had just been arranged. As he was not yet nine years old, and the civil list was burdened with a heavy debt, fifteen thousand pounds was thought for the present a sufficient provision. The child's literary education was directed by Burnet, with the title of preceptor. Marlborough was appointed governor; and the "London Gazette" announced his appointment, not with official dryness, but in the fervid language of panegyric. He was at the same time again sworn a member of the Privy Council from which he had been expelled with ignominy; and he was honored a few days later with a still higher mark of the king's confidence, a seat at the board of Regency.

Some persons imagined that they saw in this strange reconciliation a sign that the influence of Portland was on the wane, and that the influence of Albemarle was growing; for Marlborough had been many years at feud with Portland, and had even — a rare event indeed — been so much irritated as to speak of Portland in coarse and ungentlemanlike terms. With Albemarle on the other hand, Marlborough had studiously ingratiated himself by all the arts which a mind singularly observant and sagacious could learn from a long experience in courts; and it is possible that Albemarle may have removed some difficulties. It is hardly necessary, however, to resort to that supposition for the purpose of explaining why so wise a man as William forced himself, after some delay caused by very just and natural resentment, to act wisely. His opinion of Marlborough's character was probably unaltered. But he could not help perceiving that Marlborough's situation was widely different from what it had been a few years before. That very ambition — that very avarice which had, in former times, impelled him to betray two masters, were now sufficient securities for his fidelity to the order of things which had been established by the Bill of Rights. If that order of things could be maintained inviolate, he could

scarcely fail to be, in a few years, the greatest and wealthiest subject in Europe. His military and political talents might therefore now be used without any apprehension that they would be turned against the government which used them. It is to be remembered, too, that he derived his importance less from his military and political talents, great as they were, than from the dominion which, through the instrumentality of his wife, he exercised over the mind of the princess. While he was on good terms with the court, it was certain that she would lend no countenance to any cabal which might attack either the title or the prerogatives of her brother-in-law. Confident that from this quarter, a quarter once the darkest and most stormy in the whole political horizon, nothing but sunshine and calm was now to be expected, William set out cheerfully on his expedition to his native country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Gazette which informed the public that the king had set out for Holland announced also the names of the first members returned, in obedience to his writ, by the constitu ent bodies of the realm. The history of those times has been so little studied that few persons are aware how remarkable an epoch the general election of 1698 is in the history of the English Constitution.

We have seen that the extreme inconvenience which had resulted from the capricious and headstrong conduct of the House of Commons during the years immediately following the Revolution had forced William to resort to a political machinery which had been unknown to his predecessors, and of which the nature and operation were but very imperfectly understood by himself or by his ablest advisers. For the first time the administration was confided to a small body of statesmen, who, on all grave and pressing questions, agreed with each other and with the majority of the representatives of the people. The direction of war and of diplomacy the king reserved to himself; and his servants, conscious that they were less versed than he in military affairs and in foreign affairs, were content to leave to him the command of the army, and to know only what he thought fit to communicate about the instructions which he gave to his own ambassadors, and about the conferences which he held with the ambassadors of other princes. But, with these important exceptions, the government was intrusted to what then began to be called the ministry.

The first English ministry was gradually formed, nor is it possible to say quite precisely when it began to exist. But, on the whole, the date from which the era of ministries may most properly be reckoned is the day of the meeting of the Parliament after the general election of 1695. That election had taken place at a time when peril and distress had called forth all the best qualities of the nation.

The hearts of men were in the struggle against France for independence, for liberty, and for the Protestant religion. Everybody knew that such a struggle could not be carried on without large establishments and heavy taxes. The government, therefore, could hardly ask for more than the country was ready to give. A House of Commons was chosen in which the Whig party had a decided preponderance. The leaders of that party had recently been raised, one by one, to the highest executive offices. The majority, therefore, readily arranged itself in admirable order under the ministers, and during three sessions gave them on almost every occasion a cordial support. The consequence was that the country was rescued from its dangerous position, and, when that Parliament had lived out its three years, enjoyed prosperity after a terrible commercial crisis, peace after a long and sanguinary war, and liberty united with order after civil troubles which had lasted during two generations, and in which sometimes order and sometimes liberty had been in danger of perishing.

Such were the fruits of the general election of 1695. The ministers had flattered themselves that the general election of 1698 would be equally favorable to them, and that in the new Parliament the old Parliament would revive. Nor is it strange that they should have indulged such a hope. Since they had been called to the direction of affairs, every thing had been changed — changed for the better, and changed chiefly by their wise and resolute policy, and by the firmness with which their party had stood by them. There was peace abroad and at home. The sentinels had ceased to watch by the beacons of Dorsetshire and Sussex. The merchant-ships went forth without fear from the Thames and the Avon. Soldiers had been disbanded by tens of thousands. Taxes had been remitted. The value of all public and private securities had risen. Trade had never been so brisk. Credit had never been so solid. All over the kingdom the shopkeepers and the farmers, the artisans and the ploughmen, relieved, beyond all hope, from the daily and hourly misery of the clipped silver, were blessing the broad faces of the new shillings and half crowns. The statesmen whose administration had been so beneficent might be pardoned if they expected the gratitude and confidence which they had fairly earned. But it soon became clear that they had served their coun-

try only too well for their own interest. In 1695 adversity and danger had made men amenable to that control to which it is the glory of free nations to submit themselves, the control of superior minds. In 1698 prosperity and security had made men querulous, fastidious, and unmanageable. The government was assailed with equal violence from widely different quarters. The opposition, made up of Tories, many of whom carried Toryism to the length of Jacobitism, and of discontented Whigs, some of whom carried Whiggism to the length of Republicanism, called itself the Country party, a name which had been popular before the words Whig and Tory were known in England. The majority of the late House of Commons, a majority which had saved the state, was nicknamed the Court party. The Tory gentry, who were powerful in all the counties, had special grievances. The whole patronage of the government, they said, was in Whig hands. The old landed interest, the old Cavalier interest, had now no share in the favors of the crown. Every public office, every bench of justice, every commission of lieutenancy, was filled with Roundheads. The Tory rectors and vicars were not less exasperated. They accused the men in power of systematically protecting and preferring Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, Arians, Socinians, Deists, Atheists. An orthodox divine, a divine who held high the dignity of the priesthood and the mystical virtue of the sacraments, who thought schism as great a sin as theft, and venerated the Icon as much as the Gospel, had no more chance of a bishopric or a deanery than a papist recusant. Such complaints as these were not likely to call forth the sympathy of the Whig malcontents. But there were three war-cries in which all the enemies of the government, from Trenchard to Seymour, could join: No standing army; No grants of crown property; and No Dutchmen. Multitudes of honest freeholders and freemen were weak enough to believe that, unless the land-force, which had already been reduced below what the public safety required, were altogether disbanded, the nation would be enslaved; and that, if the estates which the king had given away were resumed, all direct taxes might be abolished. The animosity to the Dutch mingled itself both with the animosity to standing armies and with the animosity to crown grants; for a brigade of Dutch troops was part of the military establishment which

was still kept up, and it was to Dutch favorites that William had been most liberal of the royal domains.

The elections, however, began auspiciously for the government. The first great contest was in Westminster. It must be remembered that Westminster was then by far the greatest city in the island, except only the neighboring city of London, and contained more than three times as large a population as Bristol or Norwich, which came next in size. The right of voting at Westminster was in the householders paying scot and lot, and the householders paying scot and lot were many thousands. It is also to be observed that their political education was much farther advanced than that of the great majority of the electors of the kingdom. A burgess in a country town, or a forty-shilling freeholder in an agricultural district, then knew little about public affairs except what he could learn from reading the Postman at the alehouse, and from hearing, on the 30th of January, the 29th of May, or the 5th of November, a sermon in which questions of state were discussed with more zeal than sense. But the citizen of Westminster passed his days in the vicinity of the palace, of the public offices, of the houses of Parliament, of the courts of law. He was familiar with the faces and voices of ministers, senators, and judges. In anxious times he walked in the great hall to pick up news. When there was an important trial, he looked into the Court of King's Bench, and heard Cowper and Harcourt contending, and Holt moderating between them. When there was an interesting debate in the House of Commons, he could at least squeeze himself into the lobby or the Court of Requests, and hear who had spoken, and how and what were the numbers on the division. He lived in a region of coffee-houses, of booksellers' shops, of clubs, of pamphlets, of newspapers, of theatres where poignant allusions to the most exciting questions of the day perpetually called forth applause and hisses, of pulpits where the doctrines of the High-Churchman, of the Low-Churchman, of the Nonjuror, of the Nonconformist, were explained and defended every Sunday by the most eloquent and learned divines of every persuasion. At that time, therefore, the metropolitan electors were, as a class, decidedly superior in intelligence and knowledge to the provincial electors.

Montague and Secretary Vernon were the ministerial

candidates for Westminster. They were opposed by Sir Henry Colt, a dull, surly, stubborn professor of patriotism, who tired everybody to death with his endless railing at standing armies and placemen. The electors were summoned to meet on an open space just out of the streets. The first Lord of the Treasury and the Secretary of State appeared at the head of three thousand horsemen. Colt's followers were almost all on foot. He was a favorite with the keepers of pothouses, and had enlisted a strong body of porters and chairmen. The two parties, after exchanging a good deal of abuse, came to blows. The adherents of the ministers were victorious, put the adverse mob to the rout, and cudgelled Colt himself into a muddy ditch. The poll was taken in Westminster Hall. From the first there was no doubt of the result. But Colt tried to prolong the contest by bringing up a voter an hour. When it became clear that this artifice was employed for the purpose of causing delay, the returning officer took on himself the responsibility of closing the books, and of declaring Montague and Vernon duly elected.

At Guildhall the Junto was less fortunate. Three ministerial aldermen were returned. But the fourth member, Sir John Fleet, was not only a Tory, but was Governor of the old East India Company, and had distinguished himself by the pertinacity with which he had opposed the financial and commercial policy of the first Lord of the Treasury. While Montague suffered the mortification of finding that his empire over the city was less absolute than he had imagined, Wharton, notwithstanding his acknowledged preëminence in the art of electioneering, underwent a succession of defeats in boroughs and counties for which he had expected to name the members. He failed at Brackley, at Malmesbury, and at Cockermouth. He was unable to maintain possession even of his own strong-holds, Wycombe and Aylesbury. He was beaten in Oxfordshire. The freeholders of Buckinghamshire, who had been true to him during many years, and who, in 1685, when the Whig party was in the lowest state of depression, had, in spite of fraud and tyranny, not only placed him at the head of the poll, but put their second votes at his disposal, now rejected one of his candidates, and could hardly be induced to return the other, his own brother, by a very small majority.

The elections for Exeter appear to have been in that age observed by the nation with peculiar interest. For Exeter was not only one of the largest and most thriving cities in the kingdom, but was also the capital of the West of England, and was much frequented by the gentry of several counties. The franchise was popular. Party spirit ran high; and the contests were among the fiercest and the longest of which there is any record in our history. Seymour had represented Exeter in the Parliament of James and in the two first Parliaments of William. In 1695, after a struggle of several weeks, which had attracted much attention not only here but on the Continent, he had been defeated by two Whig candidates, and forced to take refuge in a small borough. But times had changed. He was now returned in his absence by a large majority; and with him was joined another Tory less able, and, if possible, more unprincipled than himself, Sir Bartholomew Shower. Shower had been notorious as one of the hangmen of James. When that cruel king was bent on punishing with death soldiers who deserted from the army which he had kept up in defiance of the Constitution, he found that he could expect no assistance from Holt, who was the Recorder of London. Holt was accordingly removed. Shower was made recorder, and showed his gratitude for his promotion by sending to Tyburn men who, as every barrister in the Inns of Court knew, were guilty of no offence at all. He richly deserved to have been excepted from the act of grace, and left to the vengeance of the laws which he had so foully perverted. The return which he made for the clemency which spared him was most characteristic. He missed no opportunity of thwarting and damaging the government which had saved him from the gallows. Having shed innocent blood for the purpose of enabling James to keep up thirty thousand troops without the consent of Parliament, he now pretended to think it monstrous that William should keep up ten thousand with the consent of Parliament. That a great constituent body should be so forgetful of the past and so much out of humor with the present as to take this base and hard-hearted pettifogger for a patriot was an omen which might well justify the most gloomy prognostications.

When the returns were complete, it appeared that the new House of Commons contained an unusual number of

men about whom little was known, and on whose support neither the government nor the opposition could with any confidence reckon. The ranks of the stanch ministerial Whigs were certainly much thinned; but it did not appear that the Tory ranks were much fuller than before. That section of the representative body which was Whiggish without being ministerial had gained a great accession of strength, and seemed likely to have, during some time, the fate of the country in its hands. It was plain that the next session would be a trying one. Yet it was not impossible that the servants of the crown might, by prudent management, succeed in obtaining a working majority. Toward the close of August the statesmen of the Junto, disappointed and anxious, but not hopeless, dispersed in order to lay in a stock of health and vigor for the next Parliamentary campaign. There were races at that season in the neighborhood of Winchenden, Wharton's seat in Buckinghamshire; and a large party assembled there. Orford, Montague, and Shrewsbury repaired to the muster. But Somers, whose chronic maladies, aggravated by sedulous application to judicial and political business, made it necessary for him to avoid crowds and luxurious banquets, retired to Tunbridge Wells, and tried to repair his exhausted frame with the water of the springs and the air of the heath. Just at this moment despatches of the gravest importance arrived from Guelders at Whitehall.

The long negotiation touching the Spanish succession had at length been brought to a conclusion. Tallard had joined William at Loo, and had there met Heinsius and Portland. After much discussion, the price in consideration of which the house of Bourbon would consent to waive all claim to Spain and the Indies, and to support the pretensions of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, was definitively settled. The dauphin was to have the province of Guipuscoa, Naples, Sicily, and some small Italian islands which were part of the Spanish monarchy. The Milanese was allotted to the Archduke Charles. As the electoral prince was still a child, it was agreed that his father, who was then governing the Spanish Netherlands as viceroy, should be regent of Spain during the minority. Such was the first partition treaty, a treaty which has been during five generations confidently and noisily condemned, and for which scarcely any writer has ventured to offer even a

timid apology, but which it may perhaps not be impossible to defend by grave and temperate argument.

It was said, when first the terms of the partition treaty were made public, and has since been many times repeated, that the English and Dutch governments, in making this covenant with France, were guilty of a violation of plighted faith. They had, it was affirmed, by a secret article of a treaty of alliance concluded in 1689, bound themselves to support the pretensions of the emperor to the Spanish throne; and they now, in direct defiance of that article, agreed to an arrangement by which he was excluded from the Spanish throne. The truth is, that the secret article will not, whether construed according to the letter or according to the spirit, bear the sense which has generally been put upon it. The stipulations of that article were introduced by a preamble, in which it was set forth that the dauphin was preparing to assert by arms his claim to the great heritage which his mother had renounced, and that there was reason to believe that he also aspired to the dignity of King of the Romans. For these reasons, England and the States-General, considering the evil consequences which must follow if he should succeed in attaining either of his objects, promised to support with all their power his Cæsarean majesty against the French and their adherents. Surely we cannot reasonably interpret this engagement to mean that, when the dangers mentioned in the preamble had ceased to exist, when the eldest archduke was King of the Romans, and when the dauphin had, for the sake of peace, withdrawn his claim to the Spanish crown, England and the United Provinces would be bound to go to war for the purpose of supporting the cause of the emperor, not against the French, but against his own grandson, against the only prince who could reign at Madrid without exciting fear and jealousy throughout all Christendom.

While some persons accused William of breaking faith with the house of Austria, others accused him of interfering unjustly in the internal affairs of Spain. In the most ingenious and humorous political satire extant in our language, Arbuthnot's History of John Bull, England and Holland are typified by a clothier and a linen-draper, who take upon themselves to settle the estate of a bedridden old gentleman in their neighborhood. They meet at the corner of his park with paper and pencils, a pole, a chain,

and a semicircle, measure his fields, calculate the value of his mines, and then proceed to his house in order to take an inventory of his plate and furniture. But this pleasantry, excellent as pleasantry, hardly deserves serious refutation. No person who has a right to give any opinion at all about politics can think that the question whether two of the greatest empires in the world should be virtually united so as to form one irresistible mass, was a question with which other states had nothing to do, a question about which other states could not take counsel together without being guilty of impertinence as gross as that of a busybody in private life who should insist on being allowed to dictate the wills of other people. If the whole Spanish monarchy should pass to the house of Bourbon, it was highly probable that in a few years England would cease to be great and free, and that Holland would be a mere province of France. Such a danger England and Holland might lawfully have averted by war; and it would be absurd to say that a danger which may be lawfully averted by war cannot lawfully be averted by peaceable means. If nations are so deeply interested in a question that they would be justified in resorting to arms for the purpose of settling it, they must surely be sufficiently interested in it to be justified in resorting to amicable arrangements for the purpose of settling it. Yet, strange to say, a multitude of writers who have warmly praised the English and Dutch governments for waging a long and bloody war in order to prevent the question of the Spanish succession from being settled in a manner prejudicial to them, have severely blamed those governments for trying to attain the same end without the shedding of a drop of blood, without the addition of a crown to the taxation of any country in Christendom, and without a moment's interruption of the trade of the world by land or by sea.

It has been said to have been unjust that three states should have combined to divide a fourth state without its own consent; and, in recent times, the partition of the Spanish monarchy which was meditated in 1698 has been compared to the greatest political crime which stains the history of modern Europe, the partition of Poland. But those who hold such language cannot have well considered the nature of the Spanish monarchy in the seventeenth century. That monarchy was not a body pervaded by one

principle of vitality and sensation. It was an assemblage of distinct bodies, none of which had any strong sympathy with the rest, and some of which had a positive antipathy for each other. The partition planned at Loo was therefore the very opposite of the partition of Poland. The partition of Poland was the partition of a nation. It was such a partition as is effected by hacking a living man limb from limb. The partition planned at Loo was the partition of an ill-governed empire which was not a nation. It was such a partition as is effected by setting loose a drove of slaves who have been fastened together with collars and handcuffs, and whose union has produced only pain, inconvenience, and mutual disgust. There is not the slightest reason to believe that the Neapolitans would have preferred the Catholic king to the dauphin, or that the Lombards would have preferred the Catholic king to the archduke. How little the Guipuscoans would have disliked separation from Spain and annexation to France we may judge from the fact that, a few years later, the States of Guipuscoa actually offered to transfer their allegiance to France on condition that their peculiar franchises should be held sacred.

One wound the partition would undoubtedly have inflicted, a wound on the Castilian pride. But surely the pride which a nation takes in exercising over other nations a blighting and withering dominion, a dominion without prudence or energy, without justice or mercy, is not a feeling entitled to much respect. And even a Castilian who was not greatly deficient in sagacity must have seen that an inheritance claimed by two of the greatest potentates in Europe could hardly pass entire to one claimant; that a partition was therefore all but inevitable; and that the question was in truth merely between a partition effected by friendly compromise and a partition effected by means of a long and devastating war.

There seems, therefore, to be no ground at all for pronouncing the terms of the treaty of Loo unjust to the emperor, to the Spanish monarchy considered as a whole, or to any part of that monarchy. Whether those terms were or were not too favorable to France is quite another question. It has often been maintained that she would have gained more by permanently annexing to herself Guipuscoa, Naples, and Sicily, than by sending the Duke of Anjou

or the Duke of Berry to reign at the Escurial. On this point, however, if on any point, respect is due to the opinion of William. That he thoroughly understood the politics of Europe is as certain as that jealousy of the greatness of France was with him a passion, a ruling passion, almost an infirmity. Before we blame him, therefore, for making large concessions to the power which it was the chief business of his life to keep within bounds, we shall do well to consider whether those concessions may not, on close examination, be found to be rather apparent than real. The truth is that they were so, and were well known to be so both by William and by Lewis.

Naples and Sicily formed indeed a noble kingdom, fertile, populous, blessed with a delicious climate, and excellently situated for trade. Such a kingdom, had it been contiguous to Provence, would indeed have been a most formidable addition to the French monarchy. But a glance at the map ought to have been sufficient to undeceive those who imagined that the great antagonist of the house of Bourbon could be so weak as to lay the liberties of Europe at the feet of that house. A king of France would, by acquiring territories in the south of Italy, have really bound himself over to keep the peace; for, as soon as he was at war with his neighbors, those territories were certain to be worse than useless to him. They were hostages at the mercy of his enemies. It would be easy to attack them. It would be hardly possible to defend them. A French army sent to them by land would have to force its way through the passes of the Alps, through Piedmont, through Tuscany, and through the Pontifical States, in opposition probably to great German armies. A French fleet would run great risk of being intercepted and destroyed by the squadrons of England and Holland. Of all this Lewis was perfectly aware. He repeatedly declared that he should consider the kingdom of the Two Sicilies as a source, not of strength, but of weakness. He accepted it at last with murmurs: he seems to have intended to make it over to one of his younger grandsons; and he would beyond all doubt have gladly given it in exchange for a thirtieth part of the same area in the Netherlands.* But in the Nether-

* I will quote from the despatches of Lewis to Tallard three or four passages which show that the value of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was quite justly appreciated at Versailles: "A l'égard du royaume de

lands England and Holland were determined to allow him nothing. What he really obtained in Italy was little more than a splendid provision for a cadet of his house. Guipuscoa was then, in truth, the price in consideration of which France consented that the Electoral Prince of Bavaria should be King of Spain and the Indies. Guipuscoa, though a small, was doubtless a valuable province, and was, in a military point of view, highly important. But Guipuscoa was not in the Netherlands. Guipuscoa would not make Lewis a more formidable neighbor to England or to the United Provinces. And, if the treaty should be broken off, if the vast Spanish empire should be struggled for and torn in pieces by the rival races of Bourbon and Hapsburg, was it not possible, was it not probable, that France might lay her iron grasp, not on Guipuscoa alone, but on Luxemburg and Namur, on Hainault, Brabant, and Antwerp, on Flanders East and West? Was it certain that the united force of all her neighbors would be sufficient to compel her to relinquish her prey? Was it not certain that the contest would be long and terrible? And would not the English and Dutch think themselves most fortunate if, after many bloody and costly campaigns, the French king could be compelled to sign a treaty, the same, word for word, with that which he was ready uncompelled to sign now?

Naples et de Sicile le roi d'Angleterre objectera que les places de ces états entre mes mains me rendront maître du commerce de la Méditeranée. Vous pourrez en ce cas laisser entendre, comme de vous même, qu'il serait si difficile de conserver ces royaumes unis à ma couronne, que les dépenses necessaires pour y envoyer des secours seraient si grands, et qu'autrefois il a tant coûté à la France pour les maintenir dans son obéissance, que vraisemblablement j'établirois un roi pour les gouverner, et que peut-être ce serait le partage d'un de mes petits-fils qui voudroit régner independamment." — April $\frac{7}{17}$. 1698. "Les royaumes de Naples et de Sicile ne peuvent se regarder comme un partage dont mon fils puisse se contenter pour lui tenir lieu de tous ses droits. Les exemples du passé n'ont que trop appris combien ces états coutent à la France, le peu d'utilité dont ils sont pour elle, et la difficulté de les conserver." — May 16. 1698. "Je considère la cession de ces royaumes comme une source continuelle de dépenses et c'embarras. Il n'en a que trop couté à la France pour les conserver; et l'expérience a fait voir la necessité indispensable d'y entretenir toujours des troupes, et d'y envoyer incessamment des vaisseaux, et combien toutes ces peines ont été inutiles." — May 29. 1698. It would be easy to cite other passages of the same kind. But these are sufficient to vindicate what I have said in the text.

William, firmly relying on his own judgment, had not yet, in the whole course of this momentous negotiation, asked the advice or employed the agency of any English minister. But the treaty could not be formally concluded without the instrumentality of one of the Secretaries of State and of the Great Seal. Portland was directed to write to Vernon. The king himself wrote to the chancellor. Somers was authorized to consult any of his colleagues whom he might think fit to be intrusted with so high a secret; and he was requested to give his own opinion of the proposed arrangement. If that opinion should be favorable, not a day must be lost. The King of Spain might die at any moment, and could hardly live till the winter. Full powers must be sent to Loo, sealed, but with blanks left for the names of the plenipotentiaries. Strict secrecy must be observed; and care must be taken that the clerks whose duty it was to draw up the necessary documents should not entertain any suspicion of the importance of the work which they were performing.

The despatch from Loo found Somers at a distance from all his political friends, and almost incapacitated by infirmities and by remedies from attending to serious business, his delicate frame worn out by the labors and vigils of many months, his head aching and giddy with the first draughts from the chalybeate spring. He roused himself, however, and promptly communicated by writing with Shrewsbury and Orford. Montague and Vernon came down to Tunbridge Wells, and conferred fully with him. The opinion of the leading Whig statesmen was communicated to the king in a letter which was not many months later placed on the records of Parliament. These statesmen entirely agreed with William in wishing to see the question of the Spanish succession speedily and peaceably settled. They apprehended that, if Charles should die leaving that question unsettled, the immense power of the French king and the geographical situation of his dominions would enable him to take immediate possession of the most important parts of the great inheritance. Whether he was likely to venture on so bold a course, and whether, if he did venture on it, any Continental government would have the means and the spirit to withstand him, were questions as to which the English ministers, with unfeigned deference, submitted their opinion to that of their master, whose knowledge of

the interests and tempers of all the courts of Europe was unrivalled. But there was one important point which must not be left out of consideration, and about which his servants might perhaps be better informed than himself, the temper of their own country. It was, the chancellor wrote, their duty to tell his majesty that the recent elections had indicated the public feeling in a manner which had not been expected, but which could not be mistaken. The spirit which had borne the nation up through nine years of exertions and sacrifices seemed to be dead. The people were sick of taxes: they hated the thought of war. As it would, in such circumstances, be no easy matter to form a coalition capable of resisting the pretensions of France, it was most desirable that she should be induced to withdraw those pretensions; and it was not to be expected that she would withdraw them without securing for herself a large compensation. The principle of the treaty of Loo, therefore, the English ministers cordially approved. But whether the articles of that treaty were or were not too favorable to the house of Bourbon, and whether the house of Bourbon was likely faithfully to observe them, were questions about which Somers delicately hinted that he and his colleagues felt some misgivings. They had their fears that Lewis might be playing false. They had their fears also that, possessed of Sicily, he would be master of the trade of the Levant; and that, possessed of Guipuscoa, he would be able at any moment to push an army into the heart of Castile. But they had been reassured by the thought that their sovereign thoroughly understood this department of politics, that he had fully considered all these things, that he had neglected no precaution, and that the concessions which he had made to France were the smallest which could have averted the calamities impending over Christendom. It was added that the service which his majesty had rendered to the house of Bavaria gave him a right to ask for some return. Would it be too much to expect from the gratitude of the prince who was soon to be a great king, some relaxation of the rigorous system which excluded the English trade from the Spanish colonies? Such a relaxation would greatly endear his majesty to his subjects.

With these suggestions the chancellor sent off the powers which the king wanted. They were drawn up by Vernon

with his own hand, and sealed in such a manner that no subordinate officer was let into the secret. Blanks were left, as the king had directed, for the names of two commissioners. But Somers gently hinted that it would be proper to fill those blanks with the names of persons who were English by naturalization if not by birth, and who would therefore be responsible to Parliament.

The king now had what he wanted from England. The peculiarity of the Batavian polity threw some difficulties in his way: but every difficulty yielded to his authority and to the dexterous management of Heinsius. And, in truth, the treaty could not but be favorably regarded by the States-General; for it had been carefully framed with the especial object of preventing France from obtaining any accession of territory or influence on the side of the Netherlands; and Dutchmen, who remembered the terrible year when the camp of Lewi had been pitched between Utrecht and Amsterdam, were delighted to find that he was not to add to his dominions a single fortress in their neighborhood, and were quite willing to buy him off with whole provinces under the Pyrenees and the Apennines. The sanction both of the federal and the provincial governments was given with ease and expedition; and in the evening of the fourth of September, 1698, the treaty was signed. As to the blanks in the English powers, William had attended to his chancellor's suggestion, and had inserted the names of Sir Joseph Williamson, minister at the Hague, a born Englishman, and of Portland, a naturalized Englishman. The Grand Pensionary and seven other commissioners signed on behalf of the United Provinces. Tallard alone signed for France. He seems to have been extravagantly elated by what seemed to be the happy issue of the negotiation in which he had borne so great a part, and in his next despatch to Lewis boasted of the new treaty as destined to be the most famous that had been made during many centuries.

William, too, was well pleased, and he had reason to be so. Had the King of Spain died, as all men expected, before the end of that year, it is highly probable that France would have kept faith with England and the United Provinces; and it is almost certain that, if France had kept faith, the treaty would have been carried into effect without any serious opposition in any quarter. The emperor

might have complained and threatened; but he must have submitted; for what could he do? He had no fleet; and it was therefore impossible for him even to attempt to possess himself of Castile, of Aragon, of Sicily, of the Indies, in opposition to the united navies of the three greatest maritime powers in the world. In fact, the only part of the Spanish empire which he could hope to seize and hold by force against the will of the confederates of Loo was the Milanese; and the Milanese the confederates of Loo had agreed to assign to his family. He would scarcely have been so mad as to disturb the peace of the world when the only thing which he had any chance of gaining by war was offered him without war. The Castilians would doubtless have resented the dismemberment of the unwieldy body of which they formed the head. But they would have perceived that by resisting they were much more likely to lose the Indies than to preserve Guipuscoa. As to Italy, they could no more make war there than in the moon. Thus the crisis which had seemed likely to produce a European war of ten years would have produced nothing worse than a few angry notes and plaintive manifestoes.

Both the confederate kings wished their compact to remain a secret while their brother Charles lived, and it probably would have remained secret had it been confided only to the English and French ministers. But the institutions of the United Provinces were not well fitted for the purpose of concealment. It had been necessary to trust so many deputies and magistrates that rumors of what had been passing at Loo got abroad. Quiros, the Spanish ambassador at the Hague, followed the trail with such skill and perseverance that he discovered, if not the whole truth, yet enough to furnish materials for a despatch which produced much irritation and alarm at Madrid. A council was summoned, and sat long in deliberation. The grandees of the proudest of courts could hardly fail to perceive that their next sovereign, be he who he might, would find it impossible to avoid sacrificing part of his defenceless and widely scattered empire in order to preserve the rest; they could not bear to think that a single fort, a single islet in any of the four quarters of the world, was about to escape from the sullen domination of Castile. To this sentiment all the passions and prejudices of the haughty race were

subordinate. "We are ready," such was the phrase then in their mouths, "to go to anybody, to go to the dauphin, to go to the devil, so that we all go together." In the hope of averting the threatened dismemberment, the Spanish ministers advised their master to adopt as his heir the candidate whose pretensions it was understood that France, England, and Holland were inclined to support. The advice was taken; and it was soon everywhere known that his Catholic majesty had solemnly designated as his successor his nephew Francis Joseph, Electoral Prince of Bavaria France protested against this arrangement, not, as far as can now be judged, because she meant to violate the treaty of Loo, but because it would have been difficult for her, if she did not protest, to insist on the full execution of that treaty Had she silently acquiesced in the nomination of the electoral prince, she would have appeared to admit that the dauphin's pretensions were unfounded; and, if she admitted the dauphin's pretensions to be unfounded, she could not, without flagrant injustice, demand several provinces as the price in consideration of which she would consent to waive those pretensions. Meanwhile the confederates had secured the co-operation of a most important person, the Elector of Bavaria, who was actually Governor of the Netherlands, and was likely to be, in a few months at farthest, regent of the whole Spanish monarchy. He was perfectly sensible that the consent of France, England, and Holland to his son's elevation was worth purchasing at almost any cost, and, with much alacrity, promised that, when the time came, he would do all in his power to facilitate the execution of the treaty of partition. He was indeed bound by the strongest ties to the confederates of Loo. They had, by a secret article added to the treaty, agreed that, if the electoral prince should become King of Spain, and then die without issue, his father should be his heir. The news that young Francis Joseph had been declared heir to the throne of Spain was welcome to all the potentates of Europe, with the single exception of his grandfather the emperor. The vexation and indignation of Leopold were extreme. But there could be no doubt that, graciously or ungraciously, he would submit. It would have been madness in him to contend against all Western Europe on land, and it was physically impossible for him to wage war on the sea. William was therefore able to indulge, during some weeks,

the pleasing belief that he had by skill and firmness averted from the civilized world a general war which had lately seemed to be imminent, and that he had secured the great community of nations against the undue predominance of one too powerful member.

But the pleasure and the pride with which he contemplated the success of his foreign policy gave place to very different feelings as soon as he again had to deal with our domestic factions. And, indeed, those who most revere his memory must acknowledge that, in dealing with these factions, he did not, at this time, show his wonted statesmanship. For a wise man, he seems never to have been sufficiently aware how much offence is given by discourtesy in small things. His ministers had apprised him that the result of the elections had been unsatisfactory, and that the temper of the new representatives of the people would require much management. Unfortunately, he did not lay this intimation to heart. He had by proclamation fixed the opening of the Parliament for the twenty-ninth of November. This was then considered as a very late day. For the London season began together with Michaelmas term; and, even during the war, the king had scarcely ever failed to receive the compliments of his faithful Lords and Commons on the fifth of November, the anniversary both of his birth and of his memorable landing. The numerous members of the House of Commons who were in town, having their time on their hands, formed cabals, and heated themselves and each other by murmuring at his partiality for the country of his birth. He had been off to Holland, they said, at the earliest possible moment. He was now lingering in Holland to the latest possible moment. This was not the worst. The twenty-ninth of November came: but the king was not come. It was necessary that the lords justices should prorogue the Parliament to the sixth of December. The delay was imputed, and justly, to adverse winds. But the malcontents asked, with some reason, whether his majesty had not known that there were often gales from the west in the German Ocean, and whether, when he had made a solemn appointment with the Estates of his Realm for a particular day, he ought not to have arranged things in such a way that nothing short of a miracle could have prevented him from keeping that appointment.

Thus the ill humor which a large proportion of the new legislators had brought up from their country-seats became more and more acrid every day, till they entered on their functions. One question was much agitated during this unpleasant interval. Who was to be speaker? The Junto wished to place Sir Thomas Littleton in the chair. He was one of their ablest, most zealous, and most steadfast friends; and had been, both in the House of Commons and at the Board of Treasury, an invaluable second to Montague. There was reason indeed to expect a strong opposition. That Littleton was a Whig was a grave objection to him in the opinion of the Tories. That he was a placeman, and that he was for a standing army, were grave objections to him in the opinion of many who were not Tories. But nobody else came forward. The health of the late Speaker Foley had failed. Musgrave was talked of in coffee-houses: but the rumor that he would be proposed soon died away. Seymour's name was in a few mouths: but Seymour's day had gone by. He still possessed, indeed, those advantages which had once made him the first of the country gentlemen of England — illustrious descent, ample fortune, ready and weighty eloquence, perfect familiarity with parliamentary business. But all these things could not do so much to raise him as his moral character did to drag him down. Haughtiness such as his, though it could never have been liked, might, if it had been united with elevated sentiments of virtue and honor, have been pardoned. But of all the forms of pride, even the pride of upstart wealth not excepted, the most offensive is the pride of ancestry when found in company with sordid and ignoble vices, greediness, mendacity, knavery, and impudence; and such was the pride of Seymour. Many, even of those who were well pleased to see the ministers galled by his keen and skillful rhetoric, remembered that he had sold himself more than once, and suspected that he was impatient to sell himself again. On the very eve of the opening of Parliament, a little tract entitled "Considerations on the Choice of a Speaker" was widely circulated, and seems to have produced a great sensation. The writer cautioned the representatives of the people, at some length, against Littleton; and then, in even stronger language, though more concisely, against Seymour; but did not suggest any third person. The sixth of December came, and found the

Country party, as it called itself, still unprovided with a candidate. The king, who had not been many hours in London, took his seat in the House of Lords. The Commons were summoned to the bar, and were directed to choose a speaker. They returned to their chamber. Hartington proposed Littleton; and the proposition was seconded by Spencer. No other person was put in nomination: but there was a warm debate of two hours. Seymour, exasperated by finding that no party was inclined to support his pretensions, spoke with extravagant violence. He who could well remember the military despotism of Cromwell, who had been an active politician in the days of the Cabal, and who had seen his own beautiful county turned into a Golgotha by the Bloody Circuit, declared that the liberties of the nation had never been in greater danger than at that moment, and that their doom would be fixed if a courtier should be called to the chair. The opposition insisted on dividing. Hartington's motion was carried by two hundred and forty-two votes to a hundred and thirty-five, Littleton himself, according to the childish old usage which has descended to our times, voting in the minority. Three days later he was presented and approved.

The king then spoke from the throne. He declared his firm conviction that the houses were disposed to do whatever was necessary for the safety, honor, and happiness of the kingdom; and he asked them for nothing more. When they came to consider the military and naval establishments, they would remember that, unless England were secure from attack, she could not continue to hold the high place which she had won for herself among European powers: her trade would languish, her credit would fail, and even her internal tranquillity would be in danger. He also expressed a hope that some progress would be made in the discharge of the debts contracted during the war. "I think," he said, "an English Parliament can never make such a mistake as not to hold sacred all parliamentary engagements."

The speech appeared to be well received; and during a short time William flattered himself that the great fault, as he considered it, of the preceding session would be repaired, that the army would be augmented, and that he should be able, at the important conjuncture which was approaching, to speak to foreign powers in tones of author-

ity, and especially to keep France steady to her engagements. The Whigs of the Junto, better acquainted with the temper of the country and of the new House of Commons, pronounced it impossible to carry a vote for a land force of more than ten thousand men. Ten thousand men would probably be obtained if his majesty would authorize his servants to ask in his name for that number, and to declare that with a smaller number he could not answer for the public safety. William, firmly convinced that twenty thousand would be too few, refused to make or empower others to make a proposition which seemed to him absurd and disgraceful. Thus, at a moment at which it was peculiarly desirable that all who bore a part in the executive administration should act cordially together, there was serious dissension between him and his ablest councillors. For that dissension neither he nor they can be severely blamed. They were differently situated, and necessarily saw the same objects from different points of view. He, as was natural, considered the question chiefly as a European question. They, as was natural, considered it chiefly as an English question. They had found the antipathy to a standing army insurmountably strong even in the late Parliament, a Parliament disposed to place large confidence in them and in their master. In the new Parliament that antipathy amounted almost to a mania. That liberty, law, property, could never be secured while the sovereign had a large body of regular troops at his command in time of peace, and that of all regular troops foreign troops were the most to be dreaded, had, during the recent elections, been repeated in every town-hall and market-place, and scrawled upon every dead wall. The reductions of the preceding year, it was said, even if they had been honestly carried into effect, would not have been sufficient; and they had not been honestly carried into effect. On this subject the ministers pronounced the temper of the Commons to be such that, if any person high in office were to ask for what his majesty thought necessary, there would assuredly be a violent explosion: the majority would probably be provoked into disbanding all that remained of the army, and the kingdom would be left without a single soldier. William, however, could not be brought to believe that the case was so hopeless. He listened too easily to some secret adviser — Sunderland was probably the man —

who accused Montague and Somers of cowardice and insincerity. They had, it was whispered in the royal ear, a majority whenever they really wanted one. They were bent upon placing their friend Littleton in the speaker's chair, and they carried their point triumphantly. They would carry as triumphantly a vote for a respectable military establishment if the honor of their master and the safety of their country were as dear to them as the petty interest of their own faction. It was to no purpose that the king was told, what was nevertheless perfectly true, that not one half the members who had voted for Littleton could by any art or eloquence, be induced to vote for an augmentation of the land force. While he was urging his ministers to stand up manfully against the popular prejudice, and while they were respectfully representing to him that by so standing up they should only make that prejudice stronger and more noxious, the day came which the Commons had fixed for taking the royal speech into consideration. The House resolved itself into a committee. The great question was instantly raised: What provision should be made for the defence of the realm? It was naturally expected that the confidential advisers of the crown would propose something. As they remained silent, Harley took the lead which properly belonged to them, and moved that the army should not exceed seven thousand men. Sir Charles Sedley suggested ten thousand. Vernon, who was present, was of opinion that this number would have been carried if it had been proposed by one who was known to speak on behalf of the king. But few members cared to support an amendment which was certain to be less pleasing to their constituents, and did not appear to be more pleasing to the court than the original motion. Harley's resolution passed the committee. On the morrow it was reported and approved. The House also resolved that all the seven thousand men who were to be retained should be natural-born English subjects. Other votes were carried without a single division either in the committee or when the mace was on the table.

The king's indignation and vexation were extreme. He was angry with the opposition, with the ministers, with all England. The nation seemed to him to be under a judicial infatuation, blind to dangers which his sagacity perceived to be real, near, and formidable, and morbidly ap-

prehensive of dangers which his conscience told him were no dangers at all. The perverse islanders were willing to trust every thing that was most precious to them, their independence, their property, their laws, their religion, to the moderation and good faith of France, to the winds and the waves, to the steadiness and expertness of battalions of ploughmen commanded by squires; and yet they were afraid to trust him with the means of protecting them, lest he should use those means for the destruction of the liberties which he had saved from extreme peril, which he had fenced with new securities, which he had defended with the hazard of his life, and which from the day of his accession he had never once violated. He was attached, and not without reason, to the Blue Dutch Foot-guards. That brigade had served under him for many years, and had been eminently distinguished by courage, discipline, and fidelity. In December, 1688, that brigade had been the first in his army to enter the English capital, and had been intrusted with the important duty of occupying Whitehall and guarding the person of James. Eighteen months later, that brigade had been the first to plunge into the waters of the Boyne. Nor had the conduct of these veteran soldiers been less exemplary in their quarters than in the field. The vote which required the king to discard them merely because they were what he himself was, seemed to him a personal affront. All these vexations and scandals he imagined that his ministers might have averted if they had been more solicitous for his honor and for the success of his great schemes of policy, and less solicitous about their own popularity. They, on the other hand, continued to assure him, and, as far as can now be judged, to assure him with perfect truth, that it was altogether out of their power to effect what he wished. Something they might perhaps be able to do. Many members of the House of Commons had said in private that seven thousand men was too small a number. If his majesty would let it be understood that he should consider those who should vote for ten thousand as having done him good service, there might be hopes. But there could be no hope if gentlemen found that by voting for ten thousand they should please nobody; that they should be held up to the counties and towns which they represented as turncoats and slaves for going so far to meet his wishes, and that they should be at the

same time frowned upon at Kensington for not going farther. The king was not to be moved. He had been too great to sink into littleness without a struggle. He had been the soul of two great coalitions, the dread of France, the hope of all oppressed nations. And was he to be degraded into a mere puppet of the Harleys and the Howes, a petty prince who could neither help nor hurt, a less formidable enemy and less valuable ally than the Elector of Brandenburg or the Duke of Savoy? His spirit, quite as arbitrary and as impatient of control as that of any of his predecessors, Stuart, Tudor, or Plantagenet, swelled high against this ignominious bondage. It was well known at Versailles that he was cruelly mortified and incensed; and, during a short time, a strange hope was cherished there that, in the heat of his resentment, he might be induced to imitate his uncles, Charles and James, to conclude another treaty of Dover, and to sell himself into vassalage for a subsidy which might make him independent of his niggardly and mutinous Parliament. Such a subsidy, it was thought, might be disguised under the name of a compensation for the little principality of Orange which Lewis had long been desirous to purchase even at a fancy price. A despatch was drawn up containing a paragraph by which Tallard was to be apprised of his master's views, and instructed not to hazard any distinct proposition, but to try the effect of cautious and delicate insinuations, and, if possible, to draw William on to speak first. This paragraph was, on second thoughts, cancelled; but that it should ever have been written must be considered a most significant circumstance.

It may with confidence be affirmed that William would never have stooped to be the pensioner of France; but it was with difficulty that he was, at this conjuncture, dissuaded from throwing up the government of England. When first he threw out hints about retiring to the Continent, his ministers imagined that he was only trying to frighten them into making a desperate effort to obtain for him an efficient army. But they soon saw reason to believe that he was in earnest. That he was in earnest, indeed, can hardly be doubted; for, in a confidential letter to Heinsius, whom he could have no motive for deceiving, he intimated his intention very clearly. "I foresee," he writes, "that I shall be driven to take an extreme course, and that

I shall see you again in Holland sooner than I had imagined."* In fact, he had resolved to go down to the Lords, to send for the Commons, and to make his last speech from the throne. That speech he actually prepared, and had it translated. He meant to tell his hearers that he had come to England to rescue their religion and their liberties; that, for that end, he had been under the necessity of waging a long and cruel war; that the war had, by the blessing of God, ended in an honorable and advantageous peace; and that the nation might now be tranquil and happy, if only those precautions were adopted which he had on the first day of the session recommended as essential to the public security. Since, however, the Estates of the Realm thought fit to slight his advice, and to expose themselves to the imminent risk of ruin, he would not be the witness of calamities which he had not caused and which he could not avert. He must therefore request the houses to present to him a bill providing for the government of the realm: he would pass that bill, and withdraw from a post in which he could no longer be useful; but he should always take a deep interest in the welfare of England; and, if what he foreboded should come to pass, if in some day of danger she should again need his services, his life should be hazarded as freely as ever in her defence.

When the king showed his speech to the chancellor, that wise minister forgot for a moment his habitual self-command. "This is extravagance, sir," he said, "this is madness. I implore your majesty, for the sake of your own honor, not to say to anybody else what you have said to me." He argued the matter during two hours, and no doubt lucidly and forcibly. William listened patiently, but his purpose remained unchanged.

The alarm of the ministers seems to have been increased by finding that the king's intention had been confided to Marlborough, the very last man to whom such a secret would have been imparted unless William had really made up his mind to abdicate in favor of the Princess of Denmark. Somers had another audience, and again began to expostulate. But William cut him short. "We shall not agree, my lord; my mind is made up." "Then, sir," said Somers, "I have to request that I may be excused from

* Dec. $\frac{28}{18}$., 1698.

assisting as chancellor at the fatal act which your majesty meditates. It was from my king that I received this seal, and I beg that he will take it from me while he is still my king."

In these circumstances the ministers, though with scarcely the faintest hope of success, determined to try what they could do to meet the king's wishes. A select committee had been appointed by the House of Commons to frame a bill for the disbanding of all the troops above seven thousand. A motion was made by one of the Court party that this committee should be instructed to reconsider the number of men. Vernon acquitted himself well in the debate. Montague spoke with even more than his wonted ability and energy, but in vain. So far was he from being able to rally round him such a majority as that which had supported him in the preceding Parliament, that he could not count on the support even of the placemen who sat at the same executive board with him. Thomas Pelham, who had, only a few months before, been made a Lord of the Treasury, tried to answer him. "I own," said Pelham, "that last year I thought a large land force necessary: this year I think such a force unnecessary; but I deny that I have been guilty of any inconsistency. Last year the great question of the Spanish succession was unsettled, and there was serious danger of a general war. That question has now been settled in the best possible way, and we may look forward to many years of peace." A Whig of still greater note and authority, the Marquess of Hartington, separated himself on this occasion from the Junto. The current was irresistible. At last the voices of those who tried to speak for the instruction were drowned by clamor. When the question was put, there was a great shout of No, and the minority submitted. To divide would have been merely to have exposed their weakness.

By this time it became clear that the relations between the executive government and the Parliament were again what they had been before the year 1695. The history of our polity at this time is closely connected with the history of one man. Hitherto Montague's career had been more splendidly and uninterruptedly successful than that of any member of the House of Commons since the House of Commons had begun to exist. And now fortune had turned. By the Tories he had long been hated as a Whig

and the rapidity of his rise, the brilliancy of his fame, and the unvarying good luck which seemed to attend him, had made many Whigs his enemies. He was absurdly compared to the upstart favorites of a former age, Carr and Villiers, men whom he had resembled in nothing but in the speed with which he had mounted from an humble to a lofty position. They had, without rendering any service to the State, without showing any capacity for the conduct of great affairs, been elevated to the highest dignities, in spite of the murmurs of the whole nation, by the mere partiality of the sovereign. Montague owed every thing to his own merit and to the public opinion of his merit. With his master he appears to have had very little intercourse, and none that was not official. He was, in truth, a living monument of what the Revolution had done for the country. The Revolution had found him a young student in a cell by the Cam, poring on the diagrams which illustrated the newly-discovered laws of centripetal and centrifugal force, writing little copies of verses, and indulging visions of parsonages with rich glebes, and of closes in old cathedral towns; had developed in him new talents; had held out to him the hope of prizes of a very different sort from a rectory or a prebend. His eloquence had gained for him the ear of the Legislature. His skill in fiscal and commercial affairs had won for him the confidence of the city. During four years he had been the undisputed leader of the majority of the House of Commons, and every one of those years he had made memorable by great parliamentary victories and by great public services. It should seem that his success ought to have been gratifying to the nation, and especially to that assembly of which he was the chief ornament, of which, indeed, he might be called the creature. The representatives of the people ought to have been well pleased to find that their approbation could, in the new order of things, do for the man whom they delighted to honor all that the mightiest of the Tudors could do for Leicester, or the most arbitrary of the Stuarts for Strafford. But, strange to say, the Commons soon began to regard with an evil eye that greatness which was their own work. The fault, indeed, was partly Montague's. With all his ability, he had not the wisdom to avert, by suavity and moderation, that curse, the inseparable concomitant of prosperity and glory, which the ancients personified under

the name of Nemesis. His head, strong for all the purposes of debate and arithmetical calculation, was weak against the intoxicating influence of success and fame. He became proud even to insolence. Old companions, who, a very few years before, had punned and rhymed with him in garrets, had dined with him in cheap ordinaries, had sat with him in the pit, and had lent him some silver to pay his seamstress's bill, hardly knew their friend Charles in the great man who could not forget for one moment that he was First Lord of the Treasury, that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he had been a regent of the kingdom, that he had founded the Bank of England and the new East India Company, that he had restored the currency, that he had invented the Exchequer bills, that he had planned the general mortgage, and that he had been pronounced, by a solemn vote of the Commons, to have deserved all the favors which he had received from the crown. It was said that admiration of himself and contempt of others were indicated by all his gestures, and written in all the lines of his face. The very way in which the little jackanapes, as the hostile pamphleteers loved to call him, strutted through the lobby, making the most of his small figure, rising on his toe, and perking up his chin, made him enemies. Rash and arrogant sayings were imputed to him, and perhaps invented for him. He was accused of boasting that there was nothing that he could not carry through the House of Commons — that he could turn the majority round his finger. A crowd of libellers assailed him with much more than political hatred. Boundless rapacity and corruption were laid to his charge. He was represented as selling all the places in the revenue department for three years' purchase. The opprobrious nickname of Filcher was fastened on him. His luxury, it was said, was not less inordinate than his avarice. There was indeed an attempt made at this time to raise against the leading Whig politicians and their allies, the great moneyed men of the city, a cry much resembling the cry which, seventy or eighty years later, was raised against the English nabobs. Great wealth, suddenly acquired, is not often enjoyed with moderation, dignity, and good taste. It is therefore not impossible that there may have been some small foundation for the extravagant stories with which malcontent pamphleteers amused the leisure of malcontent

squires. In such stories Montague played a conspicuous part. He contrived, it was said, to be at once as rich as Crœsus and as riotous as Mark Antony. His stud and his cellar were beyond all price. His very lackeys turned up their noses at claret. He and his confederates were described as spending the immense sums of which they had plundered the public in banquets of four courses, such as Zucullus might have eaten in the Hall of Apollo. A supper for twelve Whigs, enriched by jobs, grants, bribes, lucky purchases, and lucky sales of stock, was cheap at eighty pounds. At the end of every course, all the fine linen on the table was changed. Those who saw the pyramids of choice wild fowl imagined that the entertainment had been prepared for fifty epicures at the least. Only six birds' nests from the Nicobar Islands were to be had in London; and all the six, bought at an enormous price, were smoking in soup on the board. These fables were destitute alike of probability and of evidence. But Grub Street could devise no fable injurious to Montague which was not certain to find credence in more than half the manor-houses and vicarages of England.

It may seem strange that a man who loved literature passionately, and rewarded literary merit munificently, should have been more savagely reviled, both in prose and verse, than almost any other politician in our history. But there is really no cause for wonder. A powerful, liberal, and discerning protector of genius is very likely to be mentioned with honor long after his death, but is very likely also to be most brutally libelled during his life. In every age there will be twenty bad writers for one good one; and every bad writer will think himself a good one. A ruler who neglects all men of letters alike does not wound the self-love of any man of letters; but a ruler who shows favor to the few men of letters who deserve it, inflicts on the many the miseries of disappointed hope, of affronted pride, of jealousy cruel as the grave. All the rage of a multitude of authors, irritated at once by the sting of want and by the sting of vanity, is directed against the unfortunate patron. It is true that the thanks and eulogies of those whom he has befriended will be remembered when the invectives of those whom he has neglected are forgotten. But in his own time the obloquy will probably make as much noise and find as much credit as the panegyric.

The name of Mæcenas has been made immortal by Horace and Virgil, and is popularly used to designate an accomplished statesman, who lives in close intimacy with the greatest poets and wits of his time, and heaps benefits on them with the most delicate generosity. But it may well be suspected that, if the verses of Alpinus and Fannius, of Bavius and Mævius, had come down to us, we might see Mæcenas represented as the most niggardly and tasteless of human beings, nay, as a man, who, on system, neglected and persecuted all intellectual superiority. It is certain that Montague was thus represented by contemporary scribblers. They told the world in essays, in letters, in dialogues, in ballads, that he would do nothing for anybody without being paid either in money or in some vile services; that he not only never rewarded merit, but hated it whenever he saw it; that he practised the meanest arts for the purpose of depressing it; that those whom he protected and enriched were not men of ability and virtue, but wretches distinguished only by their sycophancy and their low debaucheries. And this was said of the man who made the fortune of Joseph Addison and of Isaac Newton.

Nothing had done more to diminish the influence of Montague in the House of Commons than a step which he had taken a few weeks before the meeting of the Parliament. It would seem that the result of the general election had made him uneasy, and that he had looked anxiously round him for some harbor in which he might take refuge from the storms which seemed to be gathering. While his thoughts were thus employed, he learned that the Auditorship of the Exchequer had suddenly become vacant. The auditorship was held for life. The duties were formal and easy. The gains were uncertain, for they rose and fell with the public expenditure; but they could hardly, in time of peace, and under the most economical administration, be less than four thousand pounds a year, and were likely, in time of war, to be more than double of that sum. Montague marked this great office for his own. He could not indeed take it while he continued to be in charge of the public purse; for it would have been indecent, and perhaps illegal, that he should audit his own accounts. He therefore selected his brother Christopher, whom he had lately made a commissioner of the excise, to keep the place for him. There was, as may easily be supposed,

no want of powerful and noble competitors for such a prize. Leeds had, more than twenty years before, obtained from Charles the Second a patent granting the reversion to Caermarthen. Godolphin, it was said, pleaded a promise made by William. But Montague maintained, and was, it seems, right in maintaining, that both the patent of Charles and the promise of William had been given under a mistake, and that the right of appointing the auditor belonged, not to the crown, but to the Board of Treasury. He carried his point with characteristic audacity and celerity. The news of the vacancy reached London on a Sunday. On the Tuesday the new auditor was sworn in. The ministers were amazed. Even the chancellor, with whom Montague was on terms of intimate friendship, had not been consulted. Godolphin devoured his ill temper. Caermarthen ordered out his wonderful yacht, and hastened to complain to the king, who was then at Loo. But what had been done could not be undone.

This bold stroke placed Montague's fortune, in the lower sense of the word, out of hazard, but increased the animosity of his enemies and cooled the zeal of his adherents. In a letter written by one of his colleagues, Secretary Vernon, on the day after the appointment, the auditorship is described as at once a safe and lucrative place. "But I thought," Vernon proceeds, "Mr. Montague was too aspiring to stoop to anything below the height he was in, and that he least considered profit." This feeling was no doubt shared by many of the friends of the ministry. It was plain that Montague was preparing a retreat for himself. This flinching of the captain, just on the eve of a perilous campaign, naturally disheartened the whole army. It deserves to be remarked that, more than eighty years later, another great Parliamentary leader was placed in a very similar situation. The younger William Pitt held in 1784 the same offices which Montague had held in 1698. Pitt was pressed in 1784 by political difficulties not less than those with which Montague had contended in 1698. Pitt was also, in 1784, a much poorer man than Montague in 1698. Pitt, in 1784, like Montague in 1698, had at his own absolute disposal a lucrative sinecure place in the Exchequer. Pitt gave away the office which would have made him an opulent man, and gave it away in such a manner as at once to reward unfortunate merit, and to relieve the country

from a burden. For this disinterestedness he was repaid by the enthusiastic applause of his followers, by the enforced respect of his opponents, and by the confidence which, through all the vicissitudes of a checkered and at length disastrous career, the great body of Englishmen reposed in his public spirit and in his personal integrity. In the intellectual qualities of a statesman Montague was probably not inferior to Pitt. But the magnanimity, the dauntless courage, the contempt for riches and for bawbles, to which, more than to any intellectual quality, Pitt owed his long ascendency, were wanting to Montague.

The faults of Montague were great, but his punishment was cruel. It was indeed a punishment which must have been more bitter than the bitterness of death to a man whose vanity was exquisitely sensitive, and who had been spoiled by early and rapid success and by constant prosperity. Before the new Parliament had been a month sitting, it was plain that his empire was at an end. He spoke with the old eloquence, but his speeches no longer called forth the old response. Whatever he proposed was maliciously scrutinized. The success of his budget of the preceding year had surpassed all expectation. The two millions which he had undertaken to find had been raised with a rapidity which seemed magical. Yet for bringing the riches of the city, in an unprecedented flood, to overflow the Exchequer, he was reviled as if his scheme had failed more ludicrously than the Tory Land Bank. Emboldened by his unpopularity, the Old East India Company presented a petition praying that the General Society Act, which his influence and eloquence had induced the late Parliament to pass, might be extensively modified. Howe took the matter up. It was moved that leave should be given to bring in a bill according to the prayer of the petition: the motion was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes to a hundred and forty-eight; and the whole question of the trade with the Eastern seas was re-opened. The bill was brought in, but was, with great difficulty and by a very small majority, thrown out on the second reading.* On other financial questions, Montague, so lately

* Commons' Journals, February 24. 27.; March 9. 169$\frac{8}{9}$. In the Vernon Correspondence a letter about the East India question which belongs to the year 1$\frac{6}{7}$9$\frac{8}{9}$ is put under the date of Feb. 10. 169$\frac{8}{9}$. The truth is that this most valuable correspondence can not be used to good

the oracle of the Committee of Supply, was now heard with malevolent distrust. If his enemies were unable to detect any flaw in his reasonings and calculations, they could at least whisper that Mr. Montague was very cunning; that it was not easy to track him; but that it might be taken for granted that for whatever he did he had some sinister motive, and that the safest course was to negative whatever he proposed. Though that House of Commons was economical even to a vice, the majority preferred paying high interest to paying low interest, solely because the plan for raising money at low interest had been framed by him. In a despatch from the Dutch embassy, the States-General were informed that many of the votes of that session which had caused astonishment out of doors were to be ascribed to nothing but to the bitter envy which the ability and fame of Montague had excited. It was not without a hard struggle and a sharp pang that the first Englishman who had held that high position which has now been long called the leadership of the House of Commons submitted to be deposed. But he was set upon with cowardly malignity by whole rows of small men, none of whom singly would have dared to look him in the face. A contemporary pamphleteer compared him to an owl in the sunshine, pursued and pecked to death by flights of tiny birds. On one occasion he was irritated into uttering an oath. Then there was a cry of Order, and he was threatened with the sergeant and the Tower. On another occasion he was moved even to shedding tears of rage and vexation — tears which only moved the mockery of his low-minded and bad-hearted foes.

If a minister were now to find himself thus situated in a House of Commons which had just been elected, and from which it would therefore be idle to appeal to the electors, he would instantly resign his office, and his adversaries would take his place. The change would be most advantageous to the public, even if we suppose his successor to be both less virtuous and less able than himself. For it is much better for the country to have a bad ministry than to have no ministry at all; and there would be no ministry at all if the executive departments were filled by men whom the representatives of the people took every opportunity

purpose by any writer who does not do for himself all that the editor ought to have done.

of thwarting and insulting. That an unprincipled man should be followed by a majority of the House of Commons is no doubt an evil. But, when this is the case, he will nowhere be so harmless as at the head of affairs. As he already possesses the power to do boundless mischief, it is desirable to give him a strong motive to abstain from doing mischief; and such a motive he has from the moment that he is intrusted with the administration. Office of itself does much to equalize politicians. It by no means brings all characters to a level, but it does bring high characters down, and low characters up toward a common standard. In power the most patriotic and enlightened statesman finds that he must disappoint the expectations of his admirers; that, if he effects any good, he must effect it by compromise; that he must relinquish many favorite schemes; that he must bear with many abuses. On the other hand, power turns the very vices of the most worthless adventurer, his selfish ambition, his sordid cupidity, his vanity, his cowardice, into a sort of public spirit. The most greedy and cruel wrecker that ever put up false lights to lure mariners to their destruction will do his best to preserve a ship from going to pieces on the rocks if he is taken on board of her and made pilot, and so the most profligate Chancellor of the Exchequer must wish that trade may flourish, that the revenue may come in well, and that he may be able to take taxes off instead of putting them on. The most profligate First Lord of the Admiralty must wish to receive news of a victory like that of the Nile rather than of a mutiny like that at the Nore. There is, therefore, a limit to the evil which is to be apprehended from the worst ministry that is likely ever to exist in England. But to the evil of having no ministry, to the evil of having a House of Commons permanently at war with the executive government, there is absolutely no limit. This was signally proved in 1699 and 1700. Had the statesmen of the Junto, as soon as they had ascertained the temper of the new Parliament, acted as statesmen similarly situated would now act, great calamities would have been averted. The chiefs of the opposition must then have been called upon to form a government. With the power of the late ministry the responsibility of the late ministry would have been transferred to them, and that responsibility would at once have sobered them. The orator whose eloquence had been the delight

of the Country party would have had to exert his ingenuity on a new set of topics. There would have been an end of his invectives against courtiers and placemen, of piteous moanings about the intolerable weight of the land tax, of his boasts that the militia of Kent and Sussex, without the help of a single regular soldier, would turn the conquerors of Landen to the right about. He would himself have been a courtier; he would himself have been a placeman; he would have known that he should be held accountable for all the misery which a national bankruptcy or a French invasion might produce; and, instead of laboring to get up a clamor for the reduction of imposts and the disbanding of regiments, he would have employed all his talents and influence for the purpose of obtaining from Parliament the means of supporting public credit, and of putting the country in a good posture of defense. Meanwhile the statesmen who were out might have watched the new men, might have checked them when they were wrong, might have come to their help when, by doing right, they had raised a mutiny in their own absurd and perverse faction. In this way Montague and Somers might, in opposition, have been really far more powerful than they could be while they filled the highest posts in the executive government, and were outvoted every day in the House of Commons. Their retirement would have mitigated envy; their abilities would have been missed and regretted; their unpopularity would have passed to their successors, who would have grievously disappointed vulgar expectation, and would have been under the necessity of eating their own words in every debate. The league between the Tories and the discontented Whigs would have been dissolved, and it is probable that, in a session or two, the public voice would have loudly demanded the recall of the best Keeper of the Great Seal and of the best First Lord of the Treasury the oldest man living could remember.

But these lessons, the fruits of the experience of five generations, had never been taught to the politicians of the seventeenth century. Notions imbibed before the Revolution still kept possession of the public mind. Not even Somers, the foremost man of his age in civil wisdom, thought it strange that one party should be in possession of the executive administration while the other predominated in the Legislature. Thus, at the beginning of 1699, there ceased

to be a ministry, and years elapsed before the servants of the crown and the representatives of the people were again joined in a union as harmonious as that which had existed from the general election of 1695 to the general election of 1698. The anarchy lasted, with some short intervals of composedness, till the general election of 1705. No portion of our Parliamentary history is less pleasing or more instructive. It will be seen that the House of Commons became altogether ungovernable, abused its gigantic power with unjust and insolent caprice, browbeat king and lords, the courts of common law and the constituent bodies, violated rights guaranteed by the Great Charter, and at length made itself so odious that the people were glad to take shelter under the protection of the throne and of the hereditary aristocracy from the tyranny of the assembly which had been chosen by themselves.

The evil which had brought so much discredit on representative institutions was of gradual, though of rapid growth, and did not, in the first session of the Parliament of 1698, take the most alarming form. The lead of the House of Commons had, however, entirely passed away from Montague, who was still the first minister of finance, to the chiefs of the turbulent and discordant opposition. Among those chiefs the most powerful was Harley, who, while almost constantly acting with the Tories and High-Churchmen, continued to use, on occasions cunningly selected, the political and religious phraseology which he had learned in his youth among the Roundheads. He thus, while high in the esteem of the country gentlemen, and even of his hereditary enemies, the country parsons, retained a portion of the favor with which he and his ancestors had long been regarded by Whigs and Nonconformists. He was therefore peculiarly well qualified to act as mediator between the two sections of the majority.

The bill for the disbanding of the army passed with little opposition through the House till it reached the last stage. Then, at length, a stand was made, but in vain. Vernon wrote the next day to Shrewsbury that the ministers had had a division which they need not be ashamed of, for that they had mustered a hundred and fifty-four against two hundred and twenty-one. Such a division would not be considered as matter of boast by a secretary of state in our time.

The bill went up to the House of Lords, where it was regarded with no great favor. But this was not one of those occasions on which the House of Lords can act effectually as a check on the popular branch of the Legislature. No good would have been done by rejecting the bill for disbanding the troops unless the king could have been furnished with the means of maintaining them; and with such means he could be furnished only by the House of Commons. Somers, in a speech of which both the eloquence and the wisdom were greatly admired, placed the question in the true light. He set forth strongly the dangers to which the jealousy and parsimony of the representatives of the people exposed the country. But any thing, he said, was better than that the king and the Peers should engage, without hope of success, in an acrimonious conflict with the Commons. Tankerville spoke with his usual ability on the same side. Nottingham and the other Tories remained silent, and the bill passed without a division.

By this time the king's strong understanding had mastered, as it seldom failed, after a struggle, to master, his rebellious temper. He had made up his mind to fulfil his great mission to the end. It was with no common pain that he admitted it to be necessary for him to give his assent to the Disbanding Bill. But in this case it would have been worse than useless to resort to his veto. For, if the bill had been rejected, the army would have been dissolved, and he would have been left without even the seven thousand men whom the Commons were willing to allow him.

He determined, therefore, to comply with the wish of his people, and at the same time to give them a weighty and serious, but friendly admonition. Never had he succeeded better in suppressing the outward signs of his emotions than on the day on which he carried this determination into effect. The public mind was much excited. The crowds in the parks and streets were immense. The Jacobites came in troops, hoping to enjoy the pleasure of reading shame and rage on the face of him whom they most hated and dreaded. The hope was disappointed. The Prussian minister, a discerning observer, free from the passions which distracted English society, accompanied the royal procession from St. James's Palace to Westminster Hall. He well knew how bitterly William had been mortified, and was astonished to see him present himself to the public gaze with a serene and cheerful aspect.

The speech delivered from the throne was much admired, and the correspondent of the States-General acknowledged that he despaired of exhibiting in a French translation the graces of style which distinguished the original. Indeed, that weighty, simple, and dignified eloquence which becomes the lips of a sovereign was seldom wanting in any composition of which the plan was furnished by William and the language by Somers. The king informed the Lords and Commons that he had come down to pass their bill as soon as it was ready for him. He could not, indeed, but think that they had carried the reduction of the army to a dangerous extent. He could not but feel that they had treated him unkindly in requiring him to part with those guards who had come over with him to deliver England, and who had since been near him on every field of battle. But it was his fixed opinion that nothing could be so pernicious to the state as that he should be regarded by his people with distrust — distrust of which he had not expected to be the object, after what he had endeavored, ventured, and acted to restore and to secure their liberties. He had now, he said, told the houses plainly the reason, the only reason, which had induced him to pass their bill; and it was his duty to tell them plainly, in discharge of his high trust, and in order that none might hold him accountable for the evils which he had vainly endeavored to avert, that, in his judgment, the nation was left too much exposed.

When the Commons had returned to their chamber, and the king's speech had been read from the chair, Howe attempted to raise a storm. A gross insult had been offered to the House. The king ought to be asked who had put such words into his mouth. But the spiteful agitator found no support. The majority were so much pleased with the king for promptly passing the bill that they were not disposed to quarrel with him for frankly declaring that he disliked it. It was resolved without a division that an address should be presented, thanking him for his gracious speech and for his ready compliance with the wishes of his people, and assuring him that his grateful Commons would never forget the great things which he had done for the country, would never give him cause to think them unkind or undutiful, and would, on all occasions, stand by him against all enemies.

Just at this juncture tidings arrived which might well raise misgivings in the minds of those who had voted for reducing the national means of defence. The Electoral Prince of Bavaria was no more. The Gazette which announced that the Disbanding Bill had received the royal assent informed the public that he was dangerously ill at Brussels. The next Gazette contained the news of his death. Only a few weeks had elapsed since all who were anxious for the peace of the world had learned with joy that he had been named heir to the Spanish throne. That the boy just entering upon life with such hopes should die, while the wretched Charles, long ago half dead, continued to creep about between his bedroom and his chapel, was an event for which, notwithstanding the proverbial uncertainty of life, the minds of men were altogether unprepared. A peaceful solution of the great question now seemed impossible. France and Austria were left confronting each other. Within a month the whole Continent might be in arms. Pious men saw in this stroke, so sudden and so terrible, the plain signs of the Divine displeasure. God had a controversy with the nations. Nine years of fire, of slaughter, and of famine had not been sufficient to reclaim a guilty world; and a second and more severe chastisement was at hand. Others muttered that the event which all good men lamented was to be ascribed to unprincipled ambition. It would indeed have been strange if, in that age, so important a death, happening at so critical a moment, had not been imputed to poison. The father of the deceased prince loudly accused the court of Vienna; and the imputation, though not supported by the slightest evidence, was, during some time, believed by the vulgar.

The politicians at the Dutch embassy imagined that now, at length, the parliament would listen to reason. It seemed that even the country gentlemen must begin to contemplate the probability of an alarming crisis. The merchants of the Royal Exchange, much better acquainted than the country gentlemen with foreign lands, and much more accustomed than the country gentlemen to take large views, were in great agitation. Nobody could mistake the beat of that wonderful pulse which had recently begun, and has, during five generations, continued to indicate the variations of the body politic. When Littleton was chosen speaker, the stocks rose. When it was resolved that the army

should be reduced to seven thousand men, the stocks fell. When the death of the electoral prince was known, they fell still lower. The subscriptions to a new loan, which the Commons had, from mere spite to Montague, determined to raise on conditions of which he disapproved, came in very slowly. The signs of a reaction of feeling were discernible both in and out of Parliament. Many men are alarmists by constitution. Trenchard and Howe had frightened most men by writing and talking about the danger to which liberty and property would be exposed if the government were allowed to keep a large body of janizaries in pay. That danger had ceased to exist, and those people who must always be afraid of something, as they could no longer be afraid of a standing army, began to be afraid of the French king. There was a turn in the tide of public opinion, and no part of statesmanship is more important than the art of taking the tide of public opinion at the turn. On more than one occasion William showed himself a master of that art; but, on the present occasion, a sentiment, in itself amiable and respectable, led him to commit the greatest mistake of his whole life. Had he at this conjuncture again earnestly pressed on the houses the importance of providing for the defence of the kingdom, and asked of them an additional number of English troops, it is not improbable that he might have carried his point; it is certain that, if he had failed, there would have been nothing ignominious in his failure. Unhappily, instead of raising a great public question, on which he was in the right, on which he had a good chance of succeeding, and on which he might have been defeated without any loss of dignity, he chose to raise a personal question on which he was in the wrong — on which, right or wrong, he was sure to be beaten, and on which he could not be beaten without being degraded. Instead of pressing for more English regiments, he exerted all his influence to obtain for the Dutch Guards permission to remain in the island.

The first trial of strength was in the Upper House. A resolution was moved there to the effect that the Lords would gladly concur in any plan that could be suggested for retaining the services of the Dutch brigade. The motion was carried by fifty-four votes to thirty-eight. But a protest was entered, and was signed by all the minority. It is remarkable that Devonshire was, and that Marlborough

was not, one of the dissentients. Marlborough had formerly made himself conspicuous by the keenness and pertinacity with which he had attacked the Dutch. But he had now made his peace with the court, and was in the receipt of a large salary from the civil list. He was in the House on that day, and therefore, if he voted, must have voted with the majority. The Cavendishes had generally been strenuous supporters of the king and the Junto; but, on the subject of the foreign troops, Hartington in one house and his father in the other were intractable.

This vote of the Lords caused much murmuring among the Commons. It was said to be most unparliamentary to pass a bill one week, and the next week to pass a resolution condemning that bill. It was true that the bill had been passed before the death of the electoral prince was known in London. But that unhappy event, though it might be a good reason for increasing the English army, could be no reason for departing from the principle that the English army should consist of Englishmen. A gentleman who despised the vulgar clamor against professional soldiers, who held the doctrine of Somers's Balancing Letter, and who was prepared to vote for twenty or even thirty thousand men, might yet well ask why any of those men should be foreigners. Were our countrymen naturally inferior to men of other races in any of the qualities which, under proper training, make excellent soldiers? That assuredly was not the opinion of the prince who had, at the head of Ormond's Life Guards, driven the French household troops, till then invincible, back over the ruins of Neerwinden, and whose eagle eye and applauding voice had followed Cutts's grenadiers up the glacis of Namur. Bitter-spirited malcontents muttered that, since there was no honorable service which could not be as well performed by the natives of the realm as by alien mercenaries, it might well be suspected that the king wanted his alien mercenaries for some service not honorable. If it were necessary to repel a French invasion or to put down an Irish insurrection, the Blues and the Buffs would stand by him to the death. But, if his object were to govern in defiance of the votes of his Parliament and of the cry of his people, he might well apprehend that English swords and muskets would, at the crisis, fail him, as they had failed his father-in-law, and might well wish to surround

himself with men who were not of our blood, who had no reverence for our laws, and no sympathy with our feelings. Such imputations could find credit with no body superior in intelligence to those clownish squires who with difficulty managed to spell out Dyer's Letter over their ale. Men of sense and temper admitted that William had never shown any disposition to violate the solemn compact which he had made with the nation, and that, even if he were depraved enough to think of destroying the Constitution by military violence, he was not imbecile enough to imagine that the Dutch brigade, or five such brigades, would suffice for his purpose. But such men, while they fully acquitted him of the design attributed to him by factious malignity, could not acquit him of a partiality which it was natural that he should feel, but which it would have been wise in him to hide, and with which it was impossible that his subjects should sympathize. He ought to have known that nothing is more offensive to free and proud nations than the sight of foreign uniforms and standards. Though not much conversant with books, he must have been acquainted with the chief events in the history of his own illustrious house; and he could hardly have been ignorant that his great-grandfather had commenced a long and glorious struggle against despotism by exciting the States-General of Ghent to demand that all Spanish troops should be withdrawn from the Netherlands. The final parting between the tyrant and the future deliverer was not an event to be forgotten by any of the race of Nassau. "It was the States, sir," said the Prince of Orange. Philip seized his wrist with a convulsive grasp, and exclaimed, "Not the States, but you, you, you."

William, however, determined to try whether a request made by himself in earnest and almost supplicating terms would induce his subjects to indulge his national partiality at the expense of their own. None of his ministers could flatter him with any hope of success. But on this subject he was too much excited to hear reason. He sent down to the Commons a message, not merely signed by himself according to the usual form, but written throughout with his own hand. He informed them that the necessary preparations had been made for sending away the guards who came with him to England, and that they would immediately embark, unless the House should, out of considera-

tion for him, be disposed to retain them, which he should take very kindly. When the message had been read, a member proposed that a day might be fixed for the consideration of the subject. But the chiefs of the majority would not consent to any thing which might seem to indicate hesitation, and moved the previous question. The ministers were in a false position. It was out of their power to answer Harley when he sarcastically declared that he did not suspect them of having advised his majesty on this occasion. If, he said, those gentlemen had thought it desirable that the Dutch brigade should remain in the kingdom, they would have done so before. There had been many opportunities of raising the question in a perfectly regular manner during the progress of the Disbanding Bill. Of those opportunities nobody had thought fit to avail himself, and it was now too late to reopen the question. Most of the other members who spoke against taking the message into consideration took the same line, declined discussing points which might have been discussed when the Disbanding Bill was before the House, and declared merely that they could not consent to any thing so unparliamentary as the repealing of an act which had just been passed. But this way of dealing with the message was far too mild and moderate to satisfy the implacable malice of Howe. In his courtly days he had vehemently called on the king to use the Dutch for the purpose of quelling the insubordination of the English regiments. "None but the Dutch troops," he said, "are to be trusted." He was now not ashamed to draw a parallel between those very Dutch troops and the popish kernes whom James had brought over from Munster and Connaught to enslave our island. The general feeling was such that the previous question was carried without a division. A committee was immediately appointed to draw up an address explaining the reasons which made it impossible for the House to comply with his majesty's wish. At the next sitting the committee reported, and on the report there was an animated debate. The friends of the government thought the proposed address offensive. The most respectable members of the majority felt that it would be ungraceful to aggravate by harsh language the pain which must be caused by their conscientious opposition to the king's wishes. Some strong expressions were therefore

softened down; some courtly phrases were inserted; but the House refused to omit one sentence which almost reproachfully reminded the king that in his memorable declaration of 1688 he had promised to send back all the foreign forces as soon as he had effected the deliverance of this country. The division was, however, very close. There were one hundred and fifty-seven votes for omitting this passage, and one hundred and sixty-three for retaining it.*

The address was presented by the whole House. William's answer was as good as it was possible for him, in the unfortunate position in which he had placed himself, to return. It showed that he was deeply hurt; but it was temperate and dignified. Those who saw him in private knew that his feelings had been cruelly lacerated. His body sympathized with his mind. His sleep was broken. His headaches tormented him more than ever. From those whom he had been in the habit of considering as his friends, and who had failed him in the recent struggle, he did not attempt to conceal his displeasure. The lucrative see of Worcester was vacant, and some powerful Whigs of the cider country wished to obtain it for John Hall, Bishop of Bristol. One of the Foleys, a family zealous for the Revolution, but hostile to standing armies, spoke to the king on the subject. "I will pay as much respect to your wishes," said William, "as you and yours have paid to mine." Lloyd, of St. Asaph, was translated to Worcester.

The Dutch Guards immediately began to march to the coast. After all the clamor which had been raised against them, the populace witnessed their departure rather with sorrow than with triumph. They had been long domiciled here; they had been honest and inoffensive; and many of them were accompanied by English wives and by young children who talked no language but English. As they traversed the capital, not a single shout of exultation was

* I doubt whether there be extant a sentence of worse English than that on which the House divided. It is not merely inelegant and ungrammatical, but is evidently the work of a man of puzzled understanding, probably of Harley. "It is, sir, to your loyal Commons an unspeakable grief that any thing should be asked by your majesty's message to which they can not consent without doing violence to that Constitution your majesty came over to restore and preserve; and did, at that time, in your gracious declaration, promise that all those foreign forces which came over with you should be sent back."

raised; and they were almost everywhere greeted with kindness. One rude spectator, indeed, was heard to remark that Hans made a much better figure, now that he had been living ten years on the fat of the land, than when he first came. "A pretty figure you would have made," said a Dutch soldier, "if we had not come." And the retort was generally applauded. It would not, however, be reasonable to infer from the signs of public sympathy and good-will with which the foreigners were dismissed that the nation wished them to remain. It was probably because they were going that they were regarded with favor by many who would never have seen them relieve guard at St. James's without black looks and muttered curses.

Side by side with the discussion about the land force had been proceeding a discussion, scarcely less animated, about the naval administration. The chief minister of marine was a man whom it had once been useless and even perilous to attack in the Commons. It was to no purpose that, in 1693, grave charges, resting on grave evidence, had been brought against the Russell who had conquered at La Hogue. The name of Russell acted as a spell on all who loved English freedom. The name of La Hogue acted as a spell on all who were proud of the glory of the English arms. The accusations, unexamined and unrefuted, were contemptuously flung aside, and the thanks of the House were voted to the accused commander without one dissentient voice. But times had changed. The admiral still had zealous partisans; but the fame of his exploits had lost their gloss; people in general were quick to discern his faults, and his faults were but too discernible. That he had carried on a traitorous correspondence with Saint Germains had not been proved, and had been pronounced by the representatives of the people to be a foul calumny. Yet the imputation had left a stain on his name. His arrogant, insolent, and quarrelsome temper made him an object of hatred. His vast and growing wealth made him an object of envy. What his official merits and demerits really were it is not easy to discover through the mist made up of factious abuse and factious panegyric. One set of writers described him as the most ravenous of all the plunderers of the poor overtaxed nation. Another set asserted that under him the ships were better built and rigged, the crews were better disciplined and better tempered, the

biscuit was better, the beer was better, the slops were better, than under any of his predecessors; and yet that the charge to the public was less than it had been when the vessels were unseaworthy, when the sailors were riotous, when the food was alive with vermin, when the drink tasted like tan-pickle, and when the clothes and hammocks were rotten. It may, however, be observed that these two representations are not inconsistent with each other, and there is strong reason to believe that both are, to a great extent, true. Orford was covetous and unprincipled, but he had great professional skill and knowledge, great industry, and a strong will. He was therefore a useful servant of the state when the interests of the state were not opposed to his own, and this was more than could be said of some who had preceded him. He was, for example, an incomparably better administrator than Torrington, for Torrington's weakness and negligence caused ten times as much mischief as his rapacity. But, when Orford had nothing to gain by doing what was wrong, he did what was right, and did it ably and diligently. Whatever Torrington did not embezzle he wasted. Orford may have embezzled as much as Torrington, but he wasted nothing.

Early in the session, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee on the state of the navy. This committee sat at intervals during more than three months. Orford's administration underwent a close scrutiny, and very narrowly escaped a severe censure. A resolution condemning the manner in which his accounts had been kept was lost by only one vote. There were a hundred and forty against him, and a hundred and forty-one for him. When the report was presented to the House, another attempt was made to put a stigma upon him. It was moved that the king should be requested to place the direction of maritime affairs in other hands. There were a hundred and sixty ayes to a hundred and sixty-four noes. With this victory, a victory hardly to be distinguished from a defeat, his friends were forced to be content. An address setting forth some of the abuses in the naval department, and beseeching King William to correct them, was voted without a division. In one of those abuses Orford was deeply interested. He was first Lord of the Admiralty; and he had held, ever since the Revolution, the lucrative place of Treasurer of the Navy. It was evidently improper

that two offices, one of which was meant to be a check on the other, should be united in the same person; and this the Commons represented to the king.

Questions relating to the military and naval establishments occupied the attention of the Commons so much during the session that, until the prorogation was at hand, little was said about the resumption of the crown grants. But, just before the Land Tax Bill was sent up to the Lords, a clause was added to it by which seven commissioners were empowered to take account of the property forfeited in Ireland during the late troubles. The selection of those commissioners the House reserved to itself. Every member was directed to bring a list containing the names of seven persons who were not members, and the seven names which appeared in the greatest number of lists were inserted in the bill. The result of the ballot was unfavorable to the government. Four of the seven on whom the choice fell were connected with the opposition; and one of them, Trenchard, was the most conspicuous of the pamphleteers who had been during many months employed in raising a cry against the army.

The Land Tax Bill, with this clause tacked to it, was carried to the Upper House. The Peers complained, and not without reason, of this mode of proceeding. It may, they said, be very proper that commissioners should be appointed by act of Parliament to take account of the forfeited property in Ireland, but they should be appointed by a separate act. Then we should be able to make amendments, to ask for conferences, to give and receive explanations. The Land Tax Bill we cannot amend. We may indeed reject it; but we cannot reject it without shaking public credit, without leaving the kingdom defenceless, without raising a mutiny in the navy. The Lords yielded, but not without a protest, which was signed by some strong Whigs and some strong Tories. The king was even more displeased than the Peers. "This commission," he said, in one of his private letters, "will give plenty of trouble next winter." It did indeed give more trouble than he at all anticipated, and brought the nation nearer than it has ever since been to the verge of another revolution.

And now the supplies had been voted. The spring was brightening and blooming into summer. The lords and squires were sick of London, and the king was sick of Eng-

land. On the fourth day of May he prorogued the houses with a speech very different from the speeches with which he had been in the habit of dismissing the preceding Parliament. He uttered not one word of thanks or praise. He expressed a hope that, when they should meet again, they would make effectual provision for the public safety. "I wish," these were his concluding words, "no mischief may happen in the mean time." The gentlemen who thronged the bar withdrew in wrath, and, as they could not take immediate vengeance, laid up his reproaches in their hearts against the beginning of the next session.

The houses had broken up; but there was still much to be done before the king could set out for Loo. He did not yet perceive that the true way to escape from his difficulties was to form an entirely new ministry possessing the confidence of the majority which had, in the late session, been found so unmanageable. But some partial changes he could not help making. The recent votes of the Commons forced him seriously to consider the state of the Board of Admiralty. It was impossible that Orford could continue to preside at that board and to be at the same time Treasurer of the Navy. He was offered his option. His own wish was to keep the treasurership, which was both the more lucrative and the more secure of his two places. But it was so strongly represented to him that he would disgrace himself by giving up great power for the sake of gains which, rich and childless as he was, ought to have been beneath his consideration, that he determined to remain at the Admiralty. He seems to have thought that the sacrifice which he had made entitled him to govern despotically the department at which he had been persuaded to remain. But he soon found that the king was determined to keep in his own hands the power of appointing and removing the junior lords. One of these lords, especially, the first commissioner hated, and was bent on ejecting, Sir George Rooke, who was member of Parliament for Portsmouth. Rooke was a brave and skilful officer, and had, therefore, though a Tory in politics, been suffered to keep his place during the ascendency of the Whig Junto. Orford now complained to the king that Rooke had been in correspondence with the factious opposition which had given so much trouble, and had lent the weight of his professional and official authority to the accusations

which had been brought against the naval administration. The king spoke to Rooke, who declared that Orford had been misinformed. "I have a great respect for my lord, and, and on proper occasions, I have not failed to express it in public. There have certainly been abuses at the Admiralty which I am unable to defend. When those abuses have been the subject of debate in the House of Commons, I have sat silent; but, whenever any personal attack has been made on my lord, I have done him the best service that I could." William was satisfied, and thought that Orford should have been satisfied too. But that haughty and perverse nature could be content with nothing but absolute dominion. He tendered his resignation, and could not be induced to retract it. He said that he could be of no use. It would be easy to supply his place, and his successors should have his best wishes. He then retired to the country, where, as was reported and may easily be believed, he vented his ill humor in furious invectives against the king. The Treasurership of the Navy was given to the Speaker Littleton. The Earl of Bridgewater, a nobleman of very fair character and of some experience in business, became First Lord of the Admiralty.

Other changes were made at the same time. There had, during some time, been really no lord president of the Council. Leeds, indeed, was still called lord president, and, as such, took precedence of dukes of older creation; but he had not performed any of the duties of his office since the prosecution instituted against him by the Commons in 1695 had been suddenly stopped by an event which made the evidence of his guilt at once legally defective and morally complete. It seems strange that a statesman of eminent ability, who had been twice prime minister, should have wished to hold, by so ignominious a tenure, a place which can have had no attraction for him but the salary. To that salary, however, Leeds had clung, year after year, and he now relinquished it with a bad grace. He was succeeded by Pembroke; and the privy seal which Pembroke laid down was put into the hands of a peer of recent creation, Viscount Lonsdale. Lonsdale had been distinguished in the House of Commons as Sir John Lowther, and had held high office, but had quitted public life in weariness and disgust, and had passed several years in retirement at his hereditary seat in Cumberland. He had planted forests round

his house, and had employed Verrio to decorate the interior with gorgeous frescoes which represented the gods at their banquet of ambrosia. Very reluctantly, and only in compliance with the earnest and almost angry importunity of the king, Lonsdale consented to leave his magnificent retreat, and again to encounter the vexations of public life.

Trumball resigned the Secretaryship of State; and the seals which he had held were given to Jersey, who was succeeded at Paris by the Earl of Manchester.

It is to be remarked that the new Privy Seal and the new Secretary of State were moderate Tories. The king had probably hoped that, by calling them to his councils, he should conciliate the opposition. But the device proved unsuccessful; and soon it appeared that the old practice of filling the chief offices of state with men taken from various parties, and hostile to one another, or, at least, unconnected with one another, was altogether unsuited to the new state of affairs; and that, since the Commons had become possessed of supreme power, the only way to prevent them from abusing that power with boundless folly and violence was to intrust the government to a ministry which enjoyed their confidence.

While William was making these changes in the great offices of state, a change in which he took a still deeper interest was taking place in his own household. He had labored in vain during many months to keep the peace between Portland and Albemarle. Albemarle, indeed, was all courtesy, good-humor, and submission; but Portland would not be conciliated. Even to foreign ministers he railed at his rival and complained of his master. The whole court was divided between the competitors, but divided very unequally. The majority took the side of Albemarle, whose manners were popular, and whose power was evidently growing. Portland's few adherents were persons who, like him, had already made their fortunes, and who did not, therefore, think it worth their while to transfer their homage to a new patron. One of these persons tried to enlist Prior in Portland's faction, but with very little success. "Excuse me," said the poet, "if I follow your example and my lord's. My lord is a model to us all, and you have imitated him to good purpose. He retires with half a million. You have large grants, a lucrative employment in Holland, a fine house. I have nothing of the kind. A

court is like those fashionable churches into which we have looked at Paris. Those who have received the benediction are instantly away to the Opera-house or the wood of Boulogne. Those who have not received the benediction are pressing and elbowing each other to get near the altar. You and my lord have got your blessing, and are quite right to take yourselves off with it. I have not been blessed, and must fight my way up as well as I can." Prior's wit was his own, but his worldly wisdom was common to him with multitudes; and the crowd of those who wanted to be lords of the bedchamber, rangers of parks, and lieutenants of counties, neglected Portland, and tried to ingratiate themselves with Albemarle.

By one person, however, Portland was still assiduously courted, and that person was the king. Nothing was omitted which could soothe an irritated mind. Sometimes William argued, expostulated, and implored for two hours together. But he found the comrade of his youth an altered man, unreasonable, obstinate, and disrespectful even before the public eye. The Prussian minister, an observant and impartial witness, declared that his hair had more than once stood on end to see the rude discourtesy with which the servant repelled the gracious advances of the master. Over and over William invited his old friend to take the long accustomed seat in his royal coach, that seat which Prince George himself had never been permitted to invade, and the invitation was over and over declined in a way which would have been thought uncivil even between equals. A sovereign could not, without a culpable sacrifice of his personal dignity, persist longer in such a contest. Portland was permitted to withdraw from the palace. To Heinsius, as to a common friend, William announced this separation in a letter which shows how deeply his feelings had been wounded. "I cannot tell you what I have suffered. I have done on my side everything that I could do to satisfy him; but it was decreed that a blind jealousy should make him regardless of everything that ought to have been dear to him." To Portland himself the king wrote in language still more touching. "I hope that you will oblige me in one thing. Keep your key of office. I shall not consider you as bound to any attendance, but I beg you to let me see you as often as possible. That will be a great mitigation of the distress which you have caused

me; for, after all that has passed, I cannot help loving you tenderly.'

Thus Portland retired to enjoy at his ease immense estates scattered over half the shires of England, and a hoard of ready money, such, it was said, as no other private man in Europe possessed. His fortune still continued to grow; for though, after the fashion of his countrymen, he laid out large sums on the interior decoration of his houses, on his gardens, and on his aviaries, his other expenses were regulated with strict frugality. His repose was, however, during some years not uninterrupted. He had been trusted with such grave secrets, and employed in such high missions, that his assistance was still frequently necessary to the government; and that assistance was given, not, as formerly, with the ardor of a devoted friend, but with the exactness of a conscientious servant. He still continued to receive letters from William; letters no longer, indeed, overflowing with kindness, but always indicative of perfect confidence and esteem.

The chief subject of those letters was the question which had been for a time settled in the previous autumn at Loo, and which had been reopened in the spring by the death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria.

As soon as that event was known at Paris, Lewis directed Tallard to sound William as to a new treaty. The first thought which occurred to William was that it might be possible to put the Elector of Bavaria in his son's place. But this suggestion was coldly received at Versailles, and not without reason. If, indeed, the young Francis Joseph had lived to succeed Charles, and had then died a minor without issue, the case would have been very different. Then the elector would have been actually administering the government of the Spanish monarchy, and supported by France, England, and the United Provinces, might, without much difficulty, have continued to rule as king the empire which he had begun to rule as regent. He would have had also, not indeed a right, but something which to the vulgar would have looked like a right, to be his son's heir. Now he was altogether unconnected with Spain. No more reason could be given for selecting him to be the Catholic king than for selecting the Margrave of Baden or the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Something was said about Victor Amadeus of Savoy, and something about the King

of Portugal, but to both there were insurmountable objections. It seemed, therefore, that the only choice was between a French prince and an Austrian prince; and William learned, with agreeable surprise, that Lewis might possibly be induced to suffer the younger archduke to be King of Spain and the Indies. It was intimated at the same time that the house of Bourbon would expect, in return for so great a concession to the rival house of Hapsburg, greater advantages than had been thought sufficient when the dauphin consented to waive his claims in favor of a candidate whose elevation would cause no jealousies. What Lewis demanded, in addition to the portion formerly assigned to France, was the Milanese. With the Milanese he proposed to buy Lorraine from its duke. To the Duke of Lorraine this arrangement would have been beneficial, and to the people of Lorraine more beneficial still. They were, and had long been, in a singularly unhappy situation. Lewis domineered over them as if they had been his subjects, and troubled himself as little about their happiness as if they had been his enemies. Since he exercised as absolute a power over them as over the Normans and Burgundians, it was desirable that he should have as great an interest in their welfare as in the welfare of the Normans and Burgundians.

On the basis proposed by France, William was willing to negotiate; and when, in June, 1699, he left Kensington to pass the summer at Loo, the terms of the treaty known as the Second Treaty of Partition were very nearly adjusted. The great object now was to obtain the consent of the emperor. That consent, it should seem, ought to have been readily and even eagerly given. Had it been given, it might perhaps have saved Christendom from a war of eleven years. But the policy of Austria was, at that time, strangely dilatory and irresolute. It was in vain that William and Heinsius represented the importance of every hour. "The emperor's ministers go on dawdling," so the king wrote to Heinsius, "not because there is any difficulty about the matter, not because they mean to reject the terms, but solely because they are people who can make up their minds to nothing." While the negotiation at Vienna was thus drawn out into endless length, evil tidings came from Madrid.

Spain and her king had long been sunk so low that it

seemed impossible for either to sink lower. Yet the political maladies of the monarchy and the physical maladies of the monarch went on growing, and exhibited every day some new and frightful symptom. Since the death of the Bavarian prince, the court had been divided between the Austrian faction, of which the queen and the leading ministers, Oropesa and Melgar, were the chiefs, and the French faction, of which the most important member was Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo. At length an event which, as far as can now be judged, was not the effect of a deeply meditated plan, and was altogether unconnected with the disputes about the succession, gave the advantage to the adherents of France. The government, having committed the great error of undertaking to supply Madrid with food, committed the still greater error of neglecting to perform what it had undertaken. The price of bread doubled. Complaints were made to the magistrates, and were heard with the indolent apathy characteristic of the Spanish administration from the highest to the lowest grade. Then the populace rose, attacked the house of Oropesa, poured by thousands into the great court of the palace, and insisted on seeing the king. The queen appeared in a balcony, and told the rioters that his majesty was asleep. Then the multitude set up a roar of fury. "It is false; we do not believe you. We will see him." "He has slept too long," said one threatening voice, and it is high time that he should wake." The queen retired weeping; and the wretched being on whose dominions the sun never set tottered to the window, bowed as he had never bowed before, muttered some gracious promises, waved a handkerchief in the air, bowed again, and withdrew. Oropesa, afraid of being torn to pieces, retired to his country seat. Melgar made some show of resistance, garrisoned his house, and menaced the rabble with a shower of grenades, but was soon forced to go after Oropesa; and the supreme power passed to Portocarrero.

Portocarrero was one of a race of men of whom we, happily for us, have seen very little, but whose influence has been the curse of Roman Catholic countries. He was, like Sixtus the Fourth and Alexander the Sixth, a politician made out of an impious priest. Such politicians are generally worse than the worst of the laity, more merciless than any ruffian that can be found in camps, more dishonest

than any pettifogger who haunts the tribunals. The sanctity of their profession has an unsanctifying influence on them. The lessons of the nursery, the habits of boyhood, and of early youth, leave in the minds of the great majority of avowed infidels some traces of religion, which, in seasons of mourning and of sickness, become plainly discernible. But it is scarcely possible that any such trace should remain in the mind of the hypocrite who, during many years, is constantly going through what he considers as the mummery of preaching, saying mass, baptizing, shriving. When an ecclesiastic of this sort mixes in the contests of men of the world, he is indeed much to be dreaded as an enemy, but still more to be dreaded as an ally. From the pulpit where he daily employs his eloquence to embellish what he regards as fables, from the altar whence he daily looks down with secret scorn on the prostrate dupes who believe that he can turn a drop of wine into blood, from the confessional where he daily studies with cold and scientific attention the morbid anatomy of guilty consciences, he brings to courts some talents which may move the envy of the more cunning and unscrupulous of lay courtiers; a rare skill in reading characters and in managing tempers, a rare art of dissimulation, a rare dexterity in insinuating what it is not safe to affirm or to propose in explicit terms. There are two feelings which often prevent an unprincipled layman from becoming utterly depraved and despicable, domestic feeling and chivalrous feeling. His heart may be softened by the endearments of a family. His pride may revolt from the thought of doing what does not become a gentleman. But neither with the domestic feeling nor with the chivalrous feeling has the wicked priest any sympathy. His gown excludes him from the closest and most tender of human relations, and at the same time dispenses him from the observation of the fashionable code of honor.

Such a priest was Portocarrero; and he seems to have been a consummate master of his craft. To the name of statesman he had no pretensions. The lofty part of his predecessor Ximenes was out of the range not more of his intellectual than his moral capacity. To reanimate a paralyzed and torpid monarchy, to introduce order and economy into a bankrupt treasury, to restore the discipline of an army which had become a mob, to refit a navy which was perishing from mere rottenness, these were achievements

beyond the power, beyond even the ambition of that ignoble nature. But there was one task for which the new minister was admirably qualified, that of establishing, by means of superstitious terror, an absolute dominion over a feeble mind; and the feeblest of all minds was that of his unhappy sovereign. Even before the riot which had made the cardinal supreme in the state, he had succeeded in introducing into the palace a new confessor selected by himself. In a very short time the king's malady took a new form. That he was too weak to lift his food to his misshapen mouth, that, at thirty-seven, he had the bald head and wrinkled face of a man of seventy, that his complexion was turning from yellow to green, that he frequently fell down in fits and remained long insensible, these were no longer the worst symptoms of his malady. He had always been afraid of ghosts and demons, and it had long been necessary that three friars should watch every night by his restless bed as a guard against hobgoblins. But now he was firmly convinced that he was bewitched, that he was possessed, that there was a devil within him, that there were devils all around him. He was exorcised according to the forms of his church: but this ceremony, instead of quieting him, scared him out of almost all the little reason that nature had given him. In his misery and despair he was induced to resort to irregular modes of relief. His confessor brought to court impostors who pretended that they could interrogate the powers of darkness. The Devil was called up, sworn and examined. This strange deponent made oath, as in the presence of God, that his Catholic majesty was under a spell, which had been laid on him many years before, for the purpose of preventing the continuation of the royal line. A drug had been compounded out of the brains and kidneys of a human corpse, and had been administered in a cup of chocolate. This potion had dried up all the sources of life; and the best remedy to which the patient could now resort would be to swallow a bowl of consecrated oil every morning before breakfast. Unhappily, the authors of this story fell into contradictions which they could excuse only by throwing the blame on Satan, who, they said, was an unwilling witness, and a liar from the beginning. In the midst of their conjuring, the Inquisition came down upon them. It must be admitted that, if the Holy Office had reserved all its terrors for such

cases, it would not now have been remembered as the most hateful judicature that was ever known among civilized men. The subaltern impostors were thrown into dungeons. But the chief criminal continued to be master of the king and of the kingdom. Meanwhile, in the distempered mind of Charles one mania succeeded another. A longing to pry into those mysteries of the grave from which human beings avert their thoughts had long been hereditary in his house. Juana, from whom the mental constitution of her posterity seems to have derived a morbid taint, had sat, year after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly remains of her husband, apparelled in the rich embroidery and jewels which he had been wont to wear while living. Her son Charles found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his own obsequies, in putting on his shroud, placing himself in the coffin, covering himself with the pall, and lying as one dead till the requiem had been sung, and the mourners had departed, leaving him alone in the tomb. Philip the Second found a similar pleasure in gazing on the huge chest of bronze in which his remains were to be laid, and especially on the skull which, encircled with the crown of Spain, grinned at him from the cover. Philip the Fourth, too, hankered after burials and burial-places, gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains of his great grandfather, the emperor, and sometimes stretched himself out at full length like a corpse in the niche which he had selected for himself in the royal cemetery. To that cemetery his son was now attracted by a strange fascination. Europe could show no more magnificent place of sepulture. A staircase incrusted with jasper led down from the stately church of the Escurial into an octagon situated just beneath the high altar. The vault, impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and precious marbles, which reflected the blaze from a huge chandelier of silver. On the right and on the left reposed, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her death-bed. The body of his grandfather too seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any sign of sensibility. But,

The style of this paper shows how strong an impression had been made on foreign nations by the unfortunate events of the late session. The king, it was plain, was no longer considered as the head of the government. He was charged with having committed a wrong; but he was not asked to make reparation. He was treated as a subordinate officer who had been guilty of an offence against public law, and was threatened with the displeasure of the Commons, who, as the real rulers of the state, were bound to keep their servants in order. The lords justices read this outrageous note with indignation, and sent it with all speed to Loo. Thence they received, with equal speed, directions to send Canales out of the country. Our ambassador was at the same time recalled from Madrid, and all diplomatic intercourse between England and Spain was suspended.

It is probable that Canales would have expressed himself in a less unbecoming manner had there not already existed a most unfortunate quarrel between Spain and William — a quarrel in which William was perfectly blameless, but in which the unanimous feeling of the English Parliament and of the English nation was on the side of Spain.

It is necessary to go back some years for the purpose of tracing the origin and progress of this quarrel. Few portions of our history are more interesting or instructive; but few have been more obscured and distorted by passion and prejudice. The story is an exciting one, and it has generally been told by writers whose judgment had been perverted by strong national partiality. Their invectives and lamentations have still to be temperately examined; and it may well be doubted whether, even now, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, feelings hardly compatible with temperate examination will not be stirred up in many minds by the name of Darien. In truth, that name is associated with calamities so cruel that the recollection of them may not unnaturally disturb the equipoise even of a fair and sedate mind.

The man who brought these calamities on his country was not a mere visionary or a mere swindler. He was that William Paterson whose name is honorably associated with the auspicious commencement of a new era in English commerce and in English finance. His plan of a national

bank, having been examined and approved by the most eminent statesmen who sat in the Parliament House at Westminster and by the most eminent merchants who walked the Exchange of London, had been carried into execution with signal success. He thought, and perhaps thought with reason, that his services had been ill requited. He was, indeed, one of the original directors of the great corporation which owed its existence to him; but he was not reëlected. It may easily be believed that his colleagues, citizens of ample fortune and of long experience in the practical part of trade, aldermen, wardens of companies, heads of firms well known in every bourse throughout the civilized world, were not well pleased to see among them in Grocers' Hall a foreign adventurer whose whole capital consisted in an inventive brain and a persuasive tongue. Some of them were probably weak enough to dislike him for being a Scot; some were probably mean enough to be jealous of his parts and knowledge; and even persons who were not unfavorably disposed to him might have discovered, before they had known him long, that, with all his cleverness, he was deficient in common sense; that his mind was full of schemes which, at the first glance, had a specious aspect, but which, on closer examination, appeared to be impracticable or pernicious; and that the benefit which the public had derived from one happy project formed by him would be very dearly purchased if it were taken for granted that all his other projects must be equally happy. Disgusted by what he considered as the ingratitude of the English, he repaired to the Continent, in the hope that he might be able to interest the traders of the Hanse Towns and the princes of the German empire in his plans. From the Continent he returned unsuccessful to London; and then at length the thought that he might be more justly appreciated by his countrymen than by strangers seems to have risen in his mind. Just at this time he fell in with Fletcher of Saltoun, who happened to be in England. These eccentric men soon became intimate. Each of them had his monomania, and the two monomanias suited each other perfectly. Fletcher's whole soul was possessed by a sore, jealous, punctilious patriotism. His heart was ulcerated by the thought of the poverty, the feebleness, the political insignificance of Scotland, and of the indignities which she had

suffered at the hand of her powerful and opulent neighbor When he talked of her wrongs, his dark, meagre face took its sternest expression; his habitual frown grew blacker, and his eyes flashed more than their wonted fire. Paterson, on the other hand, firmly believed himself to have discovered the means of making any state which would follow his counsel great and prosperous in a time which, when compared with the life of an individual, could hardly be called long, and which, in the life of a nation, was but as a moment. There is not the least reason to believe that he was dishonest. Indeed, he would have found more difficulty in deceiving others had he not begun by deceiving himself. His faith in his own schemes was strong even to martyrdom, and the eloquence with which he illustrated and defended them had all the charm of sincerity and of enthusiasm. Very seldom has any blunder committed by fools, or any villany devised by impostors, brought on any society miseries so great as the dreams of these two friends, both of them men of integrity and both of them men of parts, were destined to bring on Scotland.

In 1695 the pair went down together to their native country. The Parliament of that country was then about to meet under the presidency of Tweeddale, an old acquaintance and country neighbor of Fletcher. On Tweeddale the first attack was made. He was a shrewd, cautious, old politician. Yet it should seem that he was not able to hold out against the skill and energy of the assailants. Perhaps, however, he was not altogether a dupe. The public mind was at that moment violently agitated. Men of all parties were clamoring for an inquiry into the slaughter of Glencoe. There was reason to fear that the session which was about to commence would be stormy. In such circumstances the lord high commissioner might think it would be prudent to appease the anger of the Estates by offering an almost irresistible bait to their cupidity. If such was the policy of Tweeddale, it was, for the moment, eminently successful. The Parliament, which met burning with indignation, was soothed into good-humor. The blood of the murdered Macdonalds continued to cry for vengeance in vain. The schemes of Paterson, brought forward under the patronage of the ministers of the crown, were sanctioned by the unanimous voice of the Legislature.

The great projector was the idol of the whole nation

Men spoke to him with more profound respect than to the lord high commissioner. His antechamber was crowded with solicitors desirous to catch some drops of that golden shower of which he was supposed to be the dispenser. To be seen walking with him in the High Street, to be honored by him with a private interview of a quarter of an hour, were enviable distinctions. He, after the fashion of all the false prophets who have deluded themselves and others, drew new faith in his own lie from the credulity of his disciples. His countenance, his voice, his gestures, indicated boundless self-importance. When he appeared in public, he looked — such is the language of one who probably had often seen him — like Atlas conscious that a world was on his shoulders. But the airs which he gave himself only heightened the respect and admiration which he inspired. His demeanor was regarded as a model. Scotchmen who wished to be thought wise looked as like Paterson as they could.

His plan, though as yet disclosed to the public only by glimpses, was applauded by all classes, factions, and sects, lords, merchants, advocates, divines, Whigs and Jacobites, Cameronians and Episcopalians. In truth, of all the ten thousand bubbles of which history has preserved the memory, none was ever more skillfully puffed into existence; none ever soared higher, or glittered more brilliantly; and none ever burst with a more lamentable explosion. There was, however, a certain mixture of truth in the magnificent day-dream which produced such fatal effects.

Scotland was, indeed, not blessed with a mild climate or a fertile soil. But the richest spots that had ever existed on the face of the earth had been spots quite as little favored by nature. It was on a bare rock, surrounded by deep sea, that the streets of Tyre were piled up to a dizzy height. On that sterile crag were woven the robes of Persian satraps and Sicilian tyrants; there were fashioned silver bowls and chargers for the banquets of kings; and there Pomeranian amber was set in Lydian gold to adorn the necks of queens. In the warehouses were collected the fine linen of Egypt and the odorous gums of Arabia the ivory of India, and the tin of Britain. In the port lay fleets of great ships which had weathered the storms of the Euxine and the Atlantic. Powerful and wealthy colonies in distant parts of the world looked up with filial rev-

erence to the little island; and despots, who trampled on the laws and outraged the feelings of all the nations between the Hydaspes and the Ægean, condescended to court the population of that busy hive. At a later period, on a dreary bank formed by the soil which the Alpine streams swept down to the Adriatic, rose the palaces of Venice. Within a space which would not have been thought large enough for one of the parks of a rude northern baron were collected riches far exceeding those of a northern kingdom. In almost every one of the private dwellings which fringed the Great Canal were to be seen plate, mirrors, jewelry, tapestry, paintings, carving, such as might move the envy of the master of Holyrood. In the arsenal were munitions of war sufficient to maintain a contest against the whole power of the Ottoman empire. And, before the grandeur of Venice had declined, another commonwealth, still less favored, if possible, by nature, had rapidly risen to a power and opulence which the whole civilized world contemplated with envy and admiration. On a desolate marsh overhung by fogs and exhaling diseases, a marsh where there was neither wood nor stone, neither firm earth nor drinkable water, a marsh from which the ocean on one side and the Rhine on the other were with difficulty kept out by art, was to be found the most prosperous community in Europe. The wealth which was collected within five miles of the Stadthouse of Amsterdam would purchase the fee-simple of Scotland. And why should this be? Was there any reason to believe that nature had bestowed on the Phœnician, on the Venetian, or on the Hollander, a larger measure of activity, of ingenuity, of forethought, of self-command, than on the citizen of Edinburgh or Glasgow? The truth was that, in all those qualities which conduce to success in life, and especially in commercial life, the Scot had never been surpassed; perhaps he had never been equalled. All that was necessary was that his energy should take a proper direction; and a proper direction Paterson undertook to give.

His esoteric project was the original project of Christopher Columbus, extended and modified. Columbus had hoped to establish a communication between our quarter of the world and India across the great Western ocean. But he was stopped by an unexpected obstacle. The American continent, stretching far north and far south into

cold and inhospitable regions, presented what seemed an insurmountable barrier to his progress; and, in the same year in which he first set foot on that continent, Gama reached Malabar by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. The consequence was that during two hundred years the trade of Europe with the remoter parts of Asia had been carried on by rounding the immense peninsula of Africa. Paterson now revived the project of Columbus, and persuaded himself and others that it was possible to carry that project into effect in such a manner as to make his country the greatest emporium that had ever existed on our globe.

For this purpose it was necessary to occupy in America some spot which might be a resting-place between Scotland and India. It was true that almost every habitable part of America had already been seized by some European power. Paterson, however, imagined that one province, the most important of all, had been overlooked by the short-sighted cupidity of vulgar politicians and vulgar traders. The isthmus which joined the two great continents of the New World remained, according to him, unappropriated. Great Spanish viceroyalties, he said, lay on the east and on the west; but the mountains and forests of Darien were abandoned to rude tribes which followed their own usages and obeyed their own princes. He had been in that part of the world, in what character was not quite clear. Some said that he had gone thither to convert the Indians, and some that he had gone thither to rob the Spaniards. But, missionary or pirate, he had visited Darien, and had brought away none but delightful recollections. The havens, he averred, were capacious and secure; the sea swarmed with turtle; the country was so mountainous that, within nine degrees of the equator, the climate was temperate; and yet the inequalities of the ground offered no impediment to the conveyance of goods. Nothing would be easier than to construct roads, along which a string of mules or a wheeled carriage might, in the course of a single day, pass from sea to sea. The soil was, to the depth of several feet, a rich black mould, on which a profusion of valuable herbs and fruits grew spontaneously, and on which all the choicest productions of tropical regions might easily be raised by human industry and art; and yet the exuberant fertility of the earth had not tainted the purity of the air. Considered merely as a place

of residence, the isthmus was a paradise. A colony placed there could not fail to prosper, even if it had no wealth except what was derived from agriculture. But agriculture was a secondary object in the colonization of Darien. Let but that precious neck of land be occupied by an intelligent, an enterprising, a thrifty race, and in a few years the whole trade between India and Europe must be drawn to that point. The tedious and perilous passage round Africa would soon be abandoned. The merchant would no longer expose his cargoes to the mountainous billows and capricious gales of the Antarctic Seas. The greater part of the voyage from Europe to Darien, and the whole voyage from Darien to the richest kingdoms of Asia, would be a rapid yet easy gliding before the trade-winds over blue and sparkling waters. The voyage back across the Pacific would, in the latitude of Japan, be almost equally speedy and pleasant. Time, labor, money, would be saved. The returns would come in more quickly. Fewer hands would be required to navigate the ships. The loss of a vessel would be a rare event. The trade would increase fast. In a short time it would double, and it would all pass through Darien. Whoever possessed that door of the sea, that key of the universe — such were the bold figures which Paterson loved to employ — would give law to both hemispheres, and would, by peaceful arts, without shedding one drop of blood, establish an empire as splendid as that of Cyrus or Alexander. Of the kingdoms of Europe, Scotland was, as yet, the poorest and the least considered. If she would but occupy Darien, if she would but become one great free port, one great warehouse for the wealth which the soil of Darien might produce, and for the still greater wealth which would be poured into Darien from Canton and Siam, from Ceylon and the Moluccas, from the mouths of the Ganges and the Gulf of Cambay, she would at once take her place in the first rank among nations. No rival would be able to contend with her either in the West Indian or in the East Indian trade. The beggarly country, as it had been insolently called by the inhabitants of warmer and more fruitful regions, would be the great mart for the choicest luxuries, sugar, rum, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, the tea and porcelain of China, the muslin of Dacca, the shawls of Cashmere, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Karrack, the delicious birds' nests of Nicobar, cinnamon

and pepper, ivory and sandal-wood. From Scotland would come all the finest jewels and brocade worn by duchesses at the balls of St. James's and Versailles. From Scotland would come all the saltpetre which would furnish the means of war to the fleets and armies of contending potentates. And on all the vast riches which would be constantly passing through the little kingdom a toll would be paid which would remain behind. There would be a prosperity such as might seem fabulous — a prosperity of which every Scotchman, from the peer to the cadie, would partake. Soon, all along the now desolate shores of the Forth and Clyde, villas and pleasure-grounds would be as thick as along the edges of the Dutch canals. Edinburgh would vie with London and Paris, and the baillie of Glasgow or Dundee would have as stately and well-furnished a mansion and as fine a gallery of pictures as any burgomaster of Amsterdam.

This magnificent plan was at first but partially disclosed to the public. A colony was to be planted: a vast trade was to be opened between both the Indies and Scotland: but the name of Darien was as yet pronounced only in whispers by Paterson and by his most confidential friends. He had, however, shown enough to excite boundless hopes and desires. How well he succeeded in inspiring others with his own feelings is sufficiently proved by the memorable act to which the lord high commissioner gave the royal sanction on the 26th of June, 1695. By this act some persons who were named, and such other persons as should join with them, were formed into a corporation, which was to be named the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies. The amount of the capital to be employed was not fixed by law; but it was provided that one half of the stock at least must be held by Scotchmen resident in Scotland, and that no stock which had been originally held by a Scotchman resident in Scotland should ever be transferred to any but a Scotchman resident in Scotland. An entire monopoly of the trade with Asia, Africa, and America, for a term of thirty-one years, was granted to the company. All goods imported by the company were during twenty-one years to be duty free, with the exception of foreign sugar and tobacco. Sugar and tobacco grown on the company's own plantations were exempted from all taxation. Every member and every servant

of the company was to be privileged against impressment and arrest. If any of these privileged persons was impressed or arrested, the company was authorized to release him, and to demand the assistance both of the civil and of the military power. The company was authorized to take possession of unoccupied territories in any part of Asia, Africa, or America, and there to plant colonies, to build towns and forts, to impose taxes, and to provide magazines, arms, and ammunition, to raise troops, to wage war, to conclude treaties; and the king was made to promise that, if any foreign state should injure the company, he would interpose, and would, at the public charge, obtain reparation. Lastly, it was provided that, in order to give greater security and solemnity to this most exorbitant grant, the whole substance of the act should be set forth in letters patent, to which the chancellor was directed to put the great seal without delay.

The letters were drawn; the great seal was affixed; the subscription-books were opened; the shares were fixed at a hundred pounds sterling each; and from the Pentland Firth to the Solway Firth every man who had a hundred pounds was impatient to put down his name. About two hundred and twenty thousand pounds were actually paid up. This may not, at first sight, appear a large sum to those who remember the bubbles of 1825 and of 1845, and would assuredly not have sufficed to defray the charge of three months of war with Spain. Yet the effort was marvelous when it may be affirmed with confidence that the Scotch people voluntarily contributed for the colonization of Darien a larger proportion of their substance than any other people ever, in the same space of time, voluntarily contributed to any commercial undertaking. A great part of Scotland was then as poor and rude as Iceland now is. There were five or six shires which did not altogether contain so many guineas and crowns as were tossed about every day by the shovels of a single goldsmith in Lombard Street. Even the nobles had very little ready money. They generally took a large part of their rents in kind, and were thus able, on their own domains, to live plentifully and hospitably. But there were many esquires in Kent and Somersetshire who received from their tenants a greater quantity of gold and silver than a Duke of Gordon or a Marquess of Atholl drew from extensive provinces.

The pecuniary remuneration of the clergy was such as would have moved the pity of the most needy curate who thought it a privilege to drink his ale and smoke his pipe in the kitchen of an English manor-house. Even in the fertile Merse there were parishes of which the minister received only from four to eight pounds sterling in cash. The official income of the lord president of the Court of Session was only five hundred a year, and that of the lord justice clerk only four hundred a year. The land tax of the whole kingdom was fixed some years later by the treaty of Union at little more than half the land tax of the single county of Norfolk. Four hundred thousand pounds probably bore as great a ratio to the wealth of Scotland then, as forty millions would bear now.

The list of the members of the Darien Company deserves to be examined. The number of shareholders was about fourteen hundred. The largest quantity of stock registered in one name was three thousand pounds. The heads of three noble houses took three thousand pounds each, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Queensbury, and Lord Belhaven, a man of ability, spirit, and patriotism, who had entered into the design with enthusiasm not inferior to that of Fletcher. Argyle held fifteen hundred pounds. John Dalrymple, but too well known as the Master of Stair, had just succeeded to his father's title and estate, and was now Viscount Stair. He put down his name for a thousand pounds. The number of Scotch peers who subscribed was between thirty and forty. The city of Edinburgh, in its corporate capacity, took three thousand pounds; the city of Glasgow three thousand; the city of Perth two thousand; but the great majority of the subscribers contributed only one hundred or two hundred pounds each. A very few divines who were settled in the capital or in other large towns were able to purchase shares. It is melancholy to see in the roll the name of more than one professional man whose paternal anxiety led him to lay out probably all his hardly-earned savings in purchasing a hundred-pound share for each of his children. If, indeed, Paterson's predictions had been verified, such a share would, according to the notions of that age and country, have been a handsome portion for the daughter of a writer or a surgeon.

That the Scotch are a people eminently intelligent, wary,

resolute, and self-possessed is obvious to the most superficial observation. That they are a people peculiarly liable to dangerous fits of passion and delusions of the imagination is less generally acknowledged, but is not less true. The whole kingdom seemed to have gone mad. Paterson had acquired an influence resembling rather that of the founder of a new religion, that of a Mohammed, that of a Joseph Smith, than that of a commercial projector. Blind faith in a religion, fanatical zeal for a religion, are too common to astonish us. But such faith and zeal seem strangely out of place in the transactions of the money market. It is true that we are judging after the event. But before the event materials sufficient for the forming of a sound judgment were within the reach of all who cared to use them. It seems incredible that men of sense, who had only a vague and general notion of Paterson's scheme, should have staked every thing on the success of that scheme. It seems more incredible still that men to whom the details of that scheme had been confided should not have looked into any of the common books of history or geography in which an account of Darien might have been found, and should not have asked themselves the simple question whether Spain was likely to endure a Scotch colony in the heart of her transatlantic dominions. It was notorious that she claimed the sovereignty of the isthmus on specious, nay, on solid grounds. A Spaniard had been the first discoverer of the coast of Darien. A Spaniard had built a town and established a government on that coast. A Spaniard had, with great labor and peril, crossed the mountainous neck of land, had seen rolling beneath him the vast Pacific, never before revealed to European eyes, had descended, sword in hand, into the waves up to his girdle, and had there solemnly taken possession of sea and shore in the name of the crown of Castile. It was true that the region which Paterson described as a paradise had been found by the first Castilian settlers to be a land of misery and death. The poisonous air, exhaled from rank jungle and stagnant water, had compelled them to remove to the neighboring haven of Panama; and the red Indians had been contemptuously permitted to live after their own fashion on the pestilential soil. But that soil was still considered, and might well be considered, by Spain as her own. In many countries there were tracts of morass, of mountain,

of forest, in which governments did not think it worth while to be at the expense of maintaining order, and in which rude tribes enjoyed by connivance a kind of independence. It was not necessary for the members of the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies to look very far for an example. In some highland districts, not more than a hundred miles from Edinburgh, dwelt clans which had always regarded the authority of king, Parliament, Privy Council, and Court of Sessions quite as little as the aboriginal population of Darien regarded the authority of the Spanish viceroys and audiences. Yet it would surely have been thought an outrageous violation of public law in the King of Spain to take possession of Appin and Lochaber. And would it be a less outrageous violation of public law in the Scots to seize on a province in the very centre of his possessions, on the plea that this province was in the same state in which Appin and Lochaber had been during centuries?

So grossly unjust was Paterson's scheme, and yet it was less unjust than impolitic. Torpid as Spain had become, there was still one point on which she was exquisitely sensitive. The slightest encroachment of any other Europeon power, even on the outskirts of her American dominions, sufficed to disturb her repose and to brace her paralyzed nerves. To imagine that she would tamely suffer adventurers from one of the most insignificant kingdoms of the Old World to form a settlement in the midst of her empire, within a day's sail of Porto Bello on one side and of Carthagena on the other, was ludicrously absurd. She would have been just as likely to let them take possession of the Escurial. It was therefore evident that, before the new company could even begin its commercial operations, there must be a war with Spain and a complete triumph over Spain. What means had the company of waging such a war, and what chance of achieving such a triumph? The ordinary revenue of Scotland in time of peace was between sixty and seventy thousand a year. The extraordinary supplies granted to the crown during the war with France had amounted perhaps to as much more. Spain, it is true, was no longer the Spain of Pavia and Lepanto. But, even in her decay, she possessed in Europe resources which exceeded thirty-fold those of Scotland; and in America, where the struggle must take place, the disproportion

was still greater. The Spanish fleets and arsenals were doubtless in wretched condition. But there were Spanish fleets; there were Spanish arsenals. The galleons, which sailed every year from Seville to the neighborhood of Darien, and from the neighborhood of Darien back to Seville, were in tolerable condition, and formed, by themselves, a considerable armament. Scotland had not a single ship of the line, nor a single dock-yard where such a ship could be built. A marine sufficient to overpower that of Spain must be not merely equipped and manned, but created. An armed force, sufficient to defend the isthmus against the whole power of the viceroyalties of Mexico and Peru, must be sent over five-thousand miles of ocean. What was the charge of such an expedition likely to be? Oliver had, in the preceding generation, wrested a West Indian island from Spain; but, in order to do this, Oliver, a man who thoroughly understood the administration of war, who wasted nothing, and who was excellently served, had been forced to spend, in a single year, on his navy alone, twenty times the ordinary revenue of Scotland; and, since his days, war had been constantly becoming more and more costly.

It was plain that Scotland could not alone support the charge of a contest with the enemy whom Paterson was bent on provoking. And what assistance was she likely to have from abroad? Undoubtedly the vast colonial empire and the narrow colonial policy of Spain were regarded with an evil eye by more than one great maritime power. But there was no great maritime power which would not far rather have seen the isthmus between the Atlantic and the Pacific in the hands of Spain than in the hands of the Darien Company. Lewis could not but dread whatever tended to aggrandize a state governed by William. To Holland the East India trade was as the apple of her eye. She had been the chief gainer by the discoveries of Gama; and it might be expected that she would do all that could be done by craft, and, if need were, by violence, rather than suffer any rival to be to her what she had been to Venice. England remained, and Paterson was sanguine enough to flatter himself that England might be induced to lend her powerful aid to the company. He and Lord Belhaven repaired to London, opened an office in Clement's Lane, formed a board of directors auxiliary to the central board at

Edinburgh, and invited the capitalists of the Royal Exchange to subscribe for the stock which had not been reserved for Scotchmen resident in Scotland. A few moneyed men were allured by the bait: but the clamor of the city was loud and menacing; and from the city a feeling of indignation spread fast through the country. In this feeling there was undoubtedly a large mixture of evil. National antipathy operated on some minds, religious antipathy on others. But it is impossible to deny that the anger which Paterson's schemes excited throughout the south of the island was, in the main, just and reasonable. Though it was not yet generally known in what precise spot his colony was to be planted, there could be little doubt that he intended to occupy some part of America; and there could be as little doubt that such occupation would be resisted. There would be a maritime war; and such a war Scotland had no means of carrying on. The state of her finances was such that she must be quite unable to fit out even a single squadron of moderate size. Before the conflict had lasted three months she would have neither money nor credit left. These things were obvious to every coffee-house politician, and it was impossible to believe that they had escaped the notice of men so able and well informed as some who sat in the Privy Council and Parliament at Edinburgh. In one way only could the conduct of these schemers be explained. They meant to make a dupe and a tool of the Southron. The two British kingdoms were so closely connected, physically and politically, that it was scarcely possible for one of them to be at peace with a power with which the other was at war. If the Scotch drew King William into a quarrel, England must, from regard to her own dignity, which was bound up with his, support him in it. She was to be tricked into a bloody and expensive contest in the event of which she had no interest; nay, into a contest in which victory would be a greater calamity to her than defeat. She was to lavish her wealth and the lives of her seamen in order that a set of cunning foreigners might enjoy a monopoly by which she would be the chief sufferer. She was to conquer and defend provinces for this Scotch corporation; and her reward was to be that her merchants were to be undersold, her customers decoyed away, her exchequer beggared. There would be an end to the disputes between the old East India

Company and the new East India Company, for both companies would be ruined alike. The two great springs of revenue would be dried up together. What would be the receipt of the customs, what of the excise, when vast magazines of sugar, rum, tobacco, coffee, chocolate, tea, spices, silks, muslins, all duty free, should be formed along the estuaries of the Forth and of the Clyde, and along the border from the mouth of the Esk to the mouth of the Tweed? What army, what fleet, would be sufficient to protect the interests of the government and of the fair trader when the whole kingdom of Scotland should be turned into one great smuggling establishment? Paterson's plan was simply this, that England should first spend millions in defense of the trade of his company, and should then be plundered of twice as many millions by means of that very trade.

The cry of the city and of the nation was soon echoed by the Legislature. When the Parliament met for the first time after the general election of 1695, Rochester called the attention of the Lords to the constitution and designs of the company. Several witnesses were summoned to the bar, and gave evidence which produced a powerful effect on the House. "If these Scots are to have their way," said one peer, "I shall go and settle in Scotland, and not stay here to be made a beggar." The Lords resolved to represent strongly to the king the injustice of requiring England to exert her power in support of an enterprise which, if successful, must be fatal to her commerce and to her finances. A representation was drawn up and communicated to the Commons. The Commons eagerly concurred, and complimented the Peers on the promptitude with which their Lordships had, on this occasion, stood forth to protect the public interests. The two Houses went up together to Kensington with the address. William had been under the walls of Namur when the act for incorporating the company had been touched with his sceptre at Edinburgh, and had known nothing about that act till his attention had been called to it by the clamor of his English subjects. He now said, in plain terms, that he had been ill served in Scotland, but that he would try to find a remedy for the evil which had been brought to his notice. The Lord High Commissioner Tweeddale and Secretary Johnstone were immediately dismissed. But the

act which had been passed by their management still continued to be law in Scotland; nor was it in their master's power to undo what they had done.

The Commons were not content with addressing the throne. They instituted an inquiry into the proceedings of the Scotch Company in London. Belhaven made his escape to his own country, and was there beyond the reach of the sergeant-at-arms. But Paterson and some of his confederates were severely examined. It soon appeared that the Board which was sitting in Clement's Lane had done things which were certainly imprudent and perhaps illegal. The Act of Incorporation empowered the directors to take and to administer to their servants an oath of fidelity. But that act was on the south of the Tweed a nullity. Nevertheless, the directors had, in the heart of the city of London, taken and administered this oath, and had thus, by implication, asserted that the powers conferred on them by the Legislature of Scotland accompanied them to England. It was resolved that they had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor, and that they should be impeached. A committee was appointed to frame articles of impeachment; but the task proved a difficult one, and the prosecution was suffered to drop, not however, till the few English capitalists who had at first been friendly to Paterson's project had been terrified into renouncing all connection with him.

Now, surely, if not before, Paterson ought to have seen that his project could end in nothing but shame to himself and ruin to his worshipers. From the first it had been clear that England alone could protect his company against the enmity of Spain; and it was now clear that Spain would be a less formidable enemy than England. It was impossible that his plan could excite greater indignation in the Council of the Indies at Madrid, or in the House of Trade at Seville, than it had excited in London. Unhappily, he was given over to a strong delusion; and the blind multitude eagerly followed their blind leader. Indeed, his dupes were maddened by that which should have sobered them. The proceedings of the Parliament which sat at Westminster, proceedings just and reasonable in substance, but in manner doubtless harsh and insolent, had roused the angry passions of a nation, feeble indeed in numbers and in material resources, but eminently high-

spirited. The proverbial pride of the Scotch was too much for their proverbial shrewdness. The votes of the English Lords and Commons were treated with marked contempt. The populace of Edinburgh burned Rochester in effigy. Money was poured faster than ever into the treasury of the company. A stately house in Milne Square, then the most modern and fashionable part of Edinburgh, was purchased and fitted up at once as an office and a warehouse. Ships adapted both for war and for trade were required: but the means of building such ships did not exist in Scotland; and no firm in the south of the island was disposed to enter into a contract which might not improbably be considered by the House of Commons as an impeachable offense. It was necessary to have recourse to the dock-yards of Amsterdam and Hamburg. At an expense of fifty thousand pounds a few vessels were procured, the largest of which would hardly have ranked as sixtieth in the English navy; and with this force, a force not sufficient to keep the pirates of Sallee in check, the company threw down the gauntlet to all the maritime powers in the world.

It was not till the summer of 1698 that all was ready for the expedition which was to change the face of the globe. The number of seamen and colonists who embarked at Leith was twelve hundred. Of the colonists many were younger sons of honorable families, or officers who had been disbanded since the peace. It was impossible to find room for all who were desirous of emigrating. It is said that some persons who had vainly applied for a passage hid themselves in dark corners about the ships, and, when discovered, refused to depart, clung to the rigging, and were at last taken on shore by main force. This infatuation is the more extraordinary because few of the adventurers knew to what place they were going. All that was quite certain was that a colony was to be planted somewhere, and to be named Caledonia. The general opinion was that the fleet would steer for some part of the coast of America. But this opinion was not universal. At the Dutch embassy in Saint James's Square there was an uneasy suspicion that the new Caledonia would be founded among those Eastern spice islands with which Amsterdam had long carried on a lucrative commerce.

The supreme direction of the expedition was intrusted

to a Council of Seven. Two Presbyterian chaplains and a precentor were on board. A cargo had been laid in which was afterwards the subject of much mirth to the enemies of the company: slippers innumerable; four thousand peri wigs of all kinds, from plain bobs to those magnificent structures which, in that age, towered high above the foreheads and descended to the elbows of men of fashion; bales of Scotch woolen stuffs which nobody within the tropics could wear, and many hundreds of English Bibles which neither Spaniard nor Indian could read. Paterson, flushed with pride and hope, not only accompanied the expedition, bu took with him his wife, a comely dame, whose heart he had won in London, where she had presided over one of the great coffee-houses in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange. At length, on the twenty-fifth of July, the ships, followed by many tearful eyes, and commended to heaven in many vain prayers, sailed out of the estuary of the Forth.

The voyage was much longer than a voyage to the antipodes now is, and the adventurers suffered much. The rations were scanty; there were bitter complaints both of the bread and of the meat; and, when the little fleet, after passing round the Orkneys and Ireland, touched at Madeira, those gentlemen who had fine clothes among their bag gage were glad to exchange embroidered coats and laced waistcoats for provisions and wine. From Madeira the adventurers ran across the Atlantic, landed on an uninhabited islet lying between Porto Rico and St. Thomas, took possession of this desolate spot in the name of the company, set up a tent, and hoisted the white cross of St. Andrew. Soon, however, they were warned off by an officer who was sent from St. Thomas to inform them that they were trespassing on the territory of the King of Denmark. They proceeded on their voyage, having obtained the services of an old buccaneer who knew the coast of Central America well. Under his pilotage, they anchored on the first of November close to the Isthmus of Darien. One of the greatest princes of the country soon came on board. The courtiers who attended him, ten or twelve in number, were stark naked; but he was distinguished by a red coat, a pair of cotton drawers and an old hat. He had a Spanish name, spoke Spanish, and affected the grave deportment of a Spanish don. The Scotch propitiated Andreas, as he was called, by a present of a new hat blazing with

gold lace, and assured him that, if he would trade with them, they would treat him better than the Castilians had done.

A few hours later the chiefs of the expedition went on shore, took formal possession of the country, and named it Caledonia. They were pleased with the aspect of a small peninsula about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, and determined to fix here the city of New Edinburgh, destined, as they hoped, to be the great emporium of both Indies. The peninsula terminated in a low promontory of about thirty acres, which might easily be turned into an island by digging a trench. The trench was dug; and on the ground thus separated from the main land a fort was constructed; fifty guns were placed on the ramparts; and within the enclosure houses were speedily built and thatched with palm-leaves.

Negotiations were opened with the chieftains, as they were called, who governed the neighboring tribes. Among these savage rulers were found as insatiable a cupidity, as watchful a jealousy, and as punctilious a pride, as among the potentates whose disputes had seemed likely to make the Congress of Ryswick eternal. One prince hated the Spaniards because a fine rifle had been taken away from him by the Governor of Porto Bello on the plea that such a weapon was too good for a red man. Another loved the Spaniards because they had given him a stick tipped with silver. On the whole, the new comers succeeded in making friends of the aboriginal race. One mighty monarch, the Lewis the Great of the isthmus, who wore with pride a cap of white reeds lined with red silk and adorned with an ostrich feather, seemed well inclined to the strangers, received them hospitably in a palace built of canes and covered with palmetto royal, and regaled them with calabashes of a sort of ale brewed from Indian corn and potatoes. Another chief set his mark to a treaty of peace and alliance with the colony. A third consented to become a vassal of the company, received with great delight a commission embellished with gold thread and flowered ribbon, and swallowed to the health of his new masters not a few bumpers of their own brandy.

Meanwhile the internal government of the colony was organized according to a plan devised by the directors at Edinburgh. The settlers were divided into bands of fifty

or sixty; each band chose a representative; and thus was formed an assembly which took the magnificent name of Parliament. This Parliament speedily framed a curious code. The first article provided that the precepts, instructions, examples, commands, and prohibitions expressed and contained in the Holy Scriptures should have the full force and effect of laws in New Caledonia, an enactment which proves that those who drew it up either did not know what the Holy Scriptures contained, or did not know what a law meant. There is another provision which shows not less clearly how far these legislators were from understanding the first principles of legislation. "Benefits received and good services done shall always be generously and thankfully compensated, whether a prior bargain hath been made or not; and, if it shall happen to be otherwise, and the benefactor obliged justly to complain of the ingratitude, the ungrateful shall in such case be obliged to give threefold satisfaction at the least." An article much more creditable to the little Parliament, and much needed in a community which was likely to be constantly at war, prohibits, on pain of death, the violation of female captives.

By this time all the Antilles and all the shores of the Gulf of Mexico were in a ferment. The new colony was the object of universal hatred. The Spaniards began to fit out armaments. The chiefs of the French dependencies in the West Indies eagerly offered assistance to the Spaniards. The governors of the English settlements put forth proclamations interdicting all communication with this nest of buccaneers. Just at this time, the Dolphin, a vessel of fourteen guns, which was the property of the Scotch Company, was driven on shore by stress of weather under the walls of Carthagena. The ship and cargo were confiscated, the crew imprisoned and put in irons. Some of the sailors were treated as slaves, and compelled to sweep the streets and to work on the fortifications. Others, and among them the captain, were sent to Seville to be tried for piracy. Soon an envoy with a flag of truce arrived at Carthagena, and, in the name of the Council of Caledonia, demanded the release of the prisoners. He delivered to the authorities a letter threatening them with the vengeance of the King of Great Britain, and a copy of the act of Parliament by which the company had been created. The Castilian governor, who probably knew that

William, as sovereign of England, would not, and, as sovereign of Scotland, could not, protect the squatters who had occupied Darien, flung away both letter and act of Parliament with a gesture of contempt, called for a guard, and was with difficulty dissuaded from throwing the messenger into a dungeon. The Council of Caledonia, in great indignation, issued letters of mark and reprisal against Spanish vessels. What every man of common sense must have foreseen had taken place. The Scottish flag had been but a few months planted on the walls of New Edinburgh; and already a war, which Scotland, without the help of England, was utterly unable to sustain, had begun.

By this time it was known in Europe that the mysterious voyage of the adventurers from the Forth had ended at Darien. The ambassador of the Catholic king repaired to Kensington, and complained bitterly to William of this outrageous violation of the law of nations. Preparations were made in the Spanish ports for an expedition against the intruders; and in no Spanish port were there more fervent wishes for the success of that expedition than in the cities of London and Bristol. In Scotland, on the other hand, the exultation was boundless. In the parish churches all over the kingdom the ministers gave public thanks to God for having vouchsafed thus far to protect and bless the infant colony. At some places a day was set apart for religious exercises on this account. In every borough bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and candles were placed in the windows at night. During some months all the reports which arrived from the other side of the Atlantic were such as to excite hope and joy in the north of the island, and alarm and envy in the south. The colonists, it was asserted, had found rich gold mines, mines in which the precious metal was far more abundant and in a far purer state than on the coast of Guinea. Provisions were plentiful. The rainy season had not proved unhealthy. The settlement was well fortified. Sixty guns were mounted on the ramparts. An immense crop of Indian corn was expected. The aboriginal tribes were friendly. Emigrants from various quarters were coming in. The population of Caledonia had already increased from twelve hundred to ten thousand. The riches of the country — these are the words of a newspaper of that time — were great beyond imagination. The mania in Scotland rose to the highest

point. Munitions of war and implements of agriculture were provided in large quantities. Multitudes were impatient to emigrate to the land of promise.

In August, 1699, four ships, with thirteen hundred men on board, were dispatched by the company to Caledonia. The spiritual care of these emigrants was intrusted to divines of the Church of Scotland. One of these was that Alexander Shields whose Hind Let Loose proves that in his zeal for the Covenant he had forgotten the Gospel. To another, John Borland, we owe the best account of the voyage which is now extant. The General Assembly had charged the chaplains to divide the colonists into congregations, to appoint ruling elders, to constitute a Presbytery, and to labor for the propagation of divine truth among the pagan inhabitants of Darien. The second expedition sailed as the first had sailed, amid the acclamations and blessings of all Scotland. During the earlier part of September the whole nation was dreaming a delightful dream of prosperity and glory, and triumphing, somewhat maliciously, in the vexation of the English. But, before the close of that month, it began to be rumored about Lombard Street and Cheapside that letters had arrived from Jamaica with strange news. The colony from which so much had been hoped and dreaded was no more. It had disappeared from the face of the earth. The report spread to Edinburgh, but was received there with scornful incredulity. It was an impudent lie devised by some Englishmen, who could not bear to see that, in spite of the votes of the English Parliament, in spite of the proclamations of the governors of the English colonies, Caledonia was waxing great and opulent. Nay, the inventor of the fable was named. It was declared to be quite certain that Secretary Vernon was the man. On the fourth of October was put forth a vehement contradiction of the story. On the fifth the whole truth was known. Letters were received from New York announcing that a few miserable men, the remains of the colony which was to have been the garden, the warehouse, the mart of the whole world, their bones peeping through their skin, and hunger and fever written in their faces, had arrived in the Hudson.

The grief, the dismay, and the rage of those who had a few hours before fancied themselves masters of all the wealth of both Indies may easily be imagined. The di-

rectors, in their fury, lost all self-command, and, in their official letters, railed at the betrayers of Scotland, the white-livered deserters. The truth is that those who used these hard words were far more deserving of blame than the wretches whom they had sent to destruction, and whom they now reviled for not staying to be utterly destroyed. Nothing had happened but what might easily have been foreseen. The company had, in childish reliance on the word of an enthusiastic projector, and in defiance of facts known to every educated man in Europe, taken it for granted that emigrants born and bred within ten degrees of the Arctic Circle would enjoy excellent health within ten degrees of the Equator. Nay, statesmen and scholars had been deluded into the belief that a country which, as they might have read in books so common as those of Hakluyt and Purchas, was noted even among tropical countries for its insalubrity, and had been abandoned by the Spaniards solely on account of its insalubrity, was a Montpellier. Nor had any of Paterson's dupes considered how colonists from Fife or Lothain, who had never in their lives known what it was to feel the heat of a distressing midsummer day, could endure the labor of breaking clods and carrying burdens under the fierce blaze of a vertical sun. It ought to have been remembered that such colonists would have to do for themselves what English, French, Dutch, and Spanish colonists employed negroes or Indians to do for them. It was seldom indeed that a white freeman in Barbadoes or Martinique, in Guiana or at Panama, was employed in severe bodily labor. But the Scotch who settled at Darien must at first be without slaves, and must therefore dig the trench round their town, build their houses, cultivate their fields, hew wood, and draw water with their own hands. Such toil in such an atmosphere was too much for them. The provisions which they had brought out had been of no good quality, and had not been improved by lapse of time or by change of climate. The yams and plantains did not suit stomachs accustomed to good oatmeal. The flesh of wild animals and the green fat of the turtle, a luxury then unknown in Europe, went but a small way; and supplies were not to be expected from any foreign settlement. During the cool months, however, which immediately followed the occupation of the isthmus there were few deaths. But, be-

fore the equinox, disease began to make fearful havoc in the little community. The mortality gradually rose to ten or twelve a day. Both the clergymen who had accompanied the expedition died. Paterson buried his wife in that soil which, as he had assured his too credulous countrymen, exhaled health and vigor. He was himself stretched on his pallet by an intermittent fever. Still, he would not admit that the climate of his promised land was bad. There could not be a purer air. This was merely the seasoning which people who passed from one country to another must expect. In November all would be well again. But the rate at which the emigrants died was such that none of them seemed likely to live till November. Those who were not laid on their beds were yellow, lean, feeble, hardly able to move the sick and to bury the dead, and quite unable to repel the expected attack of the Spaniards. The cry of the whole community was that death was all around them, and that they must, while they still had strength to weigh an anchor or spread a sail, fly to some less fatal region. The men and provisions were equally distributed among three ships, the Caledonia, the Unicorn, and the Saint Andrew. Paterson, though still too ill to sit in the council, begged hard that he might be left behind with twenty or thirty companions to keep up a show of possession, and to await the next arrivals from Scotland. So small a number of people, he said, might easily subsist by catching fish and turtles. But his offer was disregarded; he was carried, utterly helpless, on board of the Saint Andrew, and the vessels stood out to sea.

The voyage was horrible. Scarcely any Guinea slave ship has ever had such a middle passage. Of two hundred and fifty persons who were on board of the Saint Andrew, one hundred and fifty fed the sharks of the Atlantic before Sandy Hook was in sight. The Unicorn lost almost all its officers, and about a hundred and forty men. The Caledonia, the healthiest ship of the three, threw overboard a hundred corpses. The squalid survivors, as if they were not sufficiently miserable, raged fiercely against one another. Charges of incapacity, cruelty, brutal insolence, were hurled backward and forward. The rigid Presbyterians attributed the calamities of the colony to the wickedness of Jacobites, Prelatists, Sabbath-breakers, Atheists, who hated in others that image of God which was wanting in

themselves. The accused malignants, on the other hand, complained bitterly of the impertinence of meddling fanatics and hypocrites. Paterson was cruelly reviled, and was unable to defend himself. He had been completely prostrated by bodily and mental suffering. He looked like a skeleton. His heart was broken. His inventive faculties and his plausible eloquence were no more, and he seemed to have sunk into second childhood.

Meanwhile the second expedition had been on the seas. It reached Darien about four months after the first settlers had fled. The new-comers had fully expected to find a flourishing young town, secure fortifications, cultivated fields, and a cordial welcome. They found a wilderness. The castle of New Edinburgh was in ruins. The huts had been burned. The site marked out for the proud capital which was to have been the Tyre, the Venice, the Amsterdam of the eighteenth century was overgrown with jungle, and inhabited only by the sloth and the baboon. The hearts of the adventurers sank within them; for their fleet had been fitted out, not to plant a colony, but to recruit a colony already planted and supposed to be prospering. They were therefore worse provided with every necessary of life than their predecessors had been. Some feeble attempts, however, were made to restore what had perished. A new fort was constructed on the old ground, and within the rampants was built a hamlet, consisting of eighty or ninety cabins, generally of twelve feet by ten. But the work went on languidly. The alacrity which is the effect of hope, the strength which is the effect of union, were alike wanting to the little community. From the councillors down to the humblest settlers, all was despondency and discontent. The stock of provisions was scanty. The stewards embezzled great part of it. The rations were small, and soon there was a cry that they were unfairly distributed. Factions were formed. Plots were laid. One ringleader of the malecontents was hanged. The Scotch were generally, as they still are, a religious people, and it might therefore have been expected that the influence of the divines to whom the spiritual charge of the colony had been confided would have been employed with advantage for the preserving of order and the calming of evil passions. Unfortunately, those divines seem to have been at war with almost all the rest of the society.

They described their companions as the most profligate of mankind, and declared that it was impossible to constitute a Presbytery according to the directions of the General Assembly, for that persons fit to be ruling elders of a Christian Church were not to be found among the twelve or thirteen hundred emigrants. Where the blame lay it is now impossible to decide. All that can with confidence be said is that either the clergymen must have been most unreasonably and most uncharitably austere, or the laymen must have been most unfavorable specimens of the nation and class to which they belonged.

It may be added that the provision by the General Assembly for the spiritual wants of the colony was as defective as the provision made for temporal wants by the directors of the company. Nearly one third of the emigrants who sailed with the second expedition were Highlanders, who did not understand a word of English, and not one of the four chaplains could speak a word of Gaelic. It was only through interpreters that a pastor could communicate with a large portion of the Christian flock of which he had charge. Even by the help of interpreters he could not impart religious instruction to those heathen tribes which the Church of Scotland had solemnly recommended to his care. In fact, the colonists left behind them no mark that baptized men had set foot on Darien, except a few Anglo-Saxon curses, which, having been uttered more frequently and with greater energy than any other words in our language, had caught the ear and been retained in the memory of the native population of the isthmus.

The months which immediately followed the arrival of the new-comers were the coolest and most salubrious of the year. But, even in those months, the pestilential influence of a tropical sun, shining on swamps rank with impenetrable thickets of black mangroves, began to be felt. The mortality was great; and it was but too clear that, before the summer was far advanced, the second colony would, like the first, have to choose between death and flight. But the agony of the inevitable dissolution was shortened by violence. A fleet of eleven vessels under the flag of Castile anchored off New Edinburgh. At the same time, an irregular army of Spaniards, Creoles, Negroes, Mulattoes, and Indians marched across the isth-

mus from Panama; and the fort was blockaded at once by sea and land.

A drummer soon came with a message from the besiegers, but a message which was utterly unintelligible to the besieged. Even after all that we have seen of the perverse imbecility of the directors of the company, it must be thought strange that they should have sent a colony to a remote part of the world, where it was certain that there must be constant intercourse, peaceable or hostile, with Spaniards, and yet should not have taken care that there should be in the whole colony a single person who knew a little Spanish.

With some difficulty a negotiation was carried on in such French and such Latin as the two parties could furnish. Before the end of March a treaty was signed by which the Scotch bound themselves to evacuate Darien in fourteen days; and on the eleventh of April they departed, a much less numerous body than when they arrived. In little more than four months, although the healthiest months of the year, three hundred men out of thirteen hundred had been swept away by disease. Of the survivors very few lived to see their native country again. Two of the ships perished at sea. Many of the adventurers, who had left their homes flushed with hopes of speedy opulence, were glad to hire themselves out to the planters of Jamaica, and laid their bones in that land of exile. Shields died there, worn out and heart-broken. Borland was the only minister who came back. In his curious and interesting narrative, he expresses his feelings, after the fashion of the school in which he had been bred, by grotesque allusions to the Old Testament, and by a profusion of Hebrew words. On his first arrival, he tells us, he found New Edinburgh a Ziklag. He had subsequently been compelled to dwell in the tents of Kedar. Once, indeed, during his sojourn, he had fallen in with a Beer-lahai-roi, and had set up his Ebenezer; but, in general, Darien was to him a Magor Missabib, a Kibroth-hataavah. The sad story is introduced with the words in which a great man of old, delivered over to the malice of the Evil Power, was informed of the death of his children and of the ruin of his fortunes: "I alone am escaped to tell thee."

CHAPTER XXV

THE passions which had agitated the Parliament during the late session continued to ferment in the minds of men during the recess, and, having no longer a vent in the Senate, broke forth in every part of the empire, destroyed the peace of towns, brought into peril the honor and the lives of innocent men, and impelled magistrates to leave the bench of justice and attack one another sword in hand. Private calamities, private brawls, which had nothing to do with the disputes between court and country, were turned by the political animosities of that unhappy summer into grave political events.

One mournful tale, which called forth the strongest feelings of the contending factions, is still remembered as a curious part of the history of our jurisprudence, and especially of the history of our medical jurisprudence. No Whig member of the Lower House, with the single exception of Montague, filled a larger space in the public eye than William Cowper. In the art of conciliating an audience, Cowper was preëminent. His graceful and engaging eloquence cast a spell on juries; and the Commons, even in those stormy moments when no other defender of the administration could obtain a hearing, would always listen to him. He represented Hertford, a borough in which his family had considerable influence; but there was a strong Tory minority among the electors; and he had not won his seat without a hard fight, which had left behind it many bitter recollections. His younger brother Spencer, a man of parts and learning, was fast rising into practice as a barrister on the Home Circuit.

At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her

mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman who was one of the brotherhood had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love, and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her, when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory River. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement; but her family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for somebody who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on that unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There

was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of those persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism. The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamor. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible; and, unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself and those who were said to be his accomplices with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine, the counsel for the crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane,

the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the forecastle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. "My lord," replied Garth, "I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind."

The jury found the prisoners not guilty; and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was that every body applauded the verdict and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted, and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels, Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession; he at length took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had once stood, at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet, William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor.*

Though Spencer Cowper had escaped with life and hon-

* It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted, Hayley, Southey, Grimshawe, Chalmers, mention the judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of those biographers makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family, nor do I believe that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's numerous letters.

or, the Tories had carried their point. They had secured against the next election the support of the Quakers of Hertford, and the consequence was that the borough was lost to the family and to the party which had lately predominated there.

In the very week in which the great trial took place at Hertford, a feud arising out of the late election for Buckinghamshire very nearly produced fatal effects. Wharton, the chief of the Buckinghamshire Whigs, had with difficulty succeeded in bringing in his brother as one of the knights of the shire. Graham Viscount Cheyney, of the kingdom of Scotland, had been returned at the head of the poll by the Tories. The two noblemen met at the quarter sessions. In England Cheyney was before the Union merely an esquire. Wharton was undoubtedly entitled to take place of him, and had repeatedly taken place of him without any dispute. But angry passions now ran so high that a decent pretext for indulging them was hardly thought necessary. Cheyney fastened a quarrel on Wharton. They drew. Wharton, whose cool good-humored courage and skill in fence were the envy of all the swordsmen of that age, closed with his quarrelsome neighbor, disarmed him, and gave him his life.

A more tragical duel had just taken place at Westminster. Conway Seymour, the eldest son of Sir Edward Seymour, had lately come of age. He was in possession of an independent fortune of seven thousand pounds a year, which he lavished in costly fopperies. The town had nicknamed him Beau Seymour. He was displaying his curls and his embroidery in St. James's Park on a midsummer evening, after indulging too freely in wine, when a young officer of the Blues, named Kirke, who was as tipsy as himself, passed near him. "There goes Beau Seymour," said Kirke. Seymour flew into a rage. Angry words were exchanged between the foolish boys. They immediately went beyond the precincts of the court, drew, and exchanged some pushes. Seymour was wounded in the neck. The wound was not very serious; but when his cure was only half completed, he reveled in fruit, ice, and Burgundy till he threw himself into a violent fever. Though a coxcomb and a voluptuary, he seems to have had some fine qualities. On the last day of his life he saw Kirke. Kirke implored forgiveness; and the dying man declared that he

forgave as he hoped to be forgiven. There can be no doubt that a person who kills another in a duel is, according to law, guilty of murder. But the law had never been strictly enforced against gentlemen in such cases, and in this case there was no peculiar atrocity, no deep-seated malice, no suspicion of foul play. Sir Edward, however, vehemently declared that he would have life for life. Much indulgence is due to the resentment of an affectionate father maddened by the loss of a son. But there is but too much reason to believe that the implacability of Seymour was the implacability, not of an affectionate father, but of a factious and malignant agitator. He tried to make what is, in the jargon of our time, called political capital out of the desolation of his house and the blood of his first-born. A brawl between two dissolute youths, a brawl distinguished by nothing but its unhappy result from the hundred brawls which took place every month in theatres and taverns, he magnified into an attack on the liberties of the nation, an attempt to introduce a military tyranny. The question was whether a soldier was to be permitted to insult English gentlemen, and, if they murmured, to cut their throats? It was moved in the Court of King's Bench that Kirke should either be brought to immediate trial or admitted to bail. Shower, as counsel for Seymour, opposed the motion. But Seymour was not content to leave the case in Shower's hands. In defiance of all decency, he went to Westminster Hall, demanded a hearing, and pronounced a harangue against standing armies. "Here," he said, "is a man who lives on the money taken out of our pockets. The plea set up for taxing us in order to support him is that his sword protects us, and enables us to live in peace and security. And is he to be suffered to use that sword to destroy us?" Kirke was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. In his case, as in the case of Spencer Cowper, an attempt was made to obtain a writ of appeal. The attempt failed, and Seymour was disappointed of his revenge; but he was not left without consolation. If he had lost a son, he had found, what he seems to have prized quite as much, a fertile theme for invective.

The king, on his return from the Continent, found his subjects in no bland humor. All Scotland, exasperated by the fate of the first expedition to Darien, and anxiously waiting for news of the second, called loudly for a Parlia

ment. Several of the Scottish peers carried to Kensington an address which was subscribed by thirty-six of their body, and which earnestly pressed William to convoke the Estates at Edinburgh, and to redress the wrongs which had been done to the colony of New Caledonia. A petition to the same effect was widely circulated among the commonalty of his Northern kingdom, and received, if report could be trusted, not less than thirty thousand signatures. Discontent was far from being as violent in England as in Scotland, yet in England there was discontent enough to make even a resolute prince uneasy. The time drew near at which the houses must reassemble, and how were the Commons to be managed? Montague, enraged, mortified, and intimidated by the baiting of the last session, was fully determined not again to appear in the character of chief minister of finance. The secure and luxurious retreat which he had, some months ago, prepared for himself, was awaiting him. He took the auditorship, and resigned his other places. Smith became Chancellor of the Exchequer. A new commission of Treasury issued, and the first name was that of Tankerville. He had entered on his career, more than twenty years before, with the fairest hopes, young, noble, nobly allied, of distinguished abilities, of graceful manners. There was no more brilliant man of fashion in the theatre and in the ring. There was no more popular tribune in Guildhall. Such was the commencement of a life so miserable that all the indignation excited by great faults is overpowered by pity. A guilty passion, amounting to a madness, left on the moral character of the unhappy man a stain at which even libertines looked grave. He tried to make the errors of his private life forgotten by splendid and perilous services to a public cause; and, having endured in that cause penury and exile, the gloom of a dungeon, the prospect of a scaffold, the ruin of a noble estate, he was so unfortunate as to be regarded by the party for which he had sacrificed every thing as a coward, if not a traitor. Yet even against such accumulated disasters and disgraces his vigorous and aspiring mind bore up. His parts and eloquence gained for him the ear of the House of Lords; and at length, though not till his constitution was so broken that he was fitter for flannel and cushions than for a laborious office at Whitehall, he was put at the head of one of the most important depart-

ments of the administration. It might have been expected that this appointment would call forth clamors from widely different quarters; that the Tories would be offended by the elevation of a rebel; that the Whigs would set up a cry against the captain to whose treachery or faint-heartedness they had been in the habit of imputing the rout of Sedgemoor; and that the whole of that great body of Englishmen which can not be said to be steadily Whig or Tory, but which is zealous for decency and the domestic virtues, would see with indignation a signal mark of royal favor bestowed on one who had been convicted of debauching a noble damsel, the sister of his own wife. But so capricious is public feeling that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to find, in any of the letters, essays, dialogues, and poems which bear the date of 1699 or of 1700, a single allusion to the vices or misfortunes of the new First Lord of the Treasury. It is probable that his infirm health and his isolated position were his protection. The chiefs of the opposition did not fear him enough to hate him. The Whig Junto was still their terror and their abhorrence. They continued to assail Montague and Orford, though with somewhat less ferocity than while Montague had the direction of the finances, and Orford of the marine. But the utmost spite of all the leading malecontents was concentrated on one object, the great magistrate who still held the highest civil post in the realm, and who was evidently determined to hold it in defiance of them. It was not so easy to get rid of him as it had been to drive his colleagues from office. His abilities the most intolerant Tories were forced grudgingly to acknowledge. His integrity might be questioned in nameless libels and in coffee-house tattle, but was certain to come forth bright and pure from the most severe Parliamentary investigation. Nor was he guilty of those faults of temper and of manner to which, more than to any grave delinquency, the unpopularity of his associates is to be ascribed. He had as little of the insolence and perverseness of Orford as of the petulance and vaingloriousness of Montague. One of the most severe trials to which the head and heart of man can be put is great and rapid elevation. To that trial both Montague and Somers were put. It was too much for Montague; but Somers was found equal to it. He was the son of a country attorney. At thirty-seven he had been sitting in

a stuff gown on a back bench in the Court of King's Bench. At forty-two he was the first lay dignitary of the realm, and took precedence of the Archbishop of York and of the Duke of Norfolk. He had risen from a lower point than Montague, had risen as fast as Montague, had risen as high as Montague, and yet had not excited envy such as dogged Montague through a long career. Garreteers, who were never weary of calling the cousin of the Earls of Manchester and Sandwich an upstart, could not, without an unwonted sense of shame, apply those words to the chancellor, who, without one drop of patrician blood in his veins, had taken his place at the head of the patrician order with the quiet dignity of a man ennobled by nature. His serenity, his modesty, his self-command, proof even against the most sudden surprises of passion, his self-respect, which forced the proudest grandees of the kingdom to respect him, his urbanity, which won the hearts of the youngest lawyers of the Chancery Bar, gained for him many private friends and admirers, among the most respectable members of the opposition. But such men as Howe and Seymour hated him implacably; they hated his commanding genius much; they hated the mild majesty of his virtue still more. They sought occasion against him everywhere, and they at length flattered themselves that they had found it.

Some years before, while the war was still raging, there had been loud complaints in the city that even privateers of St. Malo's and Dunkirk caused less molestation to trade than another class of marauders. The English navy was fully employed in the Channel, in the Atlantic, and in the Mediterranean. The Indian Ocean, meanwhile, swarmed with pirates of whose rapacity and cruelty frightful stories were told. Many of these men, it was said, came from our North American colonies, and carried back to those colonies the spoils gained by crime. Adventurers who durst not show themselves in the Thames found a ready market for their ill-gotten spices and stuffs at New York. Even the Puritans of New England, who in sanctimonious austerity surpassed even their brethren of Scotland, were accused of conniving at the wickedness which enabled them to enjoy abundantly and cheaply the produce of Indian looms and Chinese tea plantations.

In 1695, Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, an Irish peer who sat in the English House of Commons, was appointed

Governor of New York and Massachusetts. He was a man of eminently fair character, upright, courageous, and independent. Though a decided Whig, he had distinguished himself by bringing before the Parliament at Westminster some tyrannical acts done by Whigs at Dublin, and particularly the execution, if it is not rather to be called the murder, of Gafney. Before Bellamont sailed for America, William spoke strongly to him about the freebooting which was the disgrace of the colonies. "I send you, my lord, to New York," he said, "because an honest and intrepid man is wanted to put these abuses down, and because I believe you to be such a man." Bellamont exerted himself to justify the high opinion which the king had formed of him. It was soon known at New York that the governor who had just arrived from England was bent on the suppression of piracy, and some colonists in whom he placed great confidence suggested to him what they may perhaps have thought the best mode of attaining that object. There was then in the settlement a veteran mariner named William Kidd. He had passed most of his life on the waves, had distinguished himself by his seamanship, had had opportunities of showing his valor in action with the French, and had retired on a competence. No man knew the Eastern seas better. He was perfectly acquainted with all the haunts of the pirates who prowled between the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Malacca; and he would undertake, if he were intrusted with a single ship of thirty or forty guns, to clear the Indian Ocean of the whole race. The brigantines of the rovers were numerous, no doubt, but none of them was large; one man-of-war, which in the royal navy would hardly rank as a fourth rate, would easily deal with them all in succession, and the lawful spoils of the enemies of mankind would much more than defray the charges of the expedition. Bellamont was charmed with this plan, and recommended it to the king. The king referred it to the Admiralty. The Admiralty raised difficulties, such as are perpetually raised by public boards when any deviation, whether for the better or for the worse, from the established course of proceeding is proposed. It then occurred to Bellamont that his favorite scheme might be carried into effect without any cost to the state. A few public-spirited men might easily fit out a privateer which would soon make the Arabian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal

secure highways for trade. He wrote to his friends in England imploring, remonstrating, complaining of their lamentable want of public spirit. Six thousand pounds would be enough. That sum would be repaid, and repaid with large interest, from the sale of prizes, and an inestimable benefit would be conferred on the kingdom and on the world. His urgency succeeded. Shrewsbury and Romney contributed. Orford, though, as first Lord of the Admiralty, he had been unwilling to send Kidd to the Indian Ocean with a king's ship, consented to subscribe a thousand pounds. Somers subscribed another thousand. A ship called the Adventure Galley was equipped in the port of London, and Kidd took the command. He carried with him, besides the ordinary letters of mark, a commission under the Great Seal empowering him to seize pirates, and to take them to some place where they might be dealt with according to law. Whatever right the king might have to the goods found in the possession of these malefactors, he granted, by letters patent, to the persons who had been at the expense of fitting out the expedition, reserving to himself only one tenth part of the gains of the adventure, which was to be paid into the treasury. With the claim of merchants to have back the property of which they had been robbed, his majesty of course did not interfere. He granted away, and could grant away, no rights but his own.

The press for sailors to man the royal navy was at that time so hot that Kidd could not obtain his full complement of hands in the Thames. He crossed the Atlantic, visited New York, and there found volunteers in abundance. At length, in February, 1697, he sailed from the Hudson with a crew of more than a hundred and fifty men, and in July reached the coast of Madagascar.

It is possible that Kidd may at first have meant to act in accordance with his instructions. But on the subject of piracy he held the notions which were then common in the North American colonies, and most of his crew were of the same mind. He found himself in a sea which was constantly traversed by rich and defenceless merchant ships, and he had to determine whether he would plunder those ships or protect them. The gain which might be made by plundering them was immense, and might be snatched without the dangers of a battle or the delays of a trial.

The rewards of protecting the lawful trade were likely to be comparatively small. Such as they were, they would be got only by first fighting with desperate ruffians who would rather be killed than taken, and by then instituting a proceeding and obtaining a judgment in a Court of Admiralty. The risk of being called to a severe reckoning might not unnaturally seem small to one who had seen many old buccaneers living in comfort and credit at New York and Boston. Kidd soon threw off the character of a privateer, and became a pirate. He established friendly communications and exchanged arms and ammunition with the most notorious of those rovers whom his commission authorized him to destroy, and made war on those peaceful traders whom he was sent to defend. He began by robbing Mussulmans, and speedily proceeded from Mussulmans to Armenians, and from Armenians to Portuguese. The Adventure Galley took such quantities of cotton and silk, sugar and coffee, cinnamon and pepper, that the very foremast men received from a hundred to two hundred pounds each, and that the captain's share of the spoil would have enabled him to live at home as an opulent gentleman. With the rapacity, Kidd had the cruelty of his odious calling. He burned houses, he massacred peasantry. His prisoners were tied up and beaten with naked cutlasses in order to extort information about their concealed hoards. One of his crew, whom he had called a dog, was provoked into exclaiming, in an agony of remorse, "Yes, I am a dog, but it is you that have made me so." Kidd, in a fury, struck the man dead.

News then travelled very slowly from the Eastern Seas to England. But in August, 1698, it was known in England that the Adventure Galley, from which so much had been hoped, was the terror of the merchants of Surat and of the villagers of the coast of Malabar. It was thought probable that Kidd would carry his booty to some colony. Orders were therefore sent from Whitehall to the governors of the transmarine possessions of the crown, directing them to be on the watch for him. He meanwhile, having burned his ship and dismissed most of his men, who easily found berths in the sloops of other pirates, returned to New York with the means, as he flattered himself, of making his peace and of living in splendor. He had fabricated a long romance, to which Bellamont, naturally unwilling to

believe that he had been duped and had been the means of duping others, was at first disposed to listen with favor. But the truth soon came out. The governor did his duty firmly, and Kidd was placed in close confinement till orders arrived from the Admiralty that he should be sent to England.

To an intelligent and candid judge of human actions it will not appear that any of the persons at whose expense the Adventure Galley was fitted out deserved serious blame. The worst that could be imputed, even to Bellamont, who had drawn in all the rest, was that he had been led into a fault by his ardent zeal for the public service, and by the generosity of a nature as little prone to suspect as to devise villanies. His friends in England might surely be pardoned for giving credit to his recommendation. It is highly probable that the motive which induced some of them to aid his design was genuine public spirit. But, if we suppose them to have had a view to gain, it was to legitimate gain. Their conduct was the very opposite of corrupt. Not only had they taken no money; they had disbursed money largely, and had disbursed it with the certainty that they should never be reimbursed unless the outlay proved beneficial to the public. That they meant well they proved by staking thousands on the success of their plan; and, if they erred in judgment, the loss of those thousands was surely a sufficient punishment for such an error. On this subject there would probably have been no difference of opinion had not Somers been one of the contributors. About the other patrons of Kidd the chiefs of the opposition cared little. Bellamont was far removed from the political scene. Romney could not, and Shrewsbury would not, play a first part. Orford had resigned his employments. But Somers still held the Great Seal, still presided in the House of Lords, still had constant access to the closet. The retreat of his friends had left him the sole and undisputed head of that party which had, in the late Parliament, been a majority, and which was, in the present Parliament, outnumbered indeed, disorganized and disheartened, but still numerous and respectable. His placid courage rose higher and higher to meet the dangers which threatened him. He provided for himself no refuge. He made no move toward flight; and, without uttering one boastful word, gave his enemies to understand, by the

mild firmness of his demeanor, that he dared them to do their worst.

In their eagerness to displace and destroy him they overreached themselves. Had they been content to accuse him of lending his countenance, with a rashness unbecoming his high place, to an ill-concerted scheme, that large part of mankind which judges of a plan simply by the event would probably have thought the accusation well founded. But the malice which they bore to him was not to be so satisfied. They affected to believe that he had from the first been aware of Kidd's character and designs. The Great Seal had been employed to sanction a piratical expedition. The head of the law had laid down a thousand pounds in the hope of receiving tens of thousands when his accomplices should return laden with the spoils of ruined merchants. It was fortunate for the chancellor that the calumnies of which he was the object were too atrocious to be mischievous.

And now the time had come at which the hoarded ill humor of six months was at liberty to explode. On the sixteenth of November the houses met. The king, in his speech, assured them in gracious and affectionate language that he was determined to do his best to merit their love by constant care to preserve their liberty and their religion, by a pure administration of justice, by countenancing virtue, by discouraging vice, by shrinking from no difficulty or danger when the welfare of the nation was at stake. "These," he said, "are my resolutions; and I am persuaded that you are come together with purposes on your part suitable to these on mine. Since, then, our aims are only for the general good, let us act with confidence in one another, which will not fail, by God's blessing, to make me a happy king, and you a great and flourishing people."

It might have been thought that no words less likely to give offence had ever been uttered from the English throne. But even in those words the malevolence of faction sought and found matter for a quarrel. The gentle exhortation, "Let us act with confidence in one another," must mean that such confidence did not now exist; that the king distrusted the Parliament, or that the Parliament had shown an unwarrantable distrust of the king. Such an exhortation was nothing less than a reproach; and such a reproach was a bad return for the gold and the blood which En-

gland had lavished in order to make and to keep him a great sovereign. There was a sharp debate, in which Seymour took part. With characteristic indelicacy and want of feeling, he harangued the Commons as he had harangued the Court of King's Bench about his son's death, and about the necessity of curbing the insolence of military men. There were loud complaints that the events of the preceding session had been misrepresented to the public, that emissaries of the court, in every part of the kingdom, declaimed against the absurd jealousies or still more absurd parsimony which had refused to his majesty the means of keeping up such an army as might secure the country against invasion. Even justices of the peace, it was said, even deputy lieutenants, had used King James and King Lewis as bugbears, for the purpose of stirring up the people against honest and thrifty representatives. Angry resolutions were passed, declaring it to be the opinion of the House that the best way to establish entire confidence between the king and the Estates of the Realm would be to put a brand on those evil advisers who had dared to breathe in the royal ear calumnies against a faithful Parliament. An address founded on these resolutions was voted; many thought that a violent rupture was inevitable. But William returned an answer so prudent and gentle that malice itself could not prolong the dispute. By this time, indeed, a new dispute had begun. The address had scarcely been moved when the House called for copies of the papers relating to Kidd's expedition. Somers, conscious of innocence, knew that it was wise as well as right to be perfectly ingenuous, and resolved that there should be no concealment. His friends stood manfully by him, and his enemies struck at him with such blind fury that their blows injured only themselves. Howe raved like a maniac. "What is to become of the country, plundered by land, plundered by sea? Our rulers have laid hold on our lands, our woods, our mines, our money. And all this is not enough. We cannot send a cargo to the farthest ends of the earth, but they must send a gang of thieves after it." Harley and Seymour tried to carry a vote of censure without giving the House time to read the papers. But the general feeling was strongly for a short delay. At length, on the sixth of December, the subject was considered in a committee of the whole House. Shower under-

took to prove that the letters patent to which Somers had put the Great Seal were illegal. Cowper replied to him with immense applause, and seems to have completely refuted him. Some of the Tory orators had employed what was then a favorite claptrap. Very great men, no doubt, were concerned in this business. But were the Commons of England to stand in awe of great men? Would not they have the spirit to censure corruption and oppression in the highest places? Cowper answered finely that assuredly the House ought not to be deterred from the discharge of any duty by the fear of great men, but that fear was not the only base and evil passion of which great men were the objects, and that the flatterer who courted their favor was not a worse citizen than the envious calumniator who took pleasure in bringing whatever was eminent down to his own level. At length, after a debate which lasted from midday till nine at night, and in which all the leading members took part, the committee divided on the question that the letters patent were dishonorable to the king, inconsistent with the law of nations, contrary to the statutes of the realm, and destructive of property and trade. The chancellor's enemies had felt confident of victory, and had made the resolution so strong in order that it might be impossible for him to retain the Great Seal. They soon found that it would have been wise to propose a gentler censure. Great numbers of their adherents, convinced by Cowper's arguments, or unwilling to put a cruel stigma on a man of whose genius and accomplishments the nation was proud, stole away before the doors were closed. To the general astonishment, there were only one hundred and thirty-three ayes to one hundred and eighty-nine noes. That the city of London did not consider Somers as the destroyer, and his enemies as the protectors of trade, was proved on the following morning by the most unequivocal of signs. As soon as the news of his triumph reached the Royal Exchange, the price of stocks went up.

Some weeks elapsed before the Tories ventured again to attack him. In the mean time they amused themselves by trying to worry another person whom they hated even more bitterly. When, in a financial debate, the arrangements of the household of the Duke of Gloucester were incidentally mentioned, one or two members took the opportunity of throwing reflections on Burnet. Burnet's very

name sufficed to raise among the High-Churchmen a storm of mingled merriment and anger. The speaker in vain reminded the orators that they were wandering from the question. The majority was determined to have some fun with the right reverend Whig, and encouraged them to proceed. Nothing appears to have been said on the other side. The chiefs of the opposition inferred from the laughing and cheering of the bishop's enemies, and from the silence of his friends, that there would be no difficulty in driving from court, with contumely, the prelate whom of all prelates they most detested, as the personification of the latitudinarian spirit, a Jack Presbyter in lawn sleeves. They therefore, after the lapse of a few hours, moved quite unexpectedly an address requesting the king to remove the Bishop of Salisbury from the place of preceptor to the young heir apparent. But it soon appeared that many who could not help smiling at Burnet's weaknesses did justice to his abilities and virtues. The debate was hot. The unlucky Pastoral Letter was of course not forgotten. It was asked whether a man who had proclaimed that England was a conquered country, a man whose servile pages the English Commons had ordered to be burned by the hangman, could be a fit instructor for an English prince. Some reviled the bishop for being a Socinian, which he was not, and some for being a Scotchman, which he was. His defenders fought his battle gallantly. "Grant," they said, "that it is possible to find, amid an immense mass of eloquent and learned matter published in defence of the Protestant religion and of the English Constitution, a paragraph which, though well intended, was not well considered, is that error of an unguarded minute to outweigh the services of more than twenty years? If one House of Commons, by a very small majority, censured a little tract of which his lordship was the author, let it be remembered that another House of Commons unanimously voted thanks to him for a work of very different magnitude and importance, the History of the Reformation. And, as to what is said about his birthplace, is there not already ill humor enough in Scotland? Has not the failure of that unhappy expedition to Darien raised a sufficiently bitter feeling against us throughout that kingdom? Every wise and honest man is desirous to soothe the angry passions of our neighbors. And shall we, just at this moment, exasperate

those passions by proclaiming that to be born on the north of the Tweed is a disqualification for all honorable trust?" The ministerial members would gladly have permitted the motion to be withdrawn. But the opposition, elated with hope, insisted on dividing, and were confounded by finding that, with all the advantage of a surprise, they were only one hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and seventy-three. Their defeat would probably have been less complete, had not all those members who were especially attached to the Princess of Denmark voted in the majority or absented themselves. Marlborough used all his influence against the motion, and he had strong reasons for doing so. He was by no means well pleased to see the Commons engaged in discussing the characters and past lives of the persons who were placed about the Duke of Gloucester. If the High-Churchmen, by reviving old stories, succeeded in carrying a vote against the preceptor, it was by no means unlikely that some malicious Whig might retaliate on the governor. The governor must have been conscious that he was not invulnerable; nor could he absolutely rely on the support of the whole body of Tories; for it was believed that their favorite leader, Rochester, thought himself the fittest person to superintend the education of his grand nephew.

From Burnet the opposition went back to Somers. Some crown property near Reigate had been granted to Somers by the king. In this transaction there was nothing that deserved blame. The Great Seal ought always to be held by a lawyer of the highest distinction; nor can such a lawyer discharge his duties in a perfectly efficient manner unless, with the Great Seal, he accepts a peerage. But he may not have accumulated a fortune such as will alone suffice to support a peerage: his peerage is permanent, and his tenure of the Great Seal is precarious. In a few weeks he may be dismissed from office, and may find that he has lost a lucrative profession, that he has got nothing but a costly dignity, that he has been transformed from a prosperous barrister into a mendicant lord. Such a risk no wise man will run. If, therefore, the state is to be well served in the highest civil post, it is absolutely necessary that a provision should be made for retired chancellors. The sovereign is now empowered by Act of Parliament to make such a provision out of the public revenue. In old

times such a provision was ordinarily made out of the hereditary domain of the crown. What had been bestowed on Somers appears to have amounted, after all deductions, to a net income of about sixteen hundred a year, a sum which will hardly shock us who have seen at one time five retired chancellors enjoying pensions of five thousand a year each. For the crime, however, of accepting this grant, the leaders of the opposition hoped that they should be able to punish Somers with disgrace and ruin. One difficulty stood in the way. All that he had received was but a pittance when compared with the wealth with which some of his persecutors had been loaded by the last two kings of the house of Stuart. It was not easy to pass any censure on him which should not imply a still more severe censure on two generations of Granvilles, on two generations of Hydes, and on two generations of Finches. At last some ingenious Tory thought of a device by which it might be possible to strike the enemy without wounding friends. The grants of Charles and James had been made in time of peace, and William's grant to Somers had been made in time of war. Malice eagerly caught at this childish distinction. It was moved that any minister who had been concerned in passing a grant for his own benefit while the nation was under the heavy taxes of the late war had violated his trust; as if the expenditure which is necessary to secure to the country a good administration of justice ought to be suspended by war; or as if it were not criminal in a government to squander the resources of the state in time of peace. The motion was made by James Brydges, eldest son of the Lord Chandos, the James Brydges who afterward became Duke of Chandos, who raised a gigantic fortune out of war taxes, to squander it in comfortless and tasteless ostentation, and who is still remembered as the Timon of Pope's keen and brilliant satire. It was remarked as extraordinary that Brydges brought forward and defended his motion merely as the assertion of an abstract truth, and avoided all mention of the chancellor. It seemed still more extraordinary that Howe, whose whole eloquence consisted in cutting personalities, named nobody on this occasion, and contented himself with declaiming in general terms against corruption and profusion. It was plain that the enemies of Somers were at once urged forward by hatred and kept back by fear.

They knew that they could not carry a resolution directly condemning him. They, therefore, cunningly brought forward a mere speculative proposition which many members might be willing to affirm without scrutinizing it severely. But, as soon as the major premise had been admitted, the minor would be without difficulty established; and it would be impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that Somers had violated his trust. Such tactics, however, have very seldom succeeded in English Parliaments; for a little good sense and a little straightforwardness are quite sufficient to confound them. A sturdy Whig member, Sir Rowland Gwyn, disconcerted the whole scheme of operations. "Why this reserve?" he said; "everybody knows your meaning. Everybody sees that you have not the courage to name the great man whom you are trying to destroy." "That is false," cried Brydges; and a stormy altercation followed. It soon appeared that innocence would again triumph. The two parties seemed to have exchanged characters for one day. The friends of the government, who in the Parliament were generally humble and timorous, took a high tone, and spoke as it becomes men to speak who are defending persecuted genius and virtue. The malecontents, generally so insolent and turbulent, seemed to be completely cowed. They abased themselves so low as to protest, what no human being could believe, that they had no intention of attacking the chancellor, and had framed their resolution without any view to him. Howe, from whose lips scarcely anything ever dropped but gall and poison, went so far as to say, "My Lord Somers is a man of eminent merit, of merit so eminent that, if he had made a slip, we might well overlook it." At a late hour the question was put; and the motion was rejected by a majority of fifty in a house of four hundred and nineteen members. It was long since there had been so large an attendance at a division.

The ignominious failure of the attacks on Somers and Burnet seemed to prove that the assembly was coming round to a better temper. But the temper of a House of Commons left without the guidance of a ministry is never to be trusted. "Nobody can tell to-day," said an experienced politician of that time, "what the majority may take it into their heads to do to-morrow." Already a storm was gathering in which the Constitution itself was in danger

of perishing, and from which none of the three branches of the Legislature escaped without serious damage.

The question of the Irish forfeitures had been raised, and about that question the minds of men, both within and without the walls of Parliament, were in a strangely excitable state. Candid and intelligent men, whatever veneration they may feel for the memory of William, must find it impossible to deny that, in his eagerness to enrich and aggrandize his personal friends, he too often forgot what was due to his own reputation and to the public interest. It is true that in giving away the old domains of the crown he did only what he had a right to do, and what all his predecessors had done; nor could the most factious opposition insist on his resuming his grants of those domains without resuming at the same time the grants of his uncles. But between those domains and the estates recently forfeited in Ireland there was a distinction, which would not indeed have been recognized by the judges, but which to a popular assembly might well seem to be of grave importance. In the year 1690 a bill had been brought in for applying the Irish forfeitures to the public service. That bill passed the Commons, and would probably, with large amendments, have passed the Lords, had not the king, who was under the necessity of attending the Congress at the Hague, put an end to the session. In bidding the houses farewell on that occasion, he assured them that he should not dispose of the property about which they had been deliberating, till they should have had another opportunity of settling that matter. He had, as he thought, strictly kept his word; for he had not disposed of this property till the houses had repeatedly met and separated without presenting to him any bill on the subject. They had had the opportunity which he had assured them that they should have. They had had more than one such opportunity. The pledge which he had given had therefore been amply redeemed, and he did not conceive that he was bound to abstain longer from exercising his undoubted prerogative. But, though it could hardly be denied that he had literally fulfilled his promise, the general opinion was that such a promise ought to have been more than literally fulfilled. If his Parliament, overwhelmed with business which could not be postponed without danger to his throne and to his person, had been forced to defer, year after year, the consideration of so large and complex a ques-

tion as that of the Irish forfeitures, it ill became him to take advantage of such a laches with the eagerness of a shrewd attorney. Many persons, therefore, who were sincerely attached to his government, and who on principle disapproved of resumptions, thought the case of these forfeitures an exception to the general rule.

The Commons had, at the close of the last session, tacked to the Land Tax Bill a clause empowering seven commissioners, who were designated by name, to take account of the Irish forfeitures; and the Lords and the king, afraid of losing the Land Tax Bill, had reluctantly consented to this clause. During the recess the commissioners had visited Ireland. They had since returned to England. Their report was soon laid before both houses. By the Tories, and by their allies the Republicans, it was eagerly hailed. It had, indeed, been framed for the express purpose of flattering and of inflaming them. Three of the commissioners had strongly objected to some passages as indecorous, and even calumnious; but the other four had overruled every objection. Of the four the chief was Trenchard. He was by calling a pamphleteer, and seems not to have been aware that the sharpness of style and of temper which may be tolerated in a pamphlet is inexcusable in a state paper. He was certain that he should be protected and rewarded by the party to which he owed his appointment, and was delighted to have it in his power to publish, with perfect security, and with a semblance of official authority, bitter reflections on king and ministry, Dutch favorites, French refugees, and Irish papists. The consequence was that only four names were subscribed to the report. The three dissentients presented a separate memorial. As to the main facts, however, there was little or no dispute. It appeared that more than a million of Irish acres, or about seventeen hundred thousand English acres, an area equal to that of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire together, had been forfeited during the late troubles. But of the value of this large territory very different estimates were formed. The commissioners acknowledge that they could obtain no certain information. In the absence of such information, they conjectured the annual rent to be about two hundred thousand pounds, and the fee simple to be worth thirteen years' purchase, that is to say, about two millions six hundred

thousand pounds. They seem not to have been aware that much of the land had been let very low on perpetual leases, and that much was burdened with mortgages. A contemporary writer, who was evidently well acquainted with Ireland, asserted that the authors of the report had valued the forfeited property in Carlow at six times the real market price, and that the two millions six hundred thousand pounds of which they talked would be found to shrink to about half a million, which, as the exchanges then stood between Dublin and London, would have dwindled to four hundred thousand pounds by the time that it reached the English Exchequer. It was subsequently proved, beyond all dispute, that this estimate was very much nearer the truth than that which had been formed by Trenchard and Trenchard's colleagues.

Of the seventeen hundred thousand acres which had been forfeited, above a fourth had been restored to the ancient proprietors in conformity with the civil articles of the treaty of Limerick. About one seventh of the remaining three fourths had been given back to unhappy families, which, though they could not plead the letter of the treaty, had been thought fit objects of clemency. The rest had been bestowed, partly on persons whose services merited all and more than all that they obtained, but chiefly on the king's personal friends. Romney had obtained a considerable share of the royal bounty. But of all the grants, the largest was to Woodstock, the eldest son of Portland; the next was to Albemarle. An admirer of William can not relate without pain that he divided between these two foreigners an extent of country larger than Hertfordshire.

This fact, simply reported, would have sufficed to excite a strong feeling of indignation in a House of Commons less irritable and querulous than that which then sat at Westminster. But Trenchard and his confederates were not content with simply reporting the fact. They employed all their skill to inflame the passions of the majority. They at once applied goads to its anger and held out baits to its cupidity.

They censured that part of William's conduct which deserved high praise even more severely than that part of his conduct for which it is impossible to set up any defence. They told the Parliament that the old proprietors of the soil had been treated with pernicious indulgence; that the capitu-

lation of Limerick had been construed in a manner far too favorable to the conquered race; and that the king had suffered his compassion to lead him into the error of showing indulgence to many who could not pretend that they were within the terms of the capitulation. Even now, after the lapse of eight years, it might be possible, by instituting a severe inquisition, and by giving proper encouragement to informers, to prove that many papists, who were still permitted to enjoy their estates, had taken the side of James during the civil war. There would thus be a new and plentiful harvest of confiscations. The four bitterly complained that their task had been made more difficult by the hostility of persons who held office in Ireland, and by the secret influence of great men who were interested in concealing the truth. These grave charges were made in general terms. No name was mentioned; no fact was specified; no evidence was tendered.

Had the report stopped here, those who drew it up might justly have been blamed for the unfair and ill-natured manner in which they had discharged their functions; but they could not have been accused of usurping functions which did not belong to them for the purpose of insulting the sovereign and exasperating the nation. But these men well knew in what way and for what purpose they might safely venture to exceed their commission. The act of Parliament from which they derived their powers authorized them to report on estates forfeited during the late troubles. It contained not a word which could be construed into an authority to report on the old hereditary domain of the crown. With that domain they had as little to do as with the seigniorage levied on tin in the Duchy of Cornwall, or with the Church patronage of the Duchy of Lancaster. But they had discovered that a part of that domain had been alienated by a grant which they could not deny themselves the pleasure of publishing to the world. It was, indeed, an unfortunate grant — a grant which could not be brought to light without much mischief and much scandal. It was long since William had ceased to be the lover of Elizabeth Villiers, long since he had asked her counsel or listened to her fascinating conversation except in the presence of other persons. She had been some years married to George Hamilton, a soldier who had distinguished himself by his courage in Ireland and Flanders, and who

probably held the courtier-like doctrine that a lady is not dishonored by having been the paramour of a king. William was well pleased with the marriage, bestowed on the wife a portion of the old crown property in Ireland, and created the husband a peer of Scotland by the title of Earl of Orkney. Assuredly William would not have raised his character by abandoning to poverty a woman whom he had loved, though with a criminal love. He was undoubtedly bound, as a man of humanity and honor, to provide liberally for her; but he should have provided for her rather by saving from his civil list than by alienating his hereditary revenue. The four malcontent commissioners rejoiced with spiteful joy over this discovery. It was in vain that the other three represented that the grant to Lady Orkney was one with which they had nothing to do, and that, if they went out of their way to hold it up to obloquy, they might be justly said to fly in the king's face. "To fly in the king's face!" said one of the majority; "our business is to fly in the king's face. We were sent here to fly in the king's face." With this patriotic object, a paragraph about Lady Orkney's grant was added to the report — a paragraph, too, in which the value of that grant was so monstrously exaggerated that William seemed to have surpassed the profligate extravagance of his uncle Charles. The estate bestowed on the countess was valued at twenty-four thousand pounds a year. The truth seems to be that the income which she derived from the royal bounty, after making allowance for incumbrances and for the rate of exchange, was about four thousand pounds.

The success of the report was complete. The nation and its representatives hated taxes, hated foreign favorites, and hated Irish papists; and here was a document which held out the hope that England might, at the expense of foreign courtiers and of popish Celts, be relieved from a great load of taxes. Many, both within and without the walls of Parliament, gave entire faith to the estimate which the commissioners had formed by a wild guess, in the absence of trustworthy information. They gave entire faith also to the prediction that a strict inquiry would detect many traitors who had hitherto been permitted to escape with impunity, and that a large addition would thus be made to the extensive territory which had already been confiscated. It was popularly said that, if vigorous mea-

ures were taken, the gain to the kingdom would be not less than three hundred thousand pounds a year; and almost the whole of this sum, a sum more than sufficient to defray the whole charge of such an army as the Commons were disposed to keep up in time of peace, would be raised by simply taking away what had been unjustifiably given to Dutchmen, who would still retain immense wealth taken out of English pockets, or unjustifiably left to Irishmen, who thought it at once the most pleasant and the most pious of all employments to cut English throats. The Lower House went to work with the double eagerness of rapacity and of animosity. As soon as the report of the four and the protest of the three had been laid on the table and read by the clerk, it was resolved that a Resumption Bill should be brought in. It was then resolved, in opposition to the plainest principles of justice, that no petition from any person who might think himself aggrieved by this bill should ever be received. It was necessary to consider how the commissioners should be remunerated for their services, and this question was decided with impudent injustice. It was determined that the commissioners who had signed the report should receive a thousand pounds each; but a large party thought that the dissentient three deserved no recompense, and two of them were merely allowed what was thought sufficient to cover the expense of their journey to Ireland. This was nothing less than to give notice to every man who should ever be employed in any similar inquiry that, if he wished to be paid, he must report what would please the assembly which held the purse of the state. In truth, the House was despotic, and was fast contracting the vices of a despot. It was proud of its antipathy to courtiers, and it was calling into existence a new set of courtiers who would study all its humors, who would flatter all its weaknesses, who would prophesy to it smooth things, and who would assuredly be, in no respect, less greedy, less faithless, or less abject than the sycophants who bow in the antechambers of kings.

Indeed, the dissentient commissioners had worse evils to apprehend than that of being left unremunerated. One of them, Sir Richard Levinz, had mentioned in private to his friends some disrespectful expressions which had been used by one of his colleagues about the king. What he had mentioned in private was, not, perhaps, very discreetly, re-

peated by Montague in the House. The predominant party eagerly seized the opportunity of worrying both Montague and Levinz. A resolution implying a severe censure on Montague was carried. Levinz was brought to the bar and examined. The four were also in attendance. They protested that he had misrepresented them. Trenchard declared that he had always spoken of his majesty as a subject ought to speak of an excellent sovereign, who had been deceived by evil counsellors, and who would be grateful to those who should bring the truth to his knowledge. He vehemently denied that he had called the grant to Lady Orkney villanous. It was a word that he never used — a word that never came out of the mouth of a gentleman. These assertions will be estimated at the proper value by those who are acquainted with Trenchard's pamphlets — pamphlets in which the shocking word villanous will without difficulty be found, and which are full of malignant reflections on William.* But the House was determined not to believe Levinz. He was voted a calumniator, and sent to the Tower, as an example to all who should be tempted to speak truth which the Commons might not like to hear.

Meanwhile the bill had been brought in and was proceeding easily. It provided that all the property which had belonged to the crown at the time of the accession of James the Second, or which had been forfeited to the crown since that time, should be vested in trustees. These trustees were named in the bill; and among them were the four commissioners who had signed the report. All the Irish grants of William were annulled. The legal rights of persons other than the grantees were saved. But of those rights the trustees were to be judges, and judges without appeal. A claimant who gave them the trouble of attending to him, and could not make out his case, was to be heavily fined. Rewards were offered to informers who should discover any property which was liable to confiscation, and which had not yet been confiscated. Though

* I give an example of Trenchard's mode of showing his profound respect for an excellent sovereign. He speaks thus of the commencement of the reign of Henry the Third. "The kingdom was recently delivered from a bitter tyrant, King John, and had likewise got rid of their perfidious deliverer, the Dauphin of France, who, after the English had accepted him for their king, had secretly vowed their extirpation

eight years had elapsed since an arm had been lifted up in the conquered island against the domination of the English-ry, the unhappy children of the soil, who had been suffered to live, submissive and obscure, on their hereditary fields, were threatened with a new and severe inquisition into old offences.

Objectionable as many parts of the bill undoubtedly were, nobody who knew the House of Commons believed it to be possible to carry any amendment. The king flattered himself that a motion for leaving at his disposal a third part of the forfeitures would be favorably received. There can be little doubt that a compromise would have been willingly accepted twelve months earlier. But the report had made all compromise impossible. William, however, was bent on trying the experiment; and Vernon consented to go on what he considered as a forlorn hope. He made his speech and his motion; but the reception which he met with was such that he did not venture to demand a division. This feeble attempt at obstruction only made the impetuous current chafe the more. Howe immediately moved two resolutions: one attributing the load of debts and taxes which lay on the nation to the Irish grants; the other censuring all who had been concerned in advising or passing those grants. Nobody was named, not because the majority was inclined to show any tenderness to the Whig ministers, but because some of the most objectionable grants had been sanctioned by the Board of Treasury when Godolphin and Seymour, who had great influence with the Country party, sat at that board.

Howe's two resolutions were laid before the king by the speaker, in whose train all the leaders of the opposition appeared at Kensington. Even Seymour, with characteristic effrontery, showed himself there as one of the chief authors of a vote which pronounced him guilty of a breach of duty. William's answer was, that he had thought himself bound to reward out of the forfeited property those who had served him well, and especially those who had borne a principal part in the reduction of Ireland. The war, he said, had undoubtedly left behind it a heavy debt, and he should be glad to see that debt reduced by just and effectual means. This answer was but a bad one, and, in truth, it was hardly possible for him to return a good one. He had done what was indefensible, and, by attempting to

defend himself, he made his case worse. It was not true that the Irish forfeitures, or one fifth part of them, had been granted to men who had distinguished themselves in the Irish war; and it was not judicious to hint that those forfeitures could not justly be applied to the discharge of the public debts. The Commons murmured, and not altogether without reason. "His majesty tells us," they said, "that the debts fall to us and the forfeitures to him. We are to make good out of the purses of Englishmen what was spent upon the war; and he is to put into the purses of Dutchmen what was got by the war." When the House met again, Howe moved that whoever had advised the king to return such an answer was an enemy to his majesty and the kingdom; and this resolution was carried with some slight modification.

To whatever criticism William's answer might be open, he had said one thing which well deserved the attention of the House. A small part of the forfeited property had been bestowed on men whose services to the state well deserved a much larger recompense; and that part could not be resumed without gross injustice and ingratitude. An estate of very moderate value had been given, with the title of Earl of Athlone, to Ginkell, whose skill and valor had brought the war in Ireland to a triumphant close. Another estate had been given, with the title of Earl of Galway, to Rouvigny, who, in the crisis of the decisive battle, at the very moment when Saint Ruth was waving his hat, and exclaiming that the English should be beaten back to Dublin, had, at the head of a gallant body of horse, struggled through the morass, turned the left wing of the Celtic army, and retrieved the day. But the predominant faction, drunk with insolence and animosity, made no distinction between courtiers who had been enriched by injudicious partiality and warriors who had been sparingly rewarded for great exploits achieved in defence of the liberties and the religion of our country. Athlone was a Dutchman: Galway was a Frenchman; and it did not become a good Englishman to say a word in favor of either.

Yet this was not the most flagrant injustice of which the Commons were guilty. According to the plainest principles of common law and of common sense, no man can forfeit any rights except those which he has. All the donations which William had made he had made subject

to this limitation. But by this limitation the Commons were too angry and too rapacious to be bound. They determined to vest in the trustees of the forfeited lands an estate greater than had ever belonged to the forfeiting landholders. Thus innocent persons were violently deprived of property which was theirs by descent or by purchase, of property which had been strictly respected by the king and by his grantees. No immunity was granted even to men who had fought on the English side, even to men who had lined the walls of Londonderry and rushed on the Irish guns at Newton Butler.

In some cases the Commons showed indulgence: but their indulgence was not less unjustifiable, nor of less pernicious example, than their severity. The ancient rule, a rule which is still strictly maintained, and which cannot be relaxed without danger of boundless profusion and shameless jobbery, is that whatever the Parliament grants shall be granted to the sovereign, and that no public bounty shall be bestowed on any private person except by the sovereign.

The Lower House now, contemptuously disregarding both principles and precedents, took on itself to carve estates out of the forfeitures for persons whom it was inclined to favor. To the Duke of Ormond especially, who ranked among the Tories and was distinguished by his dislike of the foreigners, marked partiality was shown. Some of his friends, indeed, hoped that they should be able to insert in the bill a clause bestowing on him all the confiscated estates in the county of Tipperary. But they found that it would be prudent in them to content themselves with conferring on him a boon smaller in amount, but equally objectionable in principle. He had owed very large debts to persons who had forfeited to the crown all that belonged to them. Those debts were therefore now due from him to the crown. The House determined to make him a present of the whole — that very House which would not consent to leave a single acre to the general who had stormed Athlone, who had gained the battle of Aghrim, who had entered Galway in triumph, and who had received the submission of Limerick.

That a bill so violent, so unjust, and so unconstitutional would pass the Lords without considerable alterations was hardly to be expected. The ruling demagogues, therefore,

resolved to join it with the bill which granted to the Crown a land tax of two shillings in the pound for the service of the next year, and thus to place the Upper House under the necessity of either passing both bills together without the change of a word, or of rejecting both together, and leaving the public creditor unpaid and the nation defenceless.

There was great indignation among the Peers. They were not indeed more disposed than the Commons to approve of the manner in which the Irish forfeitures had been granted away; for the antipathy to the foreigners, strong as it was in the nation generally, was strongest in the highest ranks. Old barons were angry at seeing themselves preceded by new earls from Holland and Guelders. Garters, gold keys, white staves, rangerships, which had been considered as peculiarly belonging to the hereditary grandees of the realm, were now intercepted by aliens. Every English nobleman felt that his chance of obtaining a share of the favors of the crown was seriously diminished by the competition of Bentincks and Keppels, Auverquerques and Zulesteins. But, though the riches and dignities heaped on the little knot of Dutch courtiers might disgust him, the recent proceedings of the Commons could not but disgust him still more. The authority, the respectability, the existence of his order were threatened with destruction. Not only, — such were the just complaints of the Peers, — not only are we to be deprived of that coördinate legislative power to which we are, by the constitution of the realm, entitled. We are not to be allowed even a suspensive veto. We are not to dare to remonstrate, to suggest an amendment, to offer a reason, to ask for an explanation. Whenever the other House has passed a bill to which it is known that we have strong objections, that bill is to be tacked to a bill of supply. If we alter it, we are told that we are attacking the most sacred privilege of the representatives of the people, and that we must either take the whole or reject the whole. If we reject the whole, public credit is shaken; the Royal Exchange is in confusion; the Bank stops payment; the army is disbanded; the fleet is in mutiny; the island is left, without one regiment, without one frigate at the mercy of every enemy. The danger of throwing out a bill of supply is doubtless great. Yet it may, on the whole, be better that we should face that danger once for all than that we should consent to be, what

we are fast becoming, a body of no more importance than the Convocation.

Animated by such feelings as these, a party in the Upper House was eager to take the earliest opportunity of making a stand. On the fourth of April a second reading was moved. Near a hundred lords were present. Somers, whose serene wisdom and persuasive eloquence had seldom been more needed, was confined to his room by illness, and his place on the woolsack was supplied by the Earl of Bridgewater. Several orators, both Whig and Tory, objected to proceeding farther. But the chiefs of both parties thought it better to try the almost hopeless experiment of committing the bill and sending it back amended to the Commons. The second reading was carried by seventy votes to twenty-three. It was remarked that both Portland and Albemarle voted in the majority.

In the committee and on the third reading several amendments were proposed and carried. Wharton, the boldest and most active of the Whig peers, and the Lord Privy Seal Lonsdale, one of the most moderate and reasonable of the Tories, took the lead, and were strenuously supported by the Lord President Pembroke and by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who seems on this occasion to have a little forgotten his habitual sobriety and caution. Two natural sons of Charles the Second, Richmond and Southampton, who had strong personal reasons for disliking resumption bills, were zealous on the same side. No peer, however, as far as can now be discovered, ventured to defend the way in which William had disposed of his Irish domains. The provisions which annulled the grants of those domains were left untouched. But the words of which the effect was to vest in the Parliamentary trustees property which had never been forfeited to the king, and had never been given away by him, were altered; and the clauses by which estates and sums of money were, in defiance of constitutional principle and of immemorial practice, bestowed on persons who were favorites of the Commons, were so far modified as to be in form, somewhat less exceptionable. The bill, improved by these changes, was sent down by two judges to the Lower House.

The Lower House was all in a flame. There was now no difference of opinion there. Even those members who thought that the Resumption Bill and the Land Tax Bill

ought not to have been tacked together, yet felt that, since those bills had been tacked together, it was impossible to agree to the amendments made by the Lords without surrendering one of the most precious privileges of the Commons. The amendments were rejected without one dissentient voice. It was resolved that a conference should be demanded; and the gentlemen who were to manage the conference were instructed to say merely that the Upper House had no right to alter a money bill; that the point had long been settled and was too clear for argument; that they should leave the bill with the Lords, and that they should leave with the Lords also the responsibility of stopping the supplies which were necessary for the public service. Several votes of menacing sound were passed at the same sitting. It was Monday, the eighth of April. Tuesday, the ninth, was allowed to the other House for reflection and repentance. It was resolved that on the Wednesday morning the question of the Irish forfeitures should again be taken into consideration, and that every member who was in town should be then in his place on peril of the highest displeasure of the House. It was moved and carried that every privy councillor who had been concerned in procuring or passing any exorbitant grant for his own benefit had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor. Lest the courtiers should flatter themselves that this was meant to be a mere abstract proposition, it was ordered that a list of the members of the Privy Council should be laid on the table. As it was thought not improbable that the crisis might end in an appeal to the constituent bodies, nothing was omitted which could excite out of doors a feeling in favor of the bill. The speaker was directed to print and publish the report signed by the four commissioners, not accompanied, as in common justice it ought to have been, by the protest of the three dissentients, but accompanied by several extracts from the journals which were thought likely to produce an impression favorable to the House and unfavorable to the court. All these resolutions passed without any division, and without, as far as appears, any debate. There was, indeed, much speaking, but all on one side. Seymour, Harley, Howe, Harcourt, Shower, Musgrave, declaimed, one after another, about the obstinacy of the other House, the alarming state of the country, the dangers which threatened the public

peace and the public credit. If, it was said, none but Englishmen sat in the Parliament and in the Council, we might hope that they would relent at the thought of the calamities which impend over England. But we have to deal with men who are not Englishmen, with men who consider this country as their own only for evil, as their property, not as their home; who, when they have gorged themselves with our wealth, will, without one uneasy feeling, leave us sunk in bankruptcy, distracted by faction, exposed without defence to invasion. "A new war," said one of these orators, "a new war, as long, as bloody, and as costly as the last, would do less mischief than has been done by the introduction of that batch of Dutchmen among the barons of the realm. Another was so absurd as to call on the House to declare that whoever should advise a dissolution would be guilty of high treason. A third gave utterance to a sentiment which it is difficult to understand how any assembly of civilized and Christian men, even in a moment of strong excitement, should have heard without horror. "They object to tacking, do they? Let them take care that they do not provoke us to tack in earnest. How would they like to have bills of supply with bills of attainder tacked to them?" This atrocious threat, worthy of the tribune of the French Convention in the worst days of the Jacobin tyranny, seems to have passed unreprehended. It was meant — such at least was the impression at the Dutch embassy — to intimidate Somers. He was confined by illness. He had been unable to take any public part in the proceedings of the Lords; and he had privately blamed them for engaging in a conflict in which he justly thought that they could not be victorious. Nevertheless, the Tory leaders hoped that they might be able to direct against him the whole force of the storm which they had raised. Seymour, in particular, encouraged by the wild and almost savage temper of his hearers, harangued with rancorous violence against the wisdom and the virtue which presented the strongest contrast to his own turbulence, insolence, faithlessness, and rapacity. No doubt, he said, the Lord Chancellor was a man of parts. Anybody might be glad to have for counsel so acute and eloquent an advocate. But a very good advocate might be a very bad minister; and, of all the ministers who had brought the kingdom into difficulties, this plausible, fair-spoken person was the most

dangerous. Nor was the old reprobate ashamed to add that he was afraid that his Lordship was no better than a Hobbist in religion.

After a long sitting the members separated; but they reassembled early on the morning of the following day, Tuesday, the ninth of April. A conference was held; and Seymour, as chief manager for the Commons, returned the bill and the amendment to the Peers in the manner which had been prescribed to him. From the Painted Chamber he went back to the Lower House, and reported what had passed. "If," he said, "I may venture to judge by the looks and manner of their Lordships, all will go right." But within half an hour evil tidings came through the Court of Requests and the lobbies. The Lords had divided on the question whether they would adhere to their amendments. Forty-seven had voted for adhering, and thirty-four for giving way. The House of Commons broke up with gloomy looks and in great agitation. All London looked forward to the next day with painful forebodings. The general feeling was in favor of the bill. It was rumored that the majority which had determined to stand by the amendments had been swollen by several prelates, by several of the illegitimate sons of Charles the Second, and by several needy and greedy courtiers. The cry in all the public places of resort was that the nation would be ruined by the three B's, Bishops, Bastards, and Beggars. On Wednesday, the tenth, at length, the contest came to a decisive issue. Both Houses were early crowded. The Lords demanded a conference. It was held; and Pembroke delivered back to Seymour the bill and the amendments, together with a paper containing a concise, but luminous and forcible exposition of the grounds on which the Lords conceived themselves to be acting in a constitutional and strictly defensive manner. This paper was read at the bar; but whatever effect it may now produce on a dispassionate student of history, it produced none on the thick ranks of country gentlemen. It was instantly resolved that the bill should again be sent back to the Lords with a peremptory announcement that the Commons' determination was unalterable.

The Lords again took the amendments into consideration. During the last forty-eight hours, great exertions had been made in various quarters to avert a complete

rupture between the Houses. The statesmen of the Junto were far too wise not to see that it would be madness to continue the struggle longer. It was indeed necessary, unless the King and the Lords were to be of as little weight in the state as in 1648, unless the House of Commons was not merely to exercise a general control over the government, but to be, as in the days of the Rump, itself the whole government, the sole legislative chamber, the fountain from which were to flow all those favors which had hitherto been in the gift of the crown, that a determined stand should be made. But, in order that such a stand might be successful, the ground must be carefully selected; for a defeat might be fatal. The Lords must wait for some occasion on which their privileges would be bound up with the privileges of all Englishmen, for some occasion on which constituent bodies would, if an appeal were made to them, disavow the acts of the representative body; and this was not such an occasion. The enlightened and large-minded few considered tacking as a practice so pernicious that it would be justified only by an emergency which would justify a resort to physical force. But, in the many, tacking, when employed for a popular end, excited little or no disapprobation. The public, which seldom troubles itself with nice distinctions, could not be made to understand that the question at issue was any other than this, whether a sum which was vulgarly estimated at millions, and which undoubtedly amounted to some hundreds of thousands, should be employed in paying the debts of the state and alleviating the load of taxation, or in making Dutchmen, who were already too rich, still richer. It was evident that on that question the Lords could not hope to have the country with them, and that, if a general election took place while that question was unsettled, the new House of Commons would be even more mutinous and impracticable than the present House. Somers, in his sick-chamber, had given this opinion. Orford had voted for the bill in every stage. Montague, though no longer a minister, had obtained admission to the royal closet, and had strongly represented to the King the dangers which threatened the state. The King had at length consented to let it be understood that he considered the passing of the bill as on the whole the less of two great evils. It was soon clear that the temper of the Peers had undergone a considerable alteration since

the preceding day. Scarcely any, indeed, changed sides, but not a few abstained from voting. Wharton, who had at first spoken powerfully for the amendments, left town for Newmarket. On the other hand, some Lords who had not yet taken their part came down to give a healing vote. Among them were the two persons to whom the education of the young heir apparent had been intrusted, Marlborough and Burnet. Marlborough showed his usual prudence. He had remained neutral while by taking a part he must have offended either the House of Commons or the King. He took a part as soon as he saw that it was possible to please both. Burnet, alarmed for the public peace, was in a state of great excitement, and, as was usual with him when in such a state, forgot dignity and decorum, called out "stuff" in a very audible voice while a noble lord was haranguing in favor of the amendments, and was in great danger of being reprimanded at the bar or delivered over to Black Rod. The motion on which the division took place was that the House do adhere to the amendments. There were forty contents and thirty-seven not contents. Proxies were called, and the numbers were found to be exactly even. In the House of Lords there is no casting vote. When the numbers are even, the non-contents have it. The motion to adhere had therefore been negatived. But this was not enough. It was necessary that an affirmative resolution should be moved to the effect that the House agreed to the bill without amendments; and, if the numbers should again be equal, this motion would also be lost. It was an anxious moment. Fortunately, the primate's heart failed him. He had obstinately fought the battle down to the last stage. But he probably felt that it was no light thing to take on himself, and to bring on his order, the responsibility of throwing the whole kingdom into confusion. He started up and hurried out of the House, beckoning to some of his brethren. His brethren followed him with a prompt obedience, which, serious as the crisis was, caused no small merriment. In consequence of this defection, the motion to agree was carried by a majority of five. Meanwhile the members of the other House had been impatiently waiting for news, and had been alternately elated and depressed by the reports which followed one another in rapid succession. At first it was confidently expected that the Peers would yield;

and there was general good-humor. Then came intelligence that the majority of the Lords present had voted for adhering to the amendments. "I believe," so Vernon wrote the next day, "I believe there was not one man in the House that did not think the nation ruined." The lobbies were cleared; the back doors were locked; the keys were laid on the table; the sergeant-at-arms was directed to take his post at the front door, and to suffer no member to withdraw. An awful interval followed, during which the angry passions of the assembly seemed to be subdued by terror. Some of the leaders of the opposition, men of grave character and of large property, stood aghast at finding that they were engaged — they scarcely knew how — in a conflict such as they had not at all expected, in a conflict in which they could be victorious only at the expense of the peace and order of society. Even Seymour was sobered by the greatness and nearness of the danger. Even Howe thought it advisable to hold conciliatory language. It was no time, he said, for wrangling. Court party and Country party were Englishmen alike. Their duty was to forget all past grievances, and to coöperate heartily for the purpose of saving the country.

In a moment all was changed. A message from the Lords was announced. It was a message which lightened many heavy hearts. The bill had been passed without amendments.

The leading malecontents, who, a few minutes before, scared by finding that their violence had brought on a crisis for which they were not prepared, had talked about the duty of mutual forgiveness and close union, instantly became again as rancorous as ever. One danger, they said, was over. So far well. But it was the duty of the representatives of the people to take such steps as might make it impossible that there should ever again be such danger. Every adviser of the Crown, who had been concerned in the procuring or passing of any exorbitant grant, ought to be excluded from all access to the royal ear. A list of the privy councillors, furnished in conformity with the order made two days before, was on the table. That list the clerk was ordered to read. Prince George of Denmark and the Archbishop of Canterbury passed without remark. But as soon as the chancellor's name had been pronounced, the rage of his enemies broke forth. Twice already, in the

course of that stormy session, they had attempted to ruin his fame and his fortunes, and twice his innocence and his calm fortitude had confounded all their politics. Perhaps, in the state of excitement to which the House had been wrought up, a third attack on him might be successful. Orator after orator declaimed against him. He was the great offender. He was responsible for all the grievances of which the nation complained. He had obtained exorbitant grants for himself; he had defended the exorbitant grants obtained by others. He had not, indeed, been able, in the late debates, to raise his own voice against the just demands of the nation, but it might well be suspected that he had in secret prompted the ungracious answer of the King and encouraged the pertinacious resistance of the Lords. Sir John Levison Gower, a noisy and acrimonious Tory, called for impeachment. But Musgrave, an abler and more experienced politician, saw that, if the imputations which the opposition had been in the habit of throwing on the chancellor were exhibited with the precision of a legal charge, their futility would excite universal derision, and thought it more expedient to move that the House should, without assigning any reason, request the King to remove Lord Somers from His Majesty's counsels and presence for ever. Cowper defended his persecuted friend with great eloquence and effect, and he was warmly supported by many members who had been zealous for the resumption of the Irish grants. Only a hundred and six members went into the lobby with Musgrave; a hundred and sixty-seven voted against him. Such a division, in such a House of Commons, and on such a day, is sufficient evidence of the respect which the great qualities of Somers had extorted even from his political enemies.

The clerk then went on with the list. The Lord President and the Lord Privy Seal, who were well known to have stood up strongly for the privileges of the Lords, were reviled by some angry members, but no motion was made against either. And soon the Tories became uneasy in their turn; for the name of the Duke of Leeds was read. He was one of themselves. They were very unwilling to put a stigma on him. Yet how could they, just after declaiming against the chancellor for accepting a very moderate and well-earned provision, undertake the defence of a statesman who had, out of grants, pardons, and bribes, ac-

cumulated a princely fortune? There was actually on the table evidence that his grace was receiving from the bounty of the Crown more than thrice as much as had been bestowed on Somers, and nobody could doubt that his grace's secret gains had very far exceeded those of which there was evidence on the table. It was accordingly moved that the House, which had indeed been sitting many hours, should adjourn. The motion was lost; but neither party was disposed to move that the consideration of the list should be resumed. It was, however, resolved, without a division, that an address should be presented to the King, requesting that no person not a native of his dominions, Prince George excepted, might be admitted to the Privy Council either of England or of Ireland. The evening was now far spent. The candles had been some time lighted, and the House rose. So ended one of the most anxious, turbulent, and variously eventful days in the long Parliamentary History of England.

What the morrow would have produced if time had been allowed for a renewal of hostilities can only be guessed. The supplies had been voted. The King was determined not to receive the address which requested him to disgrace his dearest and most trusty friends. Indeed, he would have prevented the passing of that address by proroguing Parliament on the preceding day, had not the Lords risen the moment after they had agreed to the Resumption Bill. He had actually come from Kensington to the Treasury for that purpose, and his robes and crown were in readiness. He now took care to be at Westminster in good time. The Commons had scarcely met when the knock of Black Rod was heard. They repaired to the other House. The bills were passed, and Bridgewater, by the royal command, prorogued the Parliament. For the first time since the Revolution, the session closed without a speech from the throne. William was too angry to thank the Commons, and too prudent to reprimand them.

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THE health of James had been during some years declining; and he had at length, on Good Friday, 1701, suffered a shock from which he had never recovered. While he was listening in his chapel to the solemn service of the day, he fell down in a fit, and remained long insensible. Some people imagined that the words of the anthem which his choristers were chanting had produced in him emotions too violent to be borne by an enfeebled body and mind. For that anthem was taken from the plaintive elegy in which a servant of the true God, chastened by many sorrows and humiliations, banished, homesick, and living on the bounty of strangers, bewailed the fallen throne and the desolate Temple of Zion: "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens; the crown is fallen from our head. Wherefore dost thou forget us forever?"

The king's malady proved to be paralytic. Fagon, the first physician of the French court, and, on medical questions, the oracle of all Europe, prescribed the waters of Bourbon. Lewis, with all his usual generosity, sent to Saint Germains ten thousand crowns in gold for the charges of the journey, and gave orders that every town along the road should receive his good brother with all the honors due to royalty.*

James, after passing some time at Bourbon, returned to the neighborhood of Paris with health so far reëstablished that he was able to take exercise on horseback, but with judgment and memory evidently impaired. On the thirteenth of September he had a second fit in his chapel, and it soon became clear that this was a final stroke. He rallied the last energies of his failing body and mind to testify his firm belief in the religion for which he had sacrificed so much. He received the last sacraments with every mark of devotion, exhorted his son to hold fast to the true faith in spite of all temptations, and entreated Middleton, who, almost alone among the courtiers assembled in the bedchamber, professed

* Life of James; St. Simon; Dangeau.

himself a Protestant, to take refuge from doubt and error in the bosom of the one infallible Church. After the extreme unction had been administered, James declared that he pardoned all his enemies, and named particularly the Prince of Orange, the Princess of Denmark, and the emperor. The emperor's name he repeated with peculiar emphasis: "Take notice, father," he said to the confessor, "that I forgive the emperor with all my heart." It may perhaps seem strange that he should have found this the hardest of all exercises of Christian charity. But it must be remembered that the emperor was the only Roman Catholic prince still living who had been accessory to the Revolution, and that James might not unnaturally consider Roman Catholics who had been accessory to the Revolution as more inexcusably guilty than heretics who might have deluded themselves into the belief that, in violating their duty to him, they were discharging their duty to God.

While James was still able to understand what was said to him, and make intelligible answers, Lewis visited him twice. The English exiles observed that the most Christian king was to the last considerate and kind in the very slightest matters which concerned his unfortunate guest. He would not allow his coach to enter the court of Saint Germains, lest the noise of the wheels should be heard in the sick-room. In both interviews he was gracious, friendly, and even tender. But he carefully abstained from saying anything about the future position of the family which was about to lose its head. Indeed, he could say nothing, for he had not yet made up his own mind. Soon, however, it became necessary for him to form some resolution. On the sixteenth James sank into a stupor which indicated the near approach of death. While he lay in this helpless state, Madame de Maintenon visited his consort. To this visit many persons who were likely to be well informed attributed a long series of great events. We cannot wonder that a woman should have been moved to pity by the misery of a woman; that a devout Roman Catholic should have taken a deep interest in the fate of a family persecuted, as she conceived, solely for being Roman Catholics; or that the pride of the widow of Scarron should have been intensely gratified by the supplications of a daughter of Este and a Queen of England. From mixed motives, probably, the wife of Lewis promised her powerful protection to the wife of James.

Madame de Maintenon was just leaving Saint Germains when, on the brow of the hill which overlooks the valley of the Seine, she met her husband, who had come to ask after his guest. It was probably at this moment that he was persuaded to form a resolution, of which neither he nor she by whom he was governed foresaw the consequences. Before he announced that resolution, however, he observed all the decent forms of deliberation. A council was held that evening at Marli, and was attended by the princes of the blood and by the ministers of state. The question was propounded whether, when God should take James the Second of England to himself, France should recognize the Pretender as King James the Third?

The ministers were, one and all, against the recognition. Indeed, it seems difficult to understand how any person who had any pretensions to the name of statesman should have been of a different opinion. Torcy took his stand on the ground that to recognize the Prince of Wales would be to violate the treaty of Ryswick. This was indeed an impregnable position. By that treaty his most Christian majesty had bound himself to do nothing which could, directly or indirectly, disturb the existing order of things in England. And in what way, except by an actual invasion, could he do more to disturb the existing order of things in England than by solemnly declaring, in the face of the whole world, that he did not consider that order of things as legitimate, that he regarded the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement as nullities, and the king in possession as an usurper? The recognition would then be a breach of faith, and, even if all considerations of morality were set aside, it was plain that it would, at that moment, be wise in the French government to avoid everything which could with plausibility be represented as a breach of faith. The crisis was a very peculiar one. The great diplomatic victory won by France in the preceding year had excited the fear and hatred of her neighbors. Nevertheless, there was, as yet, no great coalition against her. The house of Austria, indeed, had appealed to arms. But with the house of Austria alone the house of Bourbon could easily deal. Other powers were still looking in doubt to England for the signal and England, though her aspect was sullen and menacing, still preserved neutrality. That neutrality would not have lasted so long if William could have relied on the support of

his Parliament and of his people. In his Parliament there were agents of France, who, though few, had obtained so much influence by clamoring against standing armies, profuse grants, and Dutch favorites, that they were often blindly followed by the majority, and his people, distracted by domestic factions, unaccustomed to busy themselves about Continental politics, and remembering with bitterness the disasters and burdens of the last war, the carnage of Landen, the loss of the Smyrna fleet, the land-tax at four shillings in the pound, hesitated about engaging in another contest, and would probably continue to hesitate while he continued to live. He could not live long. It had, indeed, often been prophesied that his death was at hand, and the prophets had hitherto been mistaken. But there was now no possibility of mistake. His cough was more violent than ever; his legs were swollen; his eyes, once bright and clear as those of a falcon, had grown dim; he who, on the day of the Boyne, had been sixteen hours on the backs of different horses, could now with great difficulty creep into his state coach.* The vigorous intellect nd the intrepid spirit remained, but on the body fifty years had done the work of ninety. In a few months the vaults of Westminster would receive the emaciated and shattered frame which was animated by the most far-sighted, the most daring, the most commanding of souls. In a few months the British throne would be filled by a woman whose understanding was well known to be feeble, and who was believed to lean towards the party which was averse from war. To get over those few months without an open and violent rupture should have been the first object of the French government. Every engagement should have been punctually fulfilled; every occasion of quarrel should have been studiously avoided. Nothing should have been spared which could quiet the alarms and soothe the wounded pride of neighboring nations.

The house of Bourbon was so situated that one year of moderation might not improbably be rewarded by thirty years of undisputed ascendency. Was it possible the politic and experienced Lewis would at such a conjuncture offer a new and most galling provocation, not only to William, whose animosity was already as great as it could be, but to the

* Poussin to Torcy, $\frac{\text{April 28.}}{\text{May 8.}}$ 1701. "Le roi d'Angleterre tousse plus qu'il n'a jamais fait, et ses jambes sont fort enflés. Je le vis hier sortir du prêche de Saint James. Je le trouve fort cassé, les yeux eteints, et il eut beaucoup de peine à monter en carrosse."

people whom William had hitherto been vainly endeavoring to inspire with animosity resembling his own? How often since the Revolution of 1688 had it seemed that the English were thoroughly weary of the new government. And how often had the detection of a Jacobite plot, or the approach of a French armament, changed the whole face of things. All at once the grumbling had ceased, the grumblers had crowded to sign loyal addresses to the usurper, had formed associations in support of his authority, had appeared in arms at the head of the militia, crying God save King William. So it would be now. Most of those who had taken a pleasure in crossing him on the question of his Dutch guards, on the question of his Irish grants, would be moved to vehement resentment when they learned that Lewis had, in direct violation of a treaty, determined to force on England a king of his own religion, a king bred in his own dominions, a king who would be at Westminster what Philip was at Madrid, a great feudatory of France.

These arguments were concisely, but clearly and strongly, urged by Torcy in a paper which is still extant, and which it is difficult to believe that his master can have read without great misgivings.* On one side were the faith of treaties, the peace of Europe, the welfare of France, nay, the selfish interest of the house of Bourbon. On the other side were the influence of an artful woman, and the promptings of vanity which, we must in candor acknowledge, was ennobled by a mixture of compassion and chivalrous generosity. The king determined to act in direct opposition to the advice of all his ablest servants, and the princes of the blood applauded his decision, as they would have applauded any decision which he had announced. Nowhere was he regarded with a more timorous, a more slavish respect than in his own family.

On the following day he went again to Saint Germains, and, attended by a splendid retinue, entered James's bedchamber. The dying man scarcely opened his heavy eyes, and then closed them again. "I have something," said Lewis, "of great moment to communicate to your majesty." The courtiers who filled the room took this as a signal to retire, and were crowding towards the door, when they

* Mémoire sur la proposition de reconnoître au prince des Galles le titre du Roi de la Grande Bretagne, Sept. $\frac{9}{19}$, 1701.

were stopped by that commanding voice: "Let nobody withdraw. I come to tell your majesty that, whenever it shall please God to take you from us, I will be to your son what I have been to you, and will acknowledge him as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland." The English exiles who were standing round the couch fell on their knees. Some burst into tears. Some poured forth praises and blessings with clamor such as was scarcely becoming in such a place and at such a time. Some indistinct murmurs which James uttered, and which were drowned by the noisy gratitude of his attendants, were interpreted to mean thanks. But from the most trustworthy accounts it appears that he was insensible to all that was passing around him.*

As soon as Lewis was again at Marli, he repeated to the court assembled there the announcement which he had made at Saint Germains. The whole circle broke forth into exclamations of delight and admiration. What piety! What humanity! What magnanimity! Nor was this enthusiasm altogether feigned; for, in the estimation of the greater part of that brilliant crowd, nations were nothing and princes everything. What could be more generous, more amiable, than to protect an innocent boy, who was kept out of his rightful inheritance by an ambitious kinsman? The fine gentlemen and fine ladies who talked thus forgot that, besides the innocent boy and that ambitious kinsman, five millions and a half of Englishmen were concerned, who were little disposed to consider themselves as the absolute property of any master, and who were still less disposed to accept a master chosen for them by the French king.

James lingered three days longer. He was occasionally sensible during a few minutes, and, during one of these lucid intervals, faintly expressed his gratitude to Lewis. On the sixteenth he died. His queen retired that evening to the nunnery of Chaillot, where she could weep and pray undisturbed. She left Saint Germains in joyous agitation. A herald made his appearance before the palace gate, and, with sound of trumpet, proclaimed, in Latin, French, and English, King James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland. The streets, in consequence doubtless of orders

* By the most trustworthy accounts I mean those of St. Simon and Dangeau. The reader may compare their narratives with the Life of James.

from the government, were illuminated, and the townsmen with loud shouts wished a long reign to their illustrious neighbor. The poor lad received from his ministers, and delivered back to them, the seals of their offices, and held out his hand to be kissed. One of the first acts of his mock reign was to bestow some mock peerages in conformity with directions which he found in his father's will. Middleton, who had as yet no English title, was created Earl of Monmouth. Perth, who had stood high in the favor of his late master, both as an apostate from the Protestant religion and as the author of the last improvements on the thumb-screw, took the title of Duke.

Meanwhile the remains of James were escorted, in the dusk of the evening, by a slender retinue to the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris, and deposited there in the vain hope that, at some future time, they would be laid with kingly pomp at Westminster among the graves of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

Three days after these humble obsequies Lewis visited Saint Germains in form. On the morrow the visit was returned. The French court was now at Versailles, and the Pretender was received there in all points as his father would have been, sat in his father's arm-chair, took, as his father had always done, the right hand of the great monarch, and wore the long violet-colored mantle, which was by ancient usage the mourning garb of the kings of France. There was on that day a great concourse of ambassadors and envoys; but one well-known figure was wanting. Manchester had sent off to Loo intelligence of the affront which had been offered to his country and his master, had solicited instructions, and had determined that, till these instructions should arrive, he would live in strict seclusion. He did not think that he should be justified in quitting his post without express orders; but his earnest hope was that he should be directed to turn his back in contemptuous defiance on the court which had dared to treat England as a subject province.

As soon as the fault into which Lewis had been hurried by pity, by the desire of applause, and by female influence was complete and irreparable, he began to feel serious uneasiness. His ministers were directed to declare everywhere that their master had no intention of affronting the English government, that he had not violated the Treaty of Ryswick, that he had no intention of violating it, that he

had merely meant to gratify an unfortunate family nearly related to himself by using names and observing forms which really meant nothing, and that he was resolved not to countenance any attempt to subvert the throne of William. Torcy, who had, a few days before, proved by irrefragable arguments that his master could not, without a gross breach of contract, recognize the Pretender, imagined that sophisms which had not imposed on himself might possibly impose on others. He visited the English embassy, obtained admittance, and, as was his duty, did his best to excuse the fatal act which he had done his best to prevent. Manchester's answer to this attempt at explanation was as strong and plain as it could be in the absence of precise instructions. The instructions speedily arrived. The courier who carried the news of the recognition to Loo arrived there when William was at table with some of his nobles and some princes of the German Empire who had visited him in his retreat. The king said not a word; but his pale cheek flushed, and he pulled his hat over his eyes to conceal the changes of his countenance. He hastened to send off several messengers. One carried a letter commanding Manchester to quit France without taking leave. Another started for London with a despatch which directed the lords-justices to send Poussin instantly out of England.

England was already in a flame when it was first known there that James was dying. Some of his eager partisans formed plans and made preparations for a great public manifestation of feeling in different parts of the island. But the insolence of Lewis produced a burst of public indignation which scarcely any malecontent had the courage to face.

In the city of London, indeed, some zealots, who had probably swallowed too many bumpers to their new sovereign, played one of those senseless pranks which were characteristic of their party. They dressed themselves in coats bearing some resemblance to the tabards of heralds, rode through the streets, halted at some places, and muttered something which nobody could understand. It was at first supposed that they were merely a company of prize-fighters from Hockley in the Hole who had taken this way of advertising their performances with backsword, sword and buckler, and single falchion. But it was soon discovered that these gaudily-dressed horsemen were proclaiming James the Third. In an instant the pageant was at end. The mock kings at arms and pursuivants threw away their finery and fled for

their lives in all directions, followed by yells and showers of stones.* Already the Common Council of London had met, and had voted, without one dissentient voice, an address expressing the highest resentment at the insult which France had offered to the king and the kingdom. A few hours after this address had been presented to the regents, the Livery assembled to choose a lord-mayor. Duncombe, the Tory candidate, lately the popular favorite, was rejected, and a Whig alderman placed in the chair. All over the kingdom, corporations, grand juries, meetings of magistrates, meetings of freeholders, were passing resolutions breathing affection to William and defiance to Lewis. It was necessary to enlarge the "London Gazette" from four columns to twelve, and even twelve were too few to hold the multitude of loyal and patriotic addresses. In some of those addresses severe reflections were thrown on the House of Commons. Our deliverer had been ungratefully requited, thwarted, mortified, denied the means of making the country respected and feared by neighboring states. The factious wrangling, the pennywise economy of three disgraceful years had produced the effect which might have been expected. His majesty would never have been so grossly affronted abroad if he had not first been affronted at home. But the eyes of his people were opened. He had only to appeal from the representatives to the constituents, and he would find that the nation was still sound at heart.

Poussin had been directed to offer to the lords-justices explanations similar to those with which Torcy had attempted to appease Manchester. A memorial was accordingly drawn up and presented to Vernon, but Vernon refused to look at it. Soon a courier arrived from Loo with the letter in which William directed his vicegerents to send the French agent out of the kingdom. An officer of the royal household was charged with the execution of the order. He repaired to Poussin's lodgings, but Poussin was not at home: he was supping at the Blue Posts, a tavern much frequented by Jacobites, the very tavern, indeed, at which Charnock and his gang had breakfasted on the day fixed for the murderous ambuscade of Turnham Green. To this house the messenger went; and there he found Poussin at table with three of the most virulent Tory members of the House of Commons, Treden-

* Lettres Historiques Mois de Novembre, 1701.

ham, who returned himself for Saint Mawes; Hammond, who had been sent to Parliament by the High-Churchmen of the University of Cambridge; and Davenant, who had recently, at Poussin's suggestion, been rewarded by Lewis for some savage invectives against the Whigs with a diamond ring worth three thousand pistoles. This supper-party was, during some weeks, the chief topic of conversation. The exultation of the Whigs was boundless. These, then, were the true English patriots, the men who could not endure a foreigner, the men who would not suffer his majesty to bestow a moderate reward on the foreigners who had stormed Athlone, and turned the flank of the Celtic army at Aghrim. It now appeared they could be on excellent terms with a foreigner, provided only that he was the emissary of a tyrant hostile to the liberty, the independence, and the religion of their country. The Tories, vexed and abashed, heartily wished that, on that unlucky day, their friends had been supping somewhere else. Even the bronze of Davenant's forehead was not proof to the general reproach. He defended himself by pretending that Poussin, with whom he had passed whole days, who had corrected his scurrilous pamphlets, and who had paid him his shameful wages, was a stranger to him, and that the meeting at the Blue Posts was purely accidental. If his word was doubted, he was willing to repeat his assertion on oath. The public, however, which had formed a very correct notion of his character, thought that his word was worth as much as his oath, and that his oath was worth nothing.

Meanwhile the arrival of William was impatiently expected. From Loo he had gone to Breda, where he had passed some time in reviewing his troops, and in conferring with Marlborough and Heinsius. He had hoped to be in England early in October. But adverse winds detained him three weeks at the Hague. At length, in the afternoon of the fourth of November, it was known in London that he had landed early that morning at Margate. Great preparations were made for welcoming him to his capital on the following day, the thirteenth anniversary of his landing in Devonshire. But a journey across the bridge and along Cornhill and Cheapside, Fleet Street and the Strand, would have been too great an effort for his enfeebled frame. He accordingly slept at Greenwich, and thence proceeded to Hampton Court without entering London. His

return was, however, celebrated by the populace with every sign of joy and attachment. The bonfires blazed and the gunpowder roared all night. In every parish from Mile End to St. James's was to be seen, enthroned on the shoulders of stout Protestant porters, a pope, gorgeous in robes of tinsel and triple crown of pasteboard; and close to the ear of his holiness stood a devil with horns, cloven hoof, and a snaky tail.

Even in his country-house the king could find no refuge from the importunate loyalty of his people. Deputations from cities, counties, universities, besieged him all day. He was, he wrote to Heinsius, quite exhausted by the labor of hearing harangues and returning answers. The whole kingdom, meanwhile, was looking anxiously towards Hampton Court. Most of the ministers were assembled there. The most eminent men of the party which was out of power had repaired thither, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and to congratulate him on his safe return. It was remarked that Somers and Halifax, so malignantly persecuted a few months ago by the House of Commons, were received with such marks of esteem and kindness as William was little in the habit of vouchsafing to his English courtiers. The lower ranks of both the great factions were violently agitated. The Whigs, lately vanquished and dispirited, were full of hope and ardor. The Tories, lately triumphant and secure, were exasperated and alarmed. Both Whigs and Tories waited with intense anxiety for the decision of one momentous and pressing question. Would there be a dissolution? On the seventh of November the king propounded that question to his Privy Council. It was rumored, and is highly probable, that Jersey, Wright, and Hedges advised him to keep the existing Parliament. But they were not men whose opinion was likely to have much weight with him; and Rochester, whose opinion might have had some weight, had set out to take possession of his viceroyalty just before the death of James, and was still at Dublin. William, however, had, as he owned to Heinsius, some difficulty in making up his mind. He had no doubt that a general election would give him a better House of Commons; but a general election would cause delay, and delay might cause much mischief. After balancing these considerations during some hours, he determined to dissolve.

The writs were sent out with all expedition, and in three days the whole kingdom was up. Never — such was the intelligence sent from the Dutch embassy to the Hague — had there been more intriguing, more canvassing, more virulence of party feeling. It was in the capital that the first great contests took place. The decisions of the metropolitan constituent bodies were impatiently expected as auguries of the general result. All the pens of Grub Street, all the presses of Little Britain, were hard at work. Handbills for and against every candidate were sent to every voter. The popular slogans on both sides were indefatigably repeated. Presbyterian, Papist, Tool of Holland, Pensioner of France, were the appellations interchanged between the contending factions. The Whig cry was that the Tory members of the last two Parliaments had, from a malignant desire to mortify the king, left the kingdom exposed to danger and insult, had unconstitutionally encroached both on the legislature and on the judicial functions of the House of Lords, had turned the House of Commons into a new Star-Chamber, had used as instruments of capricious tyranny those privileges which ought never to be employed but in defence of freedom, had persecuted, without regard to law, to natural justice, or to decorum, the great commander who had saved the state at La Hogue, the great financier who had restored the currency and reëstablished public credit, the great judge whom all persons not blinded by prejudice acknowledged to be, in virtue, in prudence, in learning and eloquence, the first of living English jurists and statesmen. The Tories answered that they had been only too moderate, only too merciful; that they had used the speaker's warrant and the power of tacking only too sparingly; and that, if they ever again had a majority, the three Whig leaders who now imagined themselves secure should be impeached, not for high misdemeanors, but for high treason. It soon appeared that these threats were not likely to be very speedily executed. Four Whig and four Tory candidates contested the city of London. The show of hands was for the Whigs. A poll was demanded, and the Whigs polled nearly two votes to one. Sir John Levison Gower, who was supposed to have ingratiated himself with the whole body of shopkeepers by some parts of his Parliamentary conduct, was put up for Westminster on the Tory interest, and the elec-

tors were reminded by puffs in the newspapers of the services which he had rendered to trade. But the dread of the French king, the pope, and the pretender, prevailed, and Sir John was at the bottom of the poll. Southwark not only returned Whigs, but gave them instructions of the most Whiggish character.

In the country, parties were more nearly balanced than in the capital. Yet the news from every quarter was that the Whigs had recovered part at least of the ground which they had lost. Wharton had regained his ascendency in Buckinghamshire. Musgrave was rejected by Westmoreland. Nothing did more harm to the Tory candidates than the story of Poussin's farewell supper. We learn from their own acrimonious invectives that the unlucky discovery of the three members of Parliament at the Blue Posts cost thirty honest gentlemen their seats. One of the criminals, Tredenham, escaped with impunity, for the dominion of his family over the borough of St. Mawes was absolute even to a proverb. The other two had the fate which they deserved. Davenant ceased to sit for Bedwin. Hammond, who had lately stood high in the favor of the University of Cambridge, was defeated by a great majority, and was succeeded by the glory of the Whig party, Isaac Newton.

There was one district to which the eyes of hundreds of thousands were turned with anxious interest — Gloucestershire. Would the patriotic and high-spirited gentry and yeomanry of that great county again confide their dearest interests to the impudent scandal of Parliaments, the renegade, the slanderer, the mountebank, who had been, during thirteen years, railing at his betters of every party with a spite restrained by nothing but the craven fear of corporal chastisement, and who had in the last Parliament made himself conspicuous by the abject court which he had paid to Lewis and by the impertinence with which he had spoken of William.

The Gloucestershire election became a national affair. Portmanteaus full of pamphlets and broadsides were sent down from London. Every freeholder in the county had several tracts left at his door. In every market-place, on the market-day, papers about the brazen forehead, the viperous tongue, and the white liver of Jack Howe, the French king's buffoon, flew about like flakes in a snow-storm.

Clowns from the Cotswold Hills and the forest of Dean, who had votes, but who did not know their letters, were invited to hear these satires read, and were asked whether they were prepared to endure the two great evils which were then considered by the common people of England as the inseparable concomitants of despotism — to wear wooden shoes, and to live on frogs. The Dissenting preachers and the clothiers were peculiarly zealous; for Howe was considered as the enemy both of conventicles and of factories. Outvoters were brought up to Gloucester in extraordinary numbers. In the city of London the traders who frequented Blackwell Hall, then the great emporium for woollen goods, canvassed actively on the Whig side.

[*Here the revised part ends.* — EDITOR.]

Meanwhile reports about the state of the king's health were constantly becoming more and more alarming. His medical advisers, both English and Dutch, were at the end of their resources. He had consulted by letter all the most eminent physicians of Europe: and, as he was apprehensive that they might return flattering answers if they knew who he was, he had written under feigned names. To Fagon he had described himself as a parish priest. Fagon replied, somewhat bluntly, that such symptoms could have only one meaning, and that the only advice which he had to give to the sick man was to prepare himself for death. Having obtained this plain answer, William consulted Fagon again without disguise, and obtained some prescriptions which were thought to have a little retarded the approach of the inevitable hour. But the great king's days were numbered. Headaches and shivering fits returned on him almost daily. He still rode and even hunted;* but he had no longer that firm seat or that perfect command of the bridle for which he had once been renowned. Still, all his care was for the future. The filial respect and tenderness of Albemarle had been almost a necessary of life to him. But it was of importance that Heinsius should be fully informed both as to the whole plan of the next campaign and as to the state of the preparations. Albemarle was in full possession of the king's views on these subjects. He was therefore sent to the Hague. Heinsius was at that time suffering from indisposition, which was indeed a trifle when compared with the maladies under which William was sinking. But in the nature of William there was none of that selfishness which is the too common vice of invalids. On the twentieth of February he sent to Heinsius a letter in which he did not even allude to his own sufferings and infirmities. "I am," he said, "infinitely concerned to learn that your health is not yet quite reëstablished. May God be pleased to grant you a speedy recovery. I am unalterably your

* Last letter to Heinsius.

good friend, William." Those were the last lines of that long correspondence.

On the twentieth of February William was ambling on a favorite horse, named Sorrel, through the park of Hampton Court. He urged his horse to strike into a gallop just at the spot where a mole had been at work. Sorrel stumbled on the mole-hill, and went down on his knees. The king fell off, and broke his collar-bone. The bone was set, and he returned to Kensington in his coach. The jolting of the rough roads of that time made it necessary to reduce the fracture again. To a young and vigorous man such an accident would have been a trifle. But the frame of William was not in a condition to bear even the slightest shock. He felt that his time was short, and grieved, with a grief such as only noble spirits feel, to think that he must leave his work but half finished. It was possible that he might still live until one of his plans should be carried into execution. He had long known that the relation in which England and Scotland stood to each other was at best precarious, and often unfriendly, and that it might be doubted whether, in an estimate of the British power, the resources of the smaller country ought not to be deducted from those of the larger. Recent events had proved that, without doubt, the two kingdoms could not possibly continue for another year to be on the terms on which they had been during the preceding century, and that there must be between them either absolute union or deadly enmity. Their enmity would bring frightful calamities, not on themselves alone, but on all the civilized world. Their union would be the best security for the prosperity of both, for the internal tranquillity of the island, for the just balance of power among European states, and for the immunities of all Protestant countries. On the twenty-eighth of February the Commons listened with uncovered heads to the last message that bore William's sign-manual. An unhappy accident, he told them, had forced him to make to them in writing a communication which he would gladly have made from the throne. He had, in the first year of his reign, expressed his desire to see an union accomplished between England and Scotland. He was convinced that nothing could more conduce to the safety and happiness of both. He should think it his peculiar felicity if, before the close of his reign, some happy expedient could be devised for

making the two kingdoms one; and he, in the most earnest manner, recommended the question to the consideration of the houses. It was resolved that the message should be taken into consideration on Saturday, the seventh of March.

But on the first of March humors of menacing appearance showed themselves in the king's knee. On the fourth of March he was attacked by fever, on the fifth his strength failed greatly, and on the sixth he was scarcely kept alive by cordials. The Abjuration Bill and a money bill were awaiting his assent. That assent he felt that he should not be able to give in person. He therefore ordered a commission to be prepared for his signature. His hand was now too weak to form the letters of his name, and it was suggested that a stamp should be prepared. On the seventh of March the stamp was ready. The lord-keeper and the clerks of the Parliament came, according to usage, to witness the signing of the commission. But they were detained some hours in the antechamber while he was in one of the paroxysms of his malady. Meanwhile the houses were sitting. It was Saturday, the seventh, the day on which the Commons had resolved to take into consideration the question of the union with Scotland. But that subject was not mentioned. It was known that the king had but a few hours to live, and the members asked each other anxiously whether it was likely that the Abjuration and money bills would be passed before he died. After sitting long in the expectation of a message, the Commons adjourned till six in the afternoon. By that time William had recovered himself sufficiently to put the stamp on the parchment which authorized his commissioners to act for him. In the evening, when the houses had assembled, Black Rod knocked. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the Lords; the commission was read, the Abjuration Bill and the Malt Bill became laws, and both houses adjourned till nine o'clock in the morning of the following day. The following day was Sunday. But there was little chance that William would live through the night. It was of the highest importance that, within the shortest possible time after his decease, the successor designated by the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession should receive the homage of the Estates of the Realm, and be publicly proclaimed in the council, and the most rigid Pharisee in the Society for the Reformation of Manners could hardly deny that it was lawful to save the state even on the Sabbath.

The king, meanwhile, was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master kindly bade him go to rest for some hours, and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was under no illusion as to his danger. "I am fast drawing," he said, "to my end." His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately said to one of those whom he most loved, "You know that I never feared death; there have been times when I should have wished it; but, now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer." Yet no weakness, no querulousness, disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. "I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me; but the case is beyond your art, and I submit." From the words which escaped him he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick-room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The antechambers were crowded all night with lords and privy councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond. But there were in the crowd those who felt as no Englishman could feel — friends of his youth who had been true to him, and to whom he had been true, through all vicissitudes of fortune; who had served him with unalterable fidelity when his secretaries of State, his Treasury, and his Admiralty had betrayed him; who had never, on any field of battle, or in an atmosphere tainted with loathsome and deadly disease, shrunk from placing their own lives in jeopardy to save his, and whose truth he had at the cost of his own popularity rewarded with bounteous munificence. He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for the affectionate and loyal services of thirty years. To Albemarle he

gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. "You know," he said, "what to do with them." By this time he could scarcely respire. "Can this," he said to the physicians, "last long?" He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bedside, bent down, and placed his ear close to the king's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The king took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended William was no more.

When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk ribbon. The lords in waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

Page 59, line 6, note.

On this subject, Bishop Cooper's language is remarkably clear and strong. He maintains, in his Answer to Martin Marprelate, printed in 1589, that no form of church government is divinely ordained; that Protestant communities, in establishing different forms, have only made a legitimate use of their Christian liberty; and that episcopacy is peculiarly suited to England, because the English constitution is monarchical. "All those Churches," says the Bishop, "in which the Gospell, in these daies, after great darknesse, was first renewed, and the learned men whom God sent to instruct them, I doubt not but have been directed by the Spirite of God to retaine this liberty, that, in external government and other outward orders, they might choose such as they thought in wisedome and godlinesse to be most convenient for the state of their countrey and disposition of their people. Why then should this liberty that other countreys have used under anie colour be wrested from us? I think it therefore great presumption and boldnesse that some of our nation, and those, whatever they may think of themselves, not of the greatest wisedome and skill, should take upon them to controlle the whole realme, and to binde both prince and people in respect of conscience to alter the present state, and tie themselves to a certain platforme devised by some of our neighbours, which, in the judgment of many wise and godly persons, is most unfit for the state of a Kingdome."

Page 59, line 29, note.

It was by the Act of Uniformity, passed after the Restoration, that persons not episcopally ordained were, for the first time, made incapable of holding benefices. No man was more zealous for this law than Clarendon. Yet he says; "This was new: for there had been many, and at present there were some, who possessed benefices with cure of souls and other ecclesiastical promotions, who had never received orders but in France or Holland; and these men must now receive new ordination, which had been always held unlawful in the Church, or by this act of parliament must be

deprived of their livelihood which they enjoyed in the most flourishing and peaceable time of the Church."

Page 160, line 9, note.

I am happy to say, that since this passage was written, the territories of both the Rajah of Nagpore and of the King of Oude have been added to the British dominions. (1857.)

Page 219, line 10, note.

During the interval which has elapsed since this chapter was written, England has continued to advance rapidly in material prosperity. I have left my text nearly as it originally stood; but I have added a few notes which may enable the reader to form some notion of the progress which has been made during the last nine years; and, in general, I would desire him to remember that there is scarcely a district which is not more populous, or a source of wealth which is not more productive, at present than in 1848. (1857.)

Page 241, note *.

See also Commons' Journals, April 27, 1689.

Page 248, note *.

See also M'Culloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire, Part III. chap. ii. (edition of 1847). In 1854 the quantity of coal brought into London amounted to 4,378,000 tons. (1857.)

Page 254, line 42, note.

In the eighteenth century the great increase in the value of benefices produced a change. The younger sons of the nobility were allured back to the clerical profession. Warburton in a letter to Hurd, dated the 5th of July 1752, mentions this change, which was then recent. "Our grandees have at last found their way back into the Church. I only wonder they have been so long about it. But be assured that nothing but a new religious revolution, to sweep away the fragments that Henry the Eighth left after banqueting his courtiers, will drive them out again."

Page 257, note †.

In Swift's Remarks on the Clerical Residence Bill, he describes the family of an English vicar thus: — "His wife is little better than a Goody, in her birth, education, or dress. . . . . His daughters shall go to service, or be sent apprentice to the sempstress of the next town."

Page 257, line 22, note.

Even in Tom Jones, published two generations later, Mrs. Sea

grim, the wife of a game-keeper, and Mrs. Honour, a waiting-woman, boast of their descent from clergymen. "It is to be hoped," says Fielding, "such instances will in future ages, when some provision is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear stranger than they can be thought at present."

Page 258, note *.

As to the extreme difficulty which the country clergy found in procuring books, see the Life of Thomas Bray, the founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Page 266, note †.

In 1851 Leeds had 172,000 inhabitants. (1857.)

Page 267, note *.

In 1851 the population of Sheffield had increased to 135,000. (1857.)

Page 268, note *.

In 1851 the population of Nottingham had increased to 232,000. (1857.)

Page 268, note †.

In 1851 Liverpool contained 375,000 inhabitants. (1857.)

Page 272, note *.

In 1851 the population of London exceeded 2,300,000. (1857.)

Page 272, note †.

In 1854 the tonnage of the steamers of the port of London amounted to 138,000 tons, without reckoning vessels of less than fifty tons. (1857.)

Page 277, note *.

See also The Duke of B.'s Litany.

Page 303, line 33, note.

I have left the text as it stood in 1848. In the year 1856 the gross receipt of the Post Office was more than £2,800,000; and the net receipt was about £1,200,000. The number of letters conveyed by post was 478,000,000. (1857.)

Page 330, note *, line 10.

It ought also to be observed that, in those returns, a pauper must very often be reckoned more than once.

Page 345, note *.

It is some consolation that Sir Walter Scott was equally unsuccessful. (1848.) Since the first edition of this work was published, several very ingenious conjectures touching these mysterious letters have been communicated to me; but I am convinced that the true solution has not yet been suggested. (1850.) I still greatly doubt whether the riddle has been solved. But the most plausible interpretation is one which, with some variations, occurred, almost at the same time, to myself and to several other persons; I am inclined to read "Père Mansuete A Cordelier Friar." Mansuete, a Cordelier, was then James's confessor. To Mansuete, therefore, it peculiarly belonged to remind James of a sacred duty which had been ably neglected. The writer of the broadside must have been illing to inform the world that a soul which many devout Roman Catholics had left to perish had been snatched from destruction by the courageous charity of a woman of loose character. It is, therefore, not unlikely that he would prefer a fiction, at once probable and edifying, to a truth which could not fail to give scandal (1856.)

Page 352, note †.

See also Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1690.

Page 361, line 30, note.

Swift, who hated Marlborough, and who was little disposed to allow any merit to those whom he hated, says, in the famous letter to Crassus, "You are no ill orator in the Senate."

Page 391, note †.

This assertion has been met by a direct contradiction. But the fact is exactly as I have stated it. There is in the Acta of the Scottish Privy Council a hiatus extending from August, 1678, to August, 1682. The Duke of York began to reside in Scotland in December, 1679. He left Scotland, never to return, in May, 1682. (1857.)

Page 392, note *.

The editor of the Oxford edition of Burnet attempts to excuse this act by alleging that Claverhouse was then employed to intercept all communication between Argyle and Monmouth, and by supposing that John Brown may have been detected in conveying intelligence between the rebel camps. Unfortunately for this hypothesis John Brown was shot on the first of May, when both Argyle and Monmouth were in Holland, and when there was no insurrection in any part of our island.

Page 393, note *.

It has been confidently asserted, by persons who have not taken

the trouble to look at the authority to which I have referred, that I have grossly calumniated these unfortunate men; that I do not understand the Calvinistic theology; and that it is impossible that members of the Church of Scotland can have refused to pray for any man, on the ground that he was not one of the elect.

I can only refer to the narrative which Wodrow has inserted in his History, and which he justly calls plain and natural. That narrative is signed by two eyewitnesses, and Wodrow, before he published it, submitted it to a third eyewitness who pronounced it strictly accurate. From that narrative I will extract the only words which bear on the point in question: "When all the three were taken, the officers consulted among themselves, and, withdrawing to the west side of the town, questioned the prisoners, particularly if they would pray for King James VII. They answered, they would pray for all within the election of grace. Balfour said, Do you question the King's election? They answered, sometimes they questioned their own. Upon which he swore dreadfully, and said they should die presently, because they would not pray for Christ's vicegerent, and so, without one word more, commanded Thomas Cook to go to his prayers, for he should die."

In this narrative Wodrow saw nothing improbable; and I shall not easily be convinced that any writer now living understands the feelings and opinions of the Covenanters better than Wodrow did. (1857.)

Page 403, note *.

See also News from Westminster.

Page 442, line 13, note.

A few words [two lines] which were in the first five editions have been omitted in this place. Here and in another passage I had, as Mr. Aytoun has observed, mistaken the City Guards, which were commanded by an officer named Graham, for the Dragoons of Graham of Claverhouse.

Page 458, note *.

See also Delamere's Observations on the Attainder of the late Duke of Monmouth.

Page 466, line 13, note.

One of these weapons may still be seen in the Tower.

Page 490, note †.

A copy of this Diary, from July, 1685, to September, 1690, is among the Mackintosh papers. To the rest I was allowed access by the kindness of the Warden of All Souls' College, where the origi-

nal MS. is deposited. The Delegates of the Press of the University of Oxford have since published the whole, in six substantial volumes, which will, I am afraid, find little favor with readers who seek only for amusement, but which will always be useful as materials for history. (1857.)

Page 516, note *.

The letter of Sunderland is as follows:—

"Whitehall, Feb. 13, 1685-6.

"Mr. Penne,

"Her Majesty's Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the Relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high Misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that His Majesty has been pleased to give their Fines to the said Maids of Honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"SUNDERLAND."

That the person to whom this letter was addressed was William Penn the Quaker was not doubted by Sir James Mackintosh who first brought it to light, or, as far as I am aware, by any other person, till after the publication of the first part of this History. It has since been confidently asserted that the letter was addressed to a certain George Penne, who appears from an old account-book lately discovered to have been concerned in a negotiation for the ransom of one of Monmouth's followers, named Azariah Pinney.

If I thought that I had committed an error, I should, I hope, have the honesty to acknowledge it. But, after full consideration, I am satisfied that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn.

Much has been said about the way in which the name is spelt. The Quaker, we are told, was not Mr. Penne, but Mr. Penn. I feel assured that no person conversant with the books and manuscripts of the seventeenth century will attach any importance to this argument. It is notorious that a proper name was then thought to be well spelt if the sound were preserved. To go no further than the persons who, in Penn's time, held the Great Seal, one of them is sometimes Hyde and sometimes Hide: another is Jefferies, Jeffries, Jeffereys, and Jeffreys: a third is Somers, Sommers, and Summers: a fourth is Wright and Wrighte; and a fifth is Cowper and Cooper. The Quaker's name was spelt in three ways. He, and his father the Admiral before him, invariably, as far as I have observed, spelt it Penn: but most people spelt it Pen; and there were some who adhered to the ancient form, Penne. For example,

William the father is Penne in a letter from Disbrowe to Thurloe, dated on the 7th of December, 1654; and William the son is Penne in a newsletter of the 22d of September, 1688, printed in the Ellis Correspondence. In Richard Ward's Life and Letters of Henry More, printed in 1710, the name of the Quaker will be found spelt in all the three ways, Penn in the index, Pen in page 197, and Penne in page 311. The name is Penne in the Commission which the Admiral carried out with him on his expedition to the West Indies. Burchett, who became Secretary to the Admiralty soon after the Revolution, and remained in office long after the accession of the House of Hanover, always, in his Naval History, wrote the name Penne. Surely it cannot be thought strange that an old-fashioned spelling, in which the Secretary of the Admiralty persisted so late as 1720, should have been used at the office of the Secretary of State in 1686. I am quite confident that, if the letter which we are considering had been of a different kind, if Mr. Penne had been informed that, in consequence of his earnest intercession, the King had been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to the Taunton girls, and if I had attempted to deprive the Quaker of the credit of that intercession on the ground that his name was not Penne, the very persons who now complain so bitterly that I am unjust to his memory would have complained quite as bitterly, and, I must say, with much more reason.

I think myself, therefore, perfectly justified in considering the names, Penn and Penne, as the same. To which, then, of the two persons who bore that name, George or William, is it probable that the letter of the Secretary of State was addressed?

George was evidently an adventurer of a very low class. All that we learn about him from the papers of the Pinney family is that he was employed in the purchase of a pardon for the younger son of a dissenting minister. The whole sum which appears to have passed through George's hands on this occasion was sixty-five pounds. His commission on the transaction must, therefore, have been small. The only other information which we have about him is that he, some time later, applied to the government for a favour which was very far from being an honour. In England the Groom Porter of the Palace had a jurisdiction over games of chance, and made some very dirty gain by issuing lottery tickets and licensing hazard tables. George appears to have petitioned for a similar privilege in the American colonies.

William Penn was, during the reign of James the Second, the most active and powerful solicitor about the Court. I will quote the words of his admirer Croese. "Quum autem Pennus tanta gratia plurimum apud regem valeret, et per id perplures sibi amicos acquireret, illum omnes, etiam qui modo aliqua notitia erant conjuncti, quoties aliquid a rege postulandum agendumve apud regem esset, adire, ambire, orare, ut eos apud regem adjuvaret." He was overwhelmed by business of this kind, "obrutus negotiationibus curationibusque" His house and the approaches to it were every day

blocked up by crowds of persons who came to request his good offices; "domus ac vestibula quotidie referta clientium et supplicantium." From the Fountainhall papers it appears that his influence was felt even in the highlands of Scotland. We learn from himself that, at this time, he was always toiling for others, that he was a daily suitor at Whitehall, and that, if he had chosen to sell his influence, he could, in little more than three years, have put twenty thousand pounds into his pocket, and obtained a hundred thousand more for the improvement of the colony of which he was proprietor.

Such was the position of these two men. Which of them, then, was the more likely to be employed in the matter to which Sunderland's letter related? Was it George or William, an agent of the lowest or of the highest class? The persons interested were ladies of rank and fashion, resident at the palace, where George would hardly have been admitted into an outer room, but where William was every day in the presence chamber and was frequently called into the closet. The greatest nobles in the kingdom were zealous and active in the cause of their fair friends, nobles with whom William lived in habits of familiar intercourse, but who would hardly have thought George fit company for their grooms. The sum in question was seven thousand pounds, a sum not large when compared with the masses of wealth with which William had constantly to deal, but more than a hundred times as large as the only ransom which is known to have passed through the hands of George. These considerations would suffice to raise a strong presumption that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William, and not to George: but there is a still stronger argument behind.

It is most important to observe that the person to whom this letter was addressed was not the first person whom the Maids of Honor had requested to act for them. They applied to him, because another person, to whom they had previously applied, had, after some correspondence, declined the office. From their first application we learn with certainty what sort of person they wished to employ. If their first application had been made to some obscure pettifogger or needy gambler, we should be warranted in believing that the Penne to whom their second application was made was George. If, on the other hand, their first application was made to a gentleman of the highest consideration, we can hardly be wrong in saying that the Penne to whom their second application was made must have been William. To whom, then, was their first application made? It was to Sir Francis Warre of Hestercombe, a Baronet and a Member of Parliament. The letters are still extant in which the Duke of Somerset, the proud Duke, not a man very likely to have corresponded with George Penne, pressed Sir Francis to undertake the commission. The latest of those letters is dated about three weeks before Sunderland's letter to Mr. Penne. Somerset tells Sir Francis that the town clerk of Bridgewater, whose name, I may remark in passing, is spelt sometimes Bird and sometimes Birde, had offered his

services, but that those services had been declined. It is clear, therefore, that the Maids of Honor were desirous to have an agent of high station and character. And they were right. For the sum which they demanded was so large that no ordinary jobber could safely be intrusted with the care of their interests.

As Sir Francis Warre excused himself from undertaking the negotiation, it became necessary for the Maids of Honor and their advisers to choose somebody who might supply his place; and they chose Penne. Which of the two Pennes, then, must have been their choice, George, a petty broker to whom a percentage on sixty-five pounds was an object, and whose highest ambition was to derive an infamous livelihood from cards and dice, or William, not inferior in social position to any commoner in the kingdom? Is it possible to believe that the ladies who, in January, employed the Duke of Somerset to procure for them an agent in the first rank of the English gentry, and who did not think an attorney, though occupying a respectable post in a respectable corporation, good enough for their purpose, would, in February, have resolved to trust everything to a fellow who was as much below Bird as Bird was below Warre?

But, it is said, Sunderland's letter is dry and distant; and he never would have written in such a style to William Penn with whom he was on friendly terms. Can it be necessary for me to reply that the official communications which a Minister of State makes to his dearest friends and nearest relations are as cold and formal as those which he makes to strangers? Will it be contended that the General Wellesley, to whom the Marquess Wellesley, when Governor of India, addressed so many letters beginning with "Sir," and ending with "I have the honour to be your obedient servant," cannot possibly have been his Lordship's brother Arthur?

But, it is said, Oldmixon tells a different story. According to him, a Popish lawyer, named Brent, and a subordinate jobber, named Crane, were the agents in the matter of the Taunton girls. Now it is notorious that of all our historians Oldmixon is the least trustworthy. His most positive assertion would be of no value when opposed to such evidence as is furnished by Sunderland's letter. But Oldmixon asserts nothing positively. Not only does he not assert positively that Brent and Crane acted for the Maids of Honor: but he does not even assert positively that the Maids of Honor were at all concerned. He goes no further than "It was said," and "It was reported." It is plain, therefore, that he was very imperfectly informed. I do not think it impossible, however, that there may have been some foundation for the rumor which he mentions. We have seen that one busy lawyer, named Bird, volunteered to look after the interest of the Maids of Honor, and that they were forced to tell him that they did not want his services. Other persons, and among them the two whom Oldmixon names, may have tried to thrust themselves into so lucrative a job, and may, by pretending to interest at Court, have succeeded in obtaining a little money from terrified families. But nothing can be more clear than

that the authorized agent of the Maids of Honor was the Mr Penne to whom the Secretary of State wrote; and I firmly believe that Mr. Penne to have been William the Quaker.

If it be said that it is incredible that so good a man would have been concerned in so bad an affair, I can only answer that this affair was very far indeed from being the worst in which he was concerned.

For these reasons I leave the text, and shall leave it, exactly as it originally stood. (1857.)

NOTES TO VOLUME II

Page 25, note *.

See also The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance, argued from the Remorse of Conscience of W——, late D—— of D——, when dying, a most absurd pamphlet by John Dunton, which reached a tenth edition.

Page 25, note †.

In Halifax's Letter to a Dissenter will be found a remarkable allusion to this discussion.

Page 50, note *.

In a highly curious paper which was written in 1687, almost certainly by Bonrepaux, and which is now in the French archives, Sunderland is described thus:—"La passion qu'il a pour le jeu, et les pertes considerables qu'il y fait, incommodent fort ses affaires. Il n'aime pas le vin; et il haït les femmes."

Page 52, note ‡.

In a contemporary satire it is remarked that Godolphin

> "Beats time with politic head, and all approves,
> Pleased with the charge of the Queen's muff and gloves."

Page 154, line 35, note.

It has lately been asserted that Dryden's pension was restored long before he turned Papist, and that therefore it ought not to be considered as the price of his apostasy. But this is an entire mistake. Dryden's pension was restored by letters patent of the 4th of March $168\frac{5}{6}$; and his apostasy had been the talk of the town at least six weeks before. See Evelyn's Diary, January 19, $168\frac{5}{6}$. (1857.)

Page 178, line 27, note.

An attempt has been made to vindicate Penn's conduct on this occasion, and to fasten on me the charge of having calumniated him. It is asserted that, instead of being engaged, on behalf of

the government, in the work of seduction, he was really engaged, on behalf of Kiffin, in the work of intercession. In support of this view the following passage is triumphantly quoted from Kiffin's Memoirs of himself. "I used all the means I could to be excused both by some lords near the King, and also by Sir Nicholas Butler, and Mr. Penn. But it was all in vain . . . ." There the quotation ends, not at a full stop, but at a semicolon. The remainder of the sentence, which fully bears out all that I have said, is carefully suppressed. Kiffin proceeds thus:—"I was told that they (Nicholas and Penn) knew I had an interest that might serve the King, and although they knew my sufferings were great, in cutting off my two grandchildren, and losing their estates, yet it should be made up to me, both in their estates, and also in what honor or advantage I could reasonably desire for myself. But I thank the Lord, these proffers were no snare to me."

Page 181, note *.

See also Avaux, January 10, 1687. Penn's letters were regularly put, by one of his Quaker friends who resided at the Hague, into the hands of the Prince.

Page 231, line 29, note.

See Penn's Letter to Bailey, one of the Fellows of the College, in the Impartial Relation printed at Oxford in 1688. It has lately been asserted that Penn most certainly did not write this letter. Now, the evidence which proves the letter to be his is irresistible. Bailey, to whom the letter was addressed, ascribed it to Penn, and sent an answer to Penn. In a very short time both the letter and the answer appeared in print. Many thousands of copies were circulated. Penn was pointed out to the whole world as the author of the letter; and it is not pretended that he met this public accusation with a public contradiction. Everybody therefore believed, and was perfectly warranted in believing, that he was the author. The letter was repeatedly quoted as his, during his own lifetime, not merely in fugitive pamphlets, such as the History of the Ecclesiastical Commission, published in 1711, but in grave and elaborate books which were meant to descend to posterity. Boyer, in his History of William the Third, printed immediately after that King's death, and reprinted in 1703, pronounced the letter to be Penn's, and added some severe reflections on the writer. Kennet, in the bulky History of England published in 1706, a history which had a large sale and produced a great sensation, adopted the very words of Boyer. When these works appeared, Penn was not only alive, but in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He cannot have been ignorant of the charge brought against him by writers of so much note; and it was not his practice to hold his peace when unjust charges were brought against him even by obscure scribblers. In 1695, a pam-

phlet on the Exclusion Bill was falsely imputed to him in an anonymous libel. Contemptible as was the quarter from which the calumny proceeded, he hastened to vindicate himself. His denial, distinct, solemn, and indignant, speedily came forth in print. Is it possible to doubt that he would, if he could, have confounded Boyer and Kennet by a similar denial? He however silently suffered them to tell the whole nation, during many years, that this letter was written by "William Penn the head of the Quakers, or, as some then thought, an ambitious, crafty Jesuit, who under a phanatical outside, promoted King James's designs." He died without attempting to clear himself. In the year of his death appeared Eachard's huge volume, containing the History of England from the Restoration to the Revolution; and Eachard, though often differing with Boyer and Kennet, agreed with them in unhesitatingly ascribing the letter to Penn.

Such is the evidence on one side. I am not aware that any evidence deserving a serious answer has been produced on the other (1857.)

Page 232, line 6, note.

Here again I have been accused of calumniating Penn; and some show of a case has been made out by suppression amounting to falsification. It is asserted that Penn did not "begin to hint at a compromise;" and in proof of this assertion, a few words, quoted from the letter in which Hough gives an account of the interview, are printed in italics. These words are, "I thank God, he did not offer any proposal by way of accommodation." These words, taken by themselves, undoubtedly seem to prove that Penn did not begin to hint at a compromise. But their effect is very different indeed when they are read in connection with words which immediately follow, without the intervention of a full stop, but which have been carefully suppressed. The whole sentence runs thus: "I thank God, he did not offer any proposal by way of accommodation; only once, upon the mention of the Bishop of Oxford's indisposition, he said, smiling, 'If the Bishop of Oxford die, Dr. Hough may be made Bishop. What think you of that, gentlemen?'" Can anything be clearer than that the latter part of the sentence limits the general assertion contained in the former part? Everybody knows that *only* is perpetually used as synonymous with *except that*. Instances will readily occur to all who are well acquainted with the English Bible, a book from the authority of which there is no appeal when the question is about the force of an English word. We read in the Book of Genesis, to go no further, that *every* living thing was destroyed; and Noah *only* remained, and they that were with him in the ark; and that Joseph bought *all* the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; *only* the land of the priests bought he not. The defenders of Penn reason exactly like a commentator who should construe these passages to mean that Noah was drowned in the flood, and that Joseph bought the land of the priests for Pharaoh. (1857.)

Page 232, line 33, note.

I will give one other specimen of the arts which are thought legitimate where the fame of Penn is concerned. To vindicate the language which he held on this occasion, if we suppose him to have meant what he said, is plainly impossible. We are therefore told that he was in a merry mood; that his benevolent heart was so much exhilarated by the sight of several pious and learned men who were about to be reduced to beggary for observing their oaths and adhering to their religion, that he could not help joking; and that it would be most unjust to treat his charming facetiousness as a crime. In order to make out this defence, — a poor defence even if made out, — the following words are quoted, as part of Hough's letter, "He had a mind to droll upon us." This is given as a positive assertion made by Hough. The context is carefully suppressed. My readers will, I believe, be surprised when they learn that Hough's words really are these: "When I heard him talk at this rate, I concluded he was either off his guard, or had a mind to droll upon us."

Page 250, line 16, note.

The King was only Nell's Charles III. Whether Dorset or Major Charles Hart had the honor of being her Charles I. is a point open to dispute. But the evidence in favor of Dorset's claim seems to me to preponderate. See the suppressed passage of Burnet, i. 263, and Pepys's Diary, Oct. 26, 1667.

Page 434, line 43, note.

I take this opportunity of giving an explanation which well-informed persons may think superfluous. Several critics have complained that I treat the Saint Germains Life of James the Second sometimes as a work of the highest authority, and sometimes as a mere romance. They seem to imagine that the book is all from the same hand, and ought either to be uniformly quoted with respect or uniformly thrown aside with contempt. The truth is that part of the Life is of the very highest authority, and that the rest is the work of an ignorant and silly compiler, and is of no more value than any common Jacobite pamphlet. Those passages which were copied from the Memoirs written by James, and those passages which were carefully revised by his son, are among the most useful materials for history. They contain the testimony of witnesses, who were undoubtedly under a strong bias, and for whose bias large allowance ought to be made, but who had the best opportunities of learning the truth. The interstices between these precious portions of the narrative are sometimes filled with trash. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the references in my notes will see that I have constantly borne in mind the distinction which I have now pointed out. Surely I may cite, as of high authority, an account of the last

moments of Charles the Second, which was written by his brother, or an account of the plottings of Penn, of Dartmouth, and of Churchill, which was corrected by the hand of the Pretender, and yet may, with perfect consistency, reject the fables of a nameless scribbler who makes Argyle, with all his cavalry, swim across the Clyde at a place where the Clyde is more than four miles wide. (1857.)

NOTES TO VOLUME III.

Page 191, note *.

Wolseley's exploit at Scarborough is mentioned in one of the letters published by Sir Henry Ellis.

Page 239, note *.

I will cite the testimony of another man of genius in support of the doctrine propounded in the text. No human being has ever had a finer sense of the beauties of nature than Gray. No prospect surpasses in grandeur and loveliness the first view of Italy from Mount Cenis. Had Gray enjoyed that view from the magnificent road constructed in this century, he would undoubtedly have been in raptures. But in his time the descent was performed with extreme inconvenience and with not a little peril. He therefore, instead of breaking forth into ejaculations of admiration and delight, says most unpoetically, "Mount Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties." — Gray to West, Nov. 16, 1739.

Page 308, note *.

Dorset ridiculed Edward Howard's poetry in a short satire, in which thought and wit are packed as close as in the finest passages of Hudibras.

Page 385, note *.

The letter in which Tillotson informed Lady Russell of the King's intentions is printed in Birch's book: but the date is clearly erroneous. Indeed I feel assured that parts of two distinct letters have been by some blunder joined together. In one passage Tillotson informs his correspondent that Stillingfleet is made Bishop of Worcester, and in another, that Walker is made Bishop of Derry. Now Stillingfleet was consecrated Bishop of Worcester on the 13th of October, 1689, and Walker was not made Bishop of Derry till June, 1690.

Page 416, note *.

It has been asserted that I have committed an error here, and that Armstrong's head was placed on Temple Bar. The truth is

that one of his quarters was placed on Temple Bar. His head was on Westminster Hall. See Luttrell's Diary, June, 1684

Page 426, note †.

So early as the days of Charles the Second, the leanness and ghastliness of Caermarthen were among the favorite topics of Whig satirists. In a ballad entitled the Chequer Inn are these lines: —

"He is as stiff as any stake,
And leaner, Dick, than any rake:
Envy is not so pale;
And though, by selling of us all,
He has wrought himself into Whitehall,
He looks like bird of gaol."

Page 437, note ‡.

But he is mistaken as to the preacher.

Page 523, note ‡.

Since the first edition of this part of my work appeared I have learned that the Jacobite Form of Prayer which produced so much excitement and controversy in 1690 was, to a great extent, copied from a Form of Prayer which had been composed and clandestinely printed, soon after the battle of Worcester, for the use of the Royalists. This curious fact, which seems to have been quite unknown both to the accused Bishops and to their accusers, was discovered by Mr. Lathbury, after the publication of his History of the Nonjurors, and was, in the most obliging manner, communicated by him to me.

Page 559, note †.

The doctrines of those more moderate nonjurors who call themselves the Reformed Presbyterian Church have been recently set forth in a prize catechism by the Reverend Thomas Martin.

Page 574, note †.

The memorandum relating to Pennsylvania ought to be quoted together with the two sentences which precede it. "A commission given to me from Mr. P. — Fr. Fl. hinder Eng. and D. from joining — two vessels of 150*l.* price for Pensilvania for 13 or 14 months." I have little doubt that the first and third of these sentences are parts of one memorandum, and that the words which evidently relate to the fleets were jotted down at a different time in the place left vacant between two lines.

NOTES TO VOLUME IV.

Page 17, note †.

It ought to be observed that this part of the Life of James was revised and corrected by his son.

Page 30, note *.

A Latin epitaph on the Church of England, written soon after Tillotson's consecration, ends thus: "Oh Miseranda Ecclesia, cui Rex Batavus, et Patriarcha non baptizatus." In a poem called the Eucharisticon, which appeared in 1692, are these lines:

"Unblest and unbaptized, this Church's son
Hath all his Mother's children half undone."

Page 42, note *.

This passage was corrected by the Pretender with his own hand.

Page 53, note *.

The description of this young hero in the Dramatis Personæ is amusing: "Sir Nicholas Dainty, a most conceited fantastic Beau, of drolling, affected Speech; a very Coxcomb, but stout; a most luxurious effeminate Volunteer."

Page 99, note *.

On the 8th of December 1797, Mr. John Nicholls, a reformer of much more zeal than wisdom, proposed, in the House of Commons, a resolution framed on the model of the resolution of the 12th of December 1691. Mr. Pitt justly remarked that the precedent on which Mr. Nicholls relied was of no value, for that the gentlemen who passed the resolution of the 12th of December 1691 had, in a very short time, discovered and acknowledged their error. The debate is much better given in the Morning Chronicle than in the Parliamentary History.

Page 104, line 16, note.

I have left my account of the East India Company as it stood in 1855. It is unnecessary to say that it contains some expressions which would not have been used, if it had been written in 1858.

Page 106, line 30, note.

It is a curious fact, which I do not remember to have ever seen noticed, that tea came into fashion, and, after a short time, went out of fashion, at Paris, some years before the name appears to have been known in London. Cardinal Mazarin and the Chancellor Seguier were great tea-drinkers. See the letters of Gui Patin to Charles Spon, dated March 10, and 22, 1648, and April 1, 1657. Patin calls the taste for tea "l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle."

Page 184, line 28, note.

That the Declaration made the impression which I have described, is acknowledged in the Life of James, ii. 489. "They thought," says the biographer, "His Majesty's resentment descended too low to except the Feversham Mob, that five hundred men were excluded, and no man realy pardon'd except he should merit it by some service, and then the Pardons being to pass the Seals look'd as if it were to bring mony into the pocket of some favorits."

Page 224, line 18, note.

See the honorable mention of Sarsfield in Luxemburg's despatch.

Page 261, line 10, note.

William Duncombe, whose name is well known to curious students of literary history, and who, in conjunction with his son John, translated Horace's works, died in 1769, having been seventy-seven years an annuitant under the Act of 1692. A hundred pounds had been subscribed in William Duncombe's name when he was three years old; and, for this small sum, he received thousands upon thousands. Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, viii. 265.

Page 261, line 36, note.

Smollett's Complete History of England from the descent of Julius Cæsar to the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, 1748, containing the Transactions of one thousand eight hundred and three years, was published at this time. The work ends with a vehement philippic against the government; and that philippic ends with the tremendous words, "the national debt accumulated to the enormous sum of eighty millions sterling."

Page 264, line 40, note.

I have said that Burke, alone among his contemporaries, was superior to the vulgar error in which men so eminent as David Hume and Adam Smith shared. I will quote, in illustration of my meaning, a few weighty words from the Observations on the Late State

of the Nation written by Burke in 1769. "An enlightened reader laughs at the inconsistent chimera of our author (George Grenville), of a people universally luxurious, and at the same time oppressed with taxes and declining in trade. For my part, I cannot look on these duties as the author does. He sees nothing but the burden. I can perceive the burden as well as he: but I cannot avoid contemplating also the strength that supports it. From thence I draw the most comfortable assurances of the future vigour and the ample resources of this great misrepresented country."

Page 371, note *.

Since the first edition of this part of my history appeared, I have discovered that these lines, poor as they are, were not Harley's own. He took them, with slight alterations, from Dryden's Albion and Albanius. The following stanza I can, I think, warrant as a genuine production of Harley's Muse:—

"I honour the men, Sir,
Who are ready to answer,
When I ask them to stand by the Queen,
In spite of orators
And bloodthirsty praters,
Whose hatred I highly esteem."

(1857.)

Page 407, line 18, note.

Life of James, ii. 522; Macpherson, i. 487. The letter of Marlborough is dated May 4. It was enclosed in one from Sackville to Melfort, which would alone suffice to prove that those who represent the intelligence as unimportant are entirely mistaken. "I send it," says Sackville, "by an express, judging it to be of the utmost consequence for the service of the King, my master, and consequently for the service of his Most Christian Majesty." Would Sackville have written thus if the destination of the expedition had been already known to all the world?

Page 434, line 2, note.

In the Craftsman of November 20, 1731, it is said that Locke drew up the paper in which the Commons gave their reasons for refusing to renew the Licensing Act. If this were so, it must be remembered that Locke wrote, not in his own name, but in the name of a multitude of plain country gentlemen and merchants, to whom his opinions touching the liberty of the press would probably have seemed strange and dangerous. We must suppose, therefore, that, with his usual prudence, he refrained from giving an exposition of his own views, and contented himself with putting into a neat and perspicuous form arguments suited to the capacity of the parliamentary majority

Page 440, note *.

See also Life of Wharton, 1715.

Page 502, line 11, note.

Allusions to the state of the currency abound in the essays, plays, and poems, which appeared about this time. I will give two or three specimens. Dryden, in the dedication of his translation of the Æneid, complains that he had completely exhausted his vocabulary in order to meet the demands of the original. "What," he says, "had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money, for want of milled." In Cibber's Comedy, entitled "Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion," a gay young gentleman says; "Virtue is as much debased as our money; and, faith, *Dei Gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of sixteen as round the brim of an old shilling." Blackmore's Satire on Wit is nothing but a clumsy allegory, in which our literature is typified by coin so much impaired that it must be called in, thrown into the melting-pot, and restamped.

Page 515, line 41, note.

A remarkable instance of the fascinating effect which Shaftesbury's eloquence produced on young and ardent minds will be found in the autobiography of Cowper's friend and spiritual guide, John Newton.

Page 596, line 37, note.

On this subject Smalridge, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, wrote a very sensible letter which will be found in Nichols's Illustrations of Literary History, iii. 255.

Page 601, line 15, note.

See a letter of Smalridge to Gough dated November 10, 1696, in Nichols's Illustrations of Literary History, iii. 253.

Page 607, note *.

Of the notes it may be sufficient to say that the writer of them had never heard of Aaron Smith, the celebrated Solicitor of the Treasury, and the chief butt, during many years, of the Jacobite libellers. See the letter of Vernon to Shrewsbury, November 14, 1696.

Page 625, note *.

Some idle and dishonest objections which have been made to this part of my narrative have been triumphantly refuted in a little tract entitled "Thomas Aikenhead," by Mr. John Gordon.

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